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THE

WORKS

OF

Mr William Shakespear.

VOLUME the SEVENTH.

CONTAINING,

TIMON OF ATHENS.
CORIOLANUS.
JULIUS CÆSAR.
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

LONDON:

Printed in the YEAR MDCCXLVII.

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May, 1873

TIMON

OF

ATHENS.

Dramatis Personæ.

TIMON, *a noble* Athenian.
LUCIUS, } *two flattering Lords.*
LUCULLUS, }
APEMANTUS, *a churlish Philosopher.*
SEMPRONIUS, *another flattering Lord.*
ALCIBIADES, *an* Athenian *General.*
FLAVIUS, *Steward to* Timon.
FLAMINIUS, }
LUCILIUS, } Timon's *Servants.*
SERVILIUS, }
CAPHIS, }
VARRO, }
PHILOTAS, }
TITUS, } *several Servants to Usurers.*
LUCIUS, }
HORTENSIUS, }
ISIDORE, }
VENTIDIUS, *one of* Timon's *false Friends.*
CUPID *and Maskers.*

PHRYNIA, } *Mistresses to* Alcibiades.
TIMANDRA, }

Thieves, Senators, Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Mercer and Merchant; with divers Servants and Attendants.

SCENE ATHENS, *and the Woods not far from it.*

The hint of part of this play taken from Lucian's *Dialogue of* Timon.

TIMON *of* ATHENS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Hall in Timon's *Houſe.*

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, *and* Mercer, *at ſeveral doors.*

Poet. GOOD day, Sir.

Pain. I am glad ye are well.

Poet. I have not ſeen you long, how goes the world?

Pain. It wears, Sir, as it grows.

Poet. Ay, that's well known.
But what particular rarity? what ſo ſtrange,
Which manifold Record not matches? ſee,
Magick of bounty! all theſe ſpirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both; th' other's a jeweller.

Mer. O 'tis a worthy Lord!

Jew. Nay, that's moſt fixt.

Mer. A moſt incomparable man, breath'd as it were
To an untirable and continuate goodneſs.

Jew. I have a jewel here.

Mer. O pray let's ſee't.
For the Lord *Timon*, Sir?

Jew. If he will touch the eſtimate: but for that—

Poet. When we for recompence have prais'd the vile,

It ſtains the glory in that happy verſe
Which aptly ſings the good. [*Repeating to himſelf.*
Mer. 'Tis a good form. [*Looking on the jewel.*
Jew. And rich; here is a water, look ye.
Pain. You're rapt, Sir, in ſome work, ſome dedication
To the great Lord.
Poet. A thing ſlipt idly from me.
Our poeſie is as a gum, which iſſues
From whence 'tis nouriſhed. The fire i'th' flint
Shews not 'till it be ſtruck: our gentle flame
Provokes it ſelf,——and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes. What have you there?
Pain. A picture, Sir;—and when comes your book forth?
Poet. Upon the heels of my preſentment, Sir.
Let's ſee your piece.
Pain. 'Tis a good piece.
Poet. So 'tis,
This comes off well and excellent.
Pain. Indiff'rent.
Poet. Admirable! how this grace
Speaks his own ſtanding! what a mental power
This eye ſhoots forth? how big imagination
Moves in this lip! to th' dumbneſs of the geſture
One might interpret.
Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life:
Here is a touch——is't good?
Poet. I'll ſay of it,
It tutors nature, artificial ſtrife
Lives in theſe touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators.

Pain. How this Lord is followed!
Poet. The ſenators of *Athens!* happy man!
Pain. Look, more!
Poet. You ſee this confluence, this great flood of viſiters.
I have, in this rough work, ſhap'd out a man
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With ampleſt entertainment. My free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves it ſelf
In a wide ſea of wax *; no levell'd malice.

* Anciently they wrote upon waxen tables with an iron ſtyle.

Infects

Infects one comma in the courſe I hold ;
It flies an eagle-flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no track behind.
Pain. How ſhall I underſtand you ?
Poet. I'll unbolt to you.
You ſee how all conditions, how all minds,
As well of glib and ſlipp'ry natures, as
Of grave and auſtere quality, tender down
Their ſervice to Lord *Timon :* his large fortune
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All ſorts of hearts ; yea, from the glaſs-fac'd flatterer
To *Apemantus*, that few things loves better
Than to make himſelf abhorr'd ; ev'n he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Moſt rich in *Timon*'s nod.
Pain. I ſaw them ſpeak together.
Poet. I have upon a high and pleaſant hill
Feign'd *Fortune* to be thron'd. The baſe o'th' mount
Is rank'd with all deſerts, all kind of natures,
That labour on the boſom of this ſphere
To propagate their ſtates ; amongſt them all,
Whoſe eyes are on this ſov'reign Lady fixt,
One do I perſonate of *Timon*'s frame,
Whom *Fortune* with her iv'ry hand wafts to her,
Whoſe preſent grace to preſent ſlaves and ſervants
Tranſlates his rivals.
Pain. 'Tis conceiv'd to th' ſcope :
This throne, this fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man becken'd from the reſt below
Bowing his head againſt the ſteepy mount,
To climb his happineſs, would be well expreſt
In our condition.
Poet. Nay, but hear me on :
All thoſe which were his fellows but of late,
Some better than his value, on the moment
Follow his ſtrides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain ſacrificial whiſp'rings in his ear,
Make ſacred even his ſtirrop, and through him
Drink the free air.

Pain.

Pain. Ay, marry, what of theſe ?

Poet. When *Fortune* in her ſhift and change of mood
Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants
(Which labour'd after to the mountain's top,
Ev'n on their knees and hands,) let him ſlip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common :
A thouſand moral paintings I can ſhew,
That ſhall demonſtrate theſe quick blows of fortune
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well
To ſhew Lord *Timon*, that men's eyes have ſeen
The foot above the head.

SCENE II.

Trumpets ſound. Enter Timon *addreſſing himſelf courteouſly to every Suitor.*

Tim. Impriſon'd is he, ſay you ? [*To a Meſſenger.*

Meſ. Ay, my good Lord, five talents is his debt,
His means moſt ſhort, his creditors moſt ſtraight:
Your honourable letter he deſires
To thoſe have ſhut him up, which failing to him
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble *Ventidius !* well——
I am not of that feather, to ſhake off
My friend when he moſt needs me. I know him
A gentleman that well deſerves a help,
Which he ſhall have. I'll pay the debt, and free him.

Meſ. Your Lordſhip ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him, I will ſend his ranſom,
And being enfranchiz'd, bid him come to me,
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to ſupport him after. Fare you well.

Meſ. All happineſs to your Honour. [*Exit.*

Enter an old Athenian.

O. Ath. Lord *Timon*, hear me ſpeak.

Tim. Freely, good father.

O. Ath. Thou haſt a ſervant nam'd *Lucilius.*

Tim. I have ſo : what of him ?

O. Ath. Moſt noble *Timon*, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he here or no ? *Lucilius !*

Enter

Enter Lucilius.

Luc. Here, at your Lordſhip's ſervice.

O. Ath. This fellow here, Lord *Timon*, this thy creature
By night frequents my houſe. I am a man
That from my firſt have been inclin'd to thrift,
And my eſtate deſerves an heir more rais'd,
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well: what further?

O. Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin elſe,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o'th' youngeſt for a bride,
And I have bred her at my deareſt coſt,
In qualities of the beſt. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I pray thee, noble Lord,
Join with me to forbid him her reſort;
My ſelf hath ſpoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honeſt.

O. Ath. Therefore he will obey *Timon*.
His honeſty rewards him in itſelf,
It muſt not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does ſhe love him?

O. Ath. She is young, and apt:
Our own precedent paſſions do inſtruct us,
What levity's in youth.

Tim. Love you the maid?

Luc. Ay, my good Lord, and ſhe accepts it.

O. Ath. If in her marriage my conſent be miſſing,
I call the Gods to witneſs, I will chuſe
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And diſpoſſeſs her all.

Tim. How ſhall ſhe be endowed,
If ſhe be mated with an equal huſband?

O. Ath. Three talents on the preſent, in future all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath ſerv'd me long;
To build his fortune I will ſtrain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:
What you beſtow, in him I'll counterpoiſe,
And make him weigh with her.

O. Ath. Moſt noble Lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, ſhe is his.

Tim.

Tim. My hand to thee, mine honour on my promiſe.
Luc. Humbly I thank your Lordſhip, never may
That ſtate or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not own'd to you! [*Ex.* Luc. *and* O. Ath.
Poet. Vouchſafe my labour, and long live your Lordſhip!
Tim. I thank you, you ſhall hear from me anon:
Go not away. What have you there, my friend?
Pain. A piece of painting, which I do beſeech
Your Lordſhip to accept.
Tim. Painting is welcome.
The painted is almoſt the natural man:
For ſince diſhonour trafficks with man's nature
He is but out-ſide: pencil'd figures are
Ev'n ſuch as they give out. I like your work,
And you ſhall find I like it: wait attendance
'Till you hear further from me.
Pain. The Gods preſerve ye!
Tim. Well fare you gentleman; give me your hand,
We muſt needs dine together: Sir, your jewel
Hath ſuffer'd under praiſe.
Jew. What, my Lord? diſpraiſe?
Tim. A meer ſatiety of commendations.
If I ſhould pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would undo me quite.
Jew. My Lord, 'tis rated
As thoſe which ſell would give: but you well know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are by their maſters priz'd; Believ't, dear Lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.
Tim. Well mock'd.
Mer. No, my good Lord, he ſpeaks the common tongue,
Which all men ſpeak with him.
Tim. Look who comes here.

SCENE III. *Enter* Apemantus.

Will you be chid?
Jew. We'll bear it with your Lordſhip.
Mer. He'll ſpare none.
Tim. Good-morrow to thee, gentle *Apemantus!*
Apem. 'Till I be gentle, ſtay for thy good-morrow;
When I am *Timon*'s dog, and theſe knaves honeſt.

Tim.

Tim. Why doſt thou call them knaves? thou know'ſt them not.

Apem. Are they not *Athenians?*

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, *Apemantus.*

Apem. Thou know'ſt I do, I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, *Apemantus.*

Apem. Of nothing ſo much, as that I am not like *Timon.*

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honeſt *Athenian*'s brains.

Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. How likeſt thou this picture, *Apemantus?*

Apem. The better, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it?

Apem. He wrought better that made the painter, and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Pain. Y'are a dog.

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation: what's ſhe, if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, *Apemantus?*

Apem. No, I eat not Lords.

Tim. If thou ſhould'ſt, thou'dſt anger Ladies.

Apem. O, they eat Lords, ſo they come by great bellies.

Tim. That's a laſcivious apprehenſion.

Apem. So thou apprehend'ſt it. Take it for thy labour.

Tim. How doſt thou like this jewel, *Apemantus?*

Apem. Not ſo well as plain-dealing, which will not coſt a man a doit.

Tim. What doſt thou think 'tis worth.

Apem. Not worth my thinking—How now, poet?

Poet. How now, philoſopher?

Apem. Thou lieſt.

Poet. Art thou not one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a Poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou lieſt: look in thy laſt work, where thou haſt feign'd him a worthy fellow.

Poet.

Poet. That's not feign'd, he is ſo.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour. He that loves to be flattered is worthy o'th' flatterer. Heav'ns, that I were a Lord!

Tim. What would'ſt do then, *Apemantus?*

Apem. Ev'n as *Apemantus* does now, hate a Lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thy ſelf?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. That I had ſo hungry a wit to be a Lord. Art thou not a merchant?

Mer. Ay, *Apemantus.*

Apem. Traffick confound thee, if the Gods will not!

Mer. If traffick do it, the Gods do it.

Apem. Traffick's thy God, and ſo thy God confound thee!

Trumpets ſound. Enter a Meſſenger.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Meſ. 'Tis *Alcibiades*, and ſome twenty horſe, All of companionſhip.

Tim. Pray entertain them, give them guide to us; You muſt needs dine with me: go not you hence 'Till I have thankt you; and when dinner's done Shew me this piece. I'm joyful of your ſights.

Enter Alcibiades *with the reſt.*

Moſt welcome, Sir! [*Bowing and embracing.*

Apem. So, ſo! Aches contract, and ſtarve your ſupple joints! that there ſhould be ſmall love amongſt theſe ſweet knaves, and all this courteſie! the ſtrain of man's bred out into baboon and monkey.

Alc. You have even ſav'd my longing, and I feed Moſt hungerly on your ſight.

Tim. Right welcome, Sir. Ere we do part, we'll ſhare a bounteous time In different pleaſures. Pray you, let us in. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Manet Apemantus. *Enter* Lucius *and* Lucullus.

Luc. What time a day is't, *Apemantus?*

Apem. Time to be honeſt.

Luc. Ay, that time ſerves ſtill.

Apem

Apem. The more accurſed thou that ſtill omitt'ſt it.
Lucul. Thou art going to Lord *Timon*'s feaſt.
Apem. Ay, to ſee meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.
Lucul. Fare thee well, fare thee well.
Apem. Thou art a fool to bid me farewel twice.
Lucul. Why, *Apemantus?*
Apem. Thou ſhould'ſt have kept one to thy ſelf, for I mean to give thee none.
Luc. Hang thy ſelf.
Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make thy requeſts to thy friend. [hence.
Lucul. Away, unpeaceable dog, or—I'll ſpurn thee
Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels o'th' aſs.
[*Exit* Apem.
Luc. He's oppoſite to all humanity.
Come, ſhall we in, and taſte Lord *Timon*'s bounty?
He ſure outgoes the very heart of kindneſs.
Lucul. He pours it out. *Plutus*, the God of gold,
Is but his ſtew'rd: no meed but he repays
Seven fold above it ſelf; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All uſe of quittance.
Luc. The nobleſt mind he carries,
That ever govern'd man.
Lucul. Long may he live in fortunes! ſhall we in?
Luc. I'll keep you company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V

Another Room in Timon's *Houſe.*

Hautboys playing, loud Muſick. A great Banquet ſerved in; and then enter Timon, Lucius, Lucullus, Sempronius *and other* Athenian *Senators, with* Ventidius. *Then comes, dropping after all.* Apemantus *diſcontentedly.*

Ven. Moſt honour'd *Timon*, it hath pleas'd the Gods
To call my father's age unto long peace.
He is gone happy, and has left me rich.
Then as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return thoſe talents,
Doubled with thanks and ſervice, from whoſe help
I deriv'd liberty.
Tim. O, by no means,

Honeſt *Ventidius:* you miſtake my love,
I gave it freely ever, and there's none
Can truly ſay he gives, if he receives:
If our betters play at that game, we muſt not dare
To imitate them. Faults that are rich, are fair.

Ven. A noble ſpirit.

Tim. Nay, ceremony was but deviſ'd at firſt,
To ſet a gloſs on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodneſs, ſorry ere 'tis ſhown:
But where there is true friendſhip, there needs none.
Pray, ſit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,
Than they to me. [*They ſit down.*

Luc. We always have confeſt it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confeſt it? hang'd it, have you not?

Tim, O, *Apemantus!* you are welcome.

Apem. No: you ſhall not make me welcome. I come to have thee thruſt me out of doors.

Tim. Fie, th' art a churl; ye have got a humour there
Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame:
They ſay, my Lords, that *Ira furor brevis eſt,*
But yonder man is ever angry. Go,
And let him have a table by himſelf:
For he does neither affect company,
Nor is he fit for it indeed.

Apem. Let me ſtay at thy peril, *Timon:* I come to obſerve, I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; th' art an *Athenian,* therefore welcome; I my ſelf would have no power, pr'ythee let my meat make thee ſilent.

Apem. I ſcorn thy meat, 'twould choak me: for I ſhould ne'er flatter thee. O you Gods! what a number of men eat *Timon,* and he ſees it not! It grieves me to ſee
So many dip their meat in one man's blood,
And all the madneſs is, he cheers them up too.
I wonder men dare truſt themſelves with men:
Methinks they ſhould invite them without knives,
Good for their meat, and ſafer for their lives.
There's much example for't, the fellow that
Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges
The breath of him in a divided draught,

Is

Is th' readieſt man to kill him. 'T has been prov'd.
Were I a great man, I ſhould fear to drink,
Leſt they ſhould ſpy my wind-pipe's dangerous notes:
Great men ſhould drink with harneſs on their throats.

Tim. My Lord, in heart; and let the health go round.

Lucul. Let it flow this way, my good Lord.

Apem. Flow this way!—a brave fellow! he keeps his tides well; thoſe healths will make thee and thy ſtate look ill, *Timon.* Here's that which is too weak to be a ſinner, honeſt water, which ne'er left man i'th' mire:
This and my food are equal, there's no odds;
Feaſts are too proud to give thanks to the Gods.

Apemantus's *Grace.*

Immortal Gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man but my ſelf;
Grant I may never prove ſo fond,
To truſt man on his oath or bond;
Or a harlot for her weeping,
Or a dog that ſeems a ſleeping,
Or a keeper with my freedom,
Or my friends if I ſhould need 'em.
Amen, Amen: So fall to't:
Rich men ſin, and I eat root.

Much good dich thy good heart, *Apemantus!*

Tim. Captain *Alcibiades,* your heart's in the field now.

Alc. My heart is ever at your ſervice, my Lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfaſt of enemies, than a dinner of friends.

Alc. So they were bleeding new, my Lord, there's no meat like 'em. I could wiſh my friend at ſuch a feaſt.

Apem. Would all theſe flatterers were thine enemies then; that thou might'ſt kill 'em, and bid me to 'em!

Luc. Might we but have the happineſs, my Lord, that you would once uſe our hearts, whereby we might expreſs ſome part of our zeals, we ſhould think ourſelves for ever perfect.

Tim. Oh, no doubt, my good friends, but the Gods themſelves have provided that I ſhall have as much help from you: how had you been my friends elſe? why have you that character and title from thouſands, did not you

chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to my ſelf, than you can with modeſty ſpeak in your own behalf. And thus far I confirm you! oh you Gods, (think I,) what need we have any friends, if we ſhould never have need of 'em? they would moſt reſemble ſweet inſtruments hung up in caſes, that keep their ſounds to themſelves. Why, I have often wiſht my ſelf poorer, that I might come nearer to you: we are born to do benefits. And what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis to have ſo many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made a joy ere't can be born; mine eyes cannot hold water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weepeſt but to make them drink thee, *Timon.*

Lucul. Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And at that inſtant like a babe ſprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a baſtard.

3 *Lord.* I promiſe you, my Lord, you mov'd me much.

Apem. Much!

Sound Tucket.

Tim. What means that trump? how now?

Enter Servant.

Ser. Pleaſe you, my Lord, there are certain Ladies moſt deſirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies? what are their wills?

Ser. There comes with them a fore-runner, my Lord, which bears that office to ſignifie their pleaſures.

Tim. I pray let them be admitted.

SCENE VI.

Enter Cupid *with a maſk of Ladies.*

Cup. Hail to the worthy *Timon*, and to all
That of his bounties taſte! the five beſt ſenſes
Acknowledge thee their patron, and do come
Freely to gratulate thy plenteous boſom.
Th' ear, taſte, touch, ſmell, pleas'd from thy table riſe;
Theſe only now come but to feaſt thine eyes.

Tim. They're welcome all; let 'em have kind admittance.
Let muſick make their welcome.

Luc. You ſee, my Lord, how amply you're belov'd.

Apem. Hoyday! why, what a ſweep of vanity
Comes this way! And they dance, they are mad women.
Like madneſs is the glory of this life,
As this pomp ſhews to a little oyl and root.
We make ourſelves fools, to diſport our ſelves;
And ſpend our flatteries, to drink thoſe men,
Upon whoſe age we void it up again,
With poiſonous ſpite and envy. Who lives, that's not
Depraved, or depraves? who dies, that bears
Not one ſpurn to their graves of their friends gift?
I ſhould fear, thoſe that dance before me now
Would one day ſtamp upon me: 'T has been done;
Men ſhut their doors againſt a ſetting ſun.

The Lords riſe from table, with much adoring of Timon, *each ſingles out a Lady, and all dance, men with women, a lofty ſtrain or two to the hautboys, and ceaſe.*

Tim. You have done our pleaſures very much grace, fair
Set a fair faſhion on our entertainment, [Ladies,
Which was not ſo beautiful and kind:
You've added worth unto't, and lively luſtre,
And entertain'd me with mine own device.
I am to thank you for it.

Luc. My Lord, you take us even at the beſt.

Apem. 'Faith, for the worſt is filthy, and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you. Pleaſe you to diſpoſe your ſelves.

All La. Moſt thankfully, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

Tim. Flavius!

Flav. My Lord.

Tim. The little caſket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my Lord. More jewels yet? there is no croſſing him in's humour,
Elſe I ſhould tell him—well—i' faith, I ſhould,
When all's ſpent, he'd be croſs'd then if he could:
'Tis pity bounty has not eyes behind,
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind. [*Exit.*

Luc. Where be our men?

Ser. Here, my Lord, in readineſs.

Lucul. Our horſes.

Tim. O my good friends!
I have one word to ſay to you: look, my Lord,
I muſt entreat you, honour me ſo much
As to advance this jewel, accept, and wear it,
Kind Lord!

Luc. I am ſo far already in your gifts—

All. So are we all. [*Exe.* Lucius *and* Lucullus.

SCENE VII. *Enter a Servant.*

Ser. My Lord, there are certain Nobles of the Senate newly alighted, and come to viſit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Re-enter Flavius.

Flav. I beſeech your Honour, vouchſafe me a word; it does concern you near.

Tim. Me near? why then another time I'll hear thee. I pr'ythee let's be provided to ſhew them entertainment.

Flav. I ſcarce know how.

Enter another Servant.

2 *Ser.* May it pleaſe your Honour, Lord *Lucius*, out of his free love, hath preſented to you four milk-white horſes trapt in ſilver.

Tim. I ſhall accept them fairly: let the preſents
Be worthily entertain'd.

Enter a third Servant.

How now? what news?

3 *Ser.* Pleaſe you, my Lord, that honourable gentleman, Lord *Lucullus*, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him, and has ſent your Honour two brace of grey-hounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him; and let them be received,
Not without fair reward.

Flav. What will this come to?
Here he commands us to provide, and give
Great gifts, and all out of an empty coffer:
Nor will he know his purſe, or yield me this,
To ſhew him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no pow'r to make his wiſhes good;
His promiſes fly ſo beyond his ſtate,
That what he ſpeaks is all in debt, he owes

For ev'ry word: he is ſo kind, that he
Pays intereſt for't; his land's put to their books.
Well, would I were gently put out of office!
Happier is he that has no friend to feed,
Than ſuch that do e'en enemies exceed.
I bleed inwardly for my Lord. [*Exit.*

Tim. You do yourſelves much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits. Here, my Lord, a trifle of our love.

1 *Lord.* With more than common thanks I will receive it.

3 *Lord.* He has the very ſoul of bounty.

Tim. And now I remember, my Lord, you gave good words the other day of a bay courſer I rode on. 'Tis yours, becauſe you lik'd it.

2 *Lord.* Oh, I beſeech you, pardon me, my Lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word, my Lord: I know no man can juſtly praiſe, but what he does affect: I weigh my friends affection with my own, I tell you true: I'll call on you.

All Lords. O, none ſo welcome.

Tim. I take all, and your ſeveral viſitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give
My thanks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary. *Alcibiades*,
Thou art a ſoldier, therefore ſeldom rich,
I'll come in charity to thee; thy living
Is 'mongſt the dead; and all the lands thou haſt
Lye in a pitcht field.

Alc. I defie land, my Lord.

1 *Lord.* We are ſo virtuouſly bound——

Tim. And ſo am I to you.

2 *Lord.* So infinitely endear'd———

Tim All to you. Lights! more lights, more lights.

3 *Lord.* The beſt of happineſs, honour and fortunes,
Keep you, Lord *Timon*——

Tim. Ready for his friends. [*Exeunt Lords.*

SCENE VIII.

Apem. What a coil's here,
Screwing of backs, and jutting out of bums!
I doubt whether their legs be worth the ſums

That

That are giv'n for 'em. Friendſhip's full of dregs;
Methinks falſe hearts ſhould never have ſound legs.
Thus honeſt fools lay out their wealth on court'ſies.

Tim. Now, *Apemantus*, if thou wert not ſullen,
I would be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing: for if I ſhould be brib'd too, there would be none left to rail upon thee, and then thou wouldſt ſin the faſter. Thou giv'ſt ſo long, *Timon*, I fear me thou wilt give away thy ſelf in *perpetuum* ſhortly, What need theſe feaſts, pomps, and vain-glories?

Tim. Nay, if you begin to rail on ſociety once, I am ſworn not to give regard to you. Farewel, and come with better muſick. [*Exit.*

Apem. So—thou wilt not hear me now, thou ſhalt not [then.
I'll lock the heaven from thee.
Oh, that men's ears ſhould be
To counſel deaf, but not to flattery! [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A publick place in the City.

Enter a Senator.

Sen. AND late five thouſand: to *Varro* and to *Iſidore*
He owes nine thouſand, beſides my former ſum;
Which makes it five and twenty.——Still in motion
Of raging waſte? It cannot hold, it will not.
If I want gold, ſteal but a beggar's dog,
And give it *Timon*, why, the dog coins gold.
If I would ſell my horſe, and buy ten more
Better than he; why, give my horſe to *Timon*;
Aſk nothing, give it him, it foals me ſtraight
Ten able horſes. No porter at his gate,
But rather one that ſmiles and ſtill invites
All that paſs by. It cannot hold, no reaſon
Can found his ſtate in ſafety. *Caphis*, hoa!
Caphis, I ſay.

Enter Caphis.

Cap. Here, Sir; what is your pleaſure?

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haſte you to Lord *Timon*;
Importune him for monies, be not ceaſt
With ſlight denial; nor then ſilenc'd with

Commend

Commend me to your maſter ——and the cap
Play'ng in the right hand,—thus—but tell him, ſirrah,
My uſes cry to me, I muſt ſerve my turn
Out of mine own; his days and times are paſt,
And my reliance on his fracted dates
Has ſmit my credit. I love and honour him;
But muſt not break my back, to heal his finger.
Immediate are my needs, and my relief
Muſt not be toſt and turn'd to me in words,
But find ſupply immediate. Get you gone.
Put on a moſt importunate aſpect,
A viſage of demand: for I do fear,
When every feather ſticks in his own wing,
Lord *Timon* will be left a naked gull,
Who flaſhes now a Phœnix——get you gone.

Cap. I go, Sir.

Sen. Ay go, Sir: take the bonds along with you,
And have the dates in count.

Cap. I will, Sir.

Sen. Go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Timon's *Hall.*

Enter Flavius, *with many Bills in his hand.*

Flav. No care, no ſtop, ſo ſenſeleſs of expence,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor ceaſe his flow of riot; takes no account
How things go from him, and reſumes no care
Of what is to continue: never mind
Was, to be ſo unwiſe, to be ſo kind.
What ſhall be done?—he will not hear, 'till feel:
I muſt be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
Fie, fie, fie, fie.

Enter Caphis, Iſidore, *and* Varro *.

Cap. Good evening, *Varro*: what, you come for mony?

Far. Is't not your buſineſs too?

Cap. It is; and yours too, *Iſidore?*

Iſid. It is ſo.

Cap. Would we were all diſcharg'd!

* The two laſt are but Servants to *Iſidore* and *Varro*, here call'd by their Maſters names as is uſual among ſervants with one another.

Var.

Var. I fear it.

Cap. Here comes the Lord.

Enter Timon, *and his Train.*

Tim. So ſoon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,
My *Alcibiades.*——Well, what is your will?
[*They preſent their Bills.*

Cap. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues? whence are you?

Cap. Of *Athens* here, my Lord.

Tim. Go to my ſteward.

Cap. Pleaſe it your Lordſhip, he hath put me off,
To the ſucceſſion of new days, this month:
My maſter is awak'd by great occaſion,
To call upon his own; and humbly prays you
That with your other noble parts you'll ſuit,
In giving him his right.

Tim. My honeſt friend,
I pr'ythee but repair to me next morning.

Cap. Nay, good my Lord.

Tim. Contain thy ſelf, good friend.

Var. One *Varro*'s ſervant, my good Lord—

Iſid. From *Iſidore*, he prays your ſpeedy payment—

Cap. If you did know, my Lord, my maſter's wants—

Var. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my Lord, ſix weeks, and paſt——

Iſid. Your ſteward puts me off, my Lord, and I
Am ſent expreſsly to your Lordſhip.

Tim. Give me breath:——
I do beſeech you, good my Lords, keep on, [*Exe. Lords.*
I'll wait upon you inſtantly.——Come hither:
How goes the world that I am thus encountred
With clamorous demands of broken bonds,
And the detention of long-ſince-due debts,
Againſt my honour?

Flav. Pleaſe you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this buſineſs:
Your importunity ceaſe, 'till after dinner;
That I may make his Lordſhip underſtand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim.

Tim. Do ſo, my friends; ſee them well entertain'd.
[*Exit* Timon.

Flav. Pray draw near. [*Exit* Flavius.

SCENE III. *Enter* Apemantus *and Fool.*

Cap. Stay, ſtay, here comes the fool with *Apemantus*, let's have ſome ſport with 'em.

Var. Hang him, he'll abuſe us.

Iſid. A plague upon him, dog!

Var. How doſt, fool?

Apem. Doſt dialogue with thy ſhadow?

Var. I ſpeak not to thee.

Apem. No, 'tis to thy ſelf. Come away.

Iſid. There's the fool hangs on your back already.

Apem. No, thou ſtand'ſt ſingle, thou art not on it yet.

Cap. Where's the fool now?

Apem. He laſt aſk'd the queſtion. Poor rogues, and uſurers men! bawds between gold and want!

All. What are we, *Apemantus?*

Apem. Aſſes.

All. Why?

Apem. That you aſk me what you are, and do not know your ſelves. Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

All. Gramercy, good fool: how does your miſtreſs?

Fool. She's e'en ſetting on water to ſcald ſuch chickens as you are. Would we could ſee you at *Corinth*.

Apem. Good! gramercy!

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my maſter's page.

Page. Why, how now, captain? what do you in this wiſe company? how doſt thou, *Apemantus?*

Apem. Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might anſwer thee profitably.

Page. Pr'ythee, *Apemantus*, read me the ſuperſcription of theſe letters; I know not which is which.

Apem. Canſt not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hang'd. This is to Lord *Timon*, this to *Alcibiades*. Go, thou waſt born a baſtard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

Page.

Page. Thou waſt whelpt a dog, and ſhalt famiſh a dog's death. Anſwer not, I am gone. [*Exit.*

Apem. Ev'n ſo thou out-run'ſt grace,
Fool, I will go with you to Lord *Timon*'s.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If *Timon* ſtay at home——
You three ſerve three uſurers?

All. I would they ſerv'd us.

Apem. So would I——as good a trick as ever hangman ſerv'd thief.

Fool. Are you three uſurers men?

All. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think no uſurer but has a fool to his ſervant. My miſtreſs is one, and I am her fool; when men come to borrow of your maſters, they approach ſadly, and go away merrily; but they enter my miſtreſs's houſe merrily, and go away ſadly. The reaſon of this?

Var. I could render one.

Fool. Do it then, that we may account thee a whoremaſter, and a knave; which notwithſtanding, thou ſhalt be no leſs eſteem'd.

Var. What is a whoremaſter, fool?

Fool. A fool in good cloaths, and ſomething like thee. 'Tis a ſpirit; ſometimes it appears like a Lord, ſometimes like a lawyer, ſometimes like a philoſopher, with two ſtones more than's artificial one. He is very often like a knight: and generally, in all ſhapes that man goes up and down in, from fourſcore to thirteen, this ſpirit walks in.

Var. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wiſe man; as much foolery as I have, ſo much wit thou lack'ſt.

Apem. That anſwer might have become *Apemantus.*

All. Aſide, aſide, here comes Lord *Timon.*

Enter Timon *and* Flavius.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; ſometime the philoſopher.

Flav. Pray you walk near, I'll ſpeak with you anon.

[*Exeunt all but* Timon *and* Flavius.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Tim. You make me marvel; wherefore, ere this time,
Had you not fully laid my ſtate before me?
That I might ſo have rated my expence,
As I had leave of means.
Flav. You would not hear me:
At many leiſures I propos'd.
Tim. Go to:
Perchance ſome ſingle vantages you took,
When my indiſpoſition put you back:
And that unaptneſs made you miniſter
Thus to excuſe your ſelf.
Flav. O my good Lord,
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
And ſay you found them in mine honeſty.
When, for ſome trifling preſent, you have bid me
Return ſo much, I've ſhook my head, and wept;
Yea, 'gainſt th' authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more cloſe. I did endure
Not ſeldom, nor no ſlight checks; when I have
Prompted you in the ebb of your eſtate,
And your great flow of debts. My dear-lov'd Lord,
Though you hear now, yet now's too late a time.
The greateſt of your Having lacks a half
To pay your preſent debts.
Tim. Let all my land be ſold.
Flav. 'Tis all engag'd, ſome forfeited and gone,
And what remains will hardly ſtop the mouth
Of preſent dues; the future come apace:
What ſhall defend the interim, and at length
Make good our reck'ning?
Tim. To *Lacedæmon* did my land extend.
Flav. O my good Lord, the world is but a world;
Were it all yours, to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone!
Tim. You tell me true.
Flav. If you ſuſpect my huſbandry or falſhood,
Call me before th' exacteſt auditors,
And ſet me on the proof. So the Gods bleſs me,

When all our offices have been oppreſt
With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept
With drunken ſpilth of wine; when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minſtrelſie;
I have retir'd me to a waſteful cock,*
And ſet mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Pr'ythee no more.

Flav. Heav'ns! have I ſaid, the bounty of this Lord!
How many prodigal bits have ſlaves and peaſants
This night englutted! who now is not *Timon*'s?
What heart, head, ſword, force, means, but is Lord *Timon*'s?
Great *Timon*'s; noble, worthy, royal *Timon*'s?
Ah! when the means are gone that buy this praiſe,
The breath is gone whereof this praiſe is made:
Feaſt-won, faſt-loſt; one cloud of winter ſhowres,
Theſe flies are coucht.

Tim. Come, ſermon me no further.
No villainous bounty yet hath paſt my heart;
Unwiſely, not ignobly, have I given.
Why doſt thou weep? canſt thou all conſcience lack
To think I ſhall lack friends? ſecure thy heart;
If I would broach the veſſels of my love,
And try the arguments of hearts by borrowing,
Men and men's fortunes could I frankly uſe,
As I can bid thee ſpeak.

Flav. Aſſurance bleſs your thoughts!

Tim. And in ſome ſort theſe wants of mine are crown'd,
That I account them bleſſings; for by theſe
Shall I try friends. You ſhall perceive how you
Miſtake my fortunes: in my friends I'm wealthy.
Within there, Ho! *Flaminius, Servilius!*

SCENE V.

Enter Flaminius, Servilius, *and other Servants.*

Ser. My Lord, my Lord.

Tim. I will diſpatch you ſev'rally.
You to Lord *Lucius*——to Lord *Lucullus* you, I hunted with his Honour to-day — you to *Sempronius*—commend

* By *Cock* here is meant a Cockloft, a Garret: and a *waſteful cock* ſignifies a Garret lying in waſte, neglected, put to no uſe.

me

me to their loves, and I am proud, ſay, that my occaſions have found time to uſe 'em toward a ſupply of mony ; let the requeſt be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have ſaid, my Lord.

Flav. Lord *Lucius* and *Lucullus ?* hum ——

Tim. Go you, Sir, to the Senators ; [*To* Flavius.
Of whom, even to the ſtate's beſt health, I have
Deſerv'd this hearing ; bid 'em ſend o' th' inſtant
A thouſand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold,
(For that I knew it the moſt gen'ral way,)
To them to uſe your ſignet and your name ;
But they do ſhake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is't true ? can't be ?

Flav. They anſwer in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treaſure, cannot
Do what they would ; are ſorry—You are honourable—
But yet they could have wiſht—they know not—but
Something hath been amiſs—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis pity—
And ſo intending other ſerious matters,
After diſtaſteful looks, and theſe hard fractions,
With certain half caps, and cold-moving nods,
They froze me into ſilence.

Tim. You Gods, reward them !
I pr'ythee, man, look cheerly. Theſe old fellows
Have their ingratitude hereditary :
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it ſeldom flows,
'Tis lack of kindly warmth they are not kind ;
And nature, as it grows again tow'rd earth,
Is faſhion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.
Go to *Ventidius*—pr'ythee be not ſad,
Thou'rt true, and juſt ; ingenuouſly I ſpeak,
No blame belongs to thee : *Ventidius* lately
Bury'd his father, by whoſe death he's ſtepp'd
Into a great eſtate ; When he was poor,
Impriſon'd, and in ſcarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents. Greet him from me,
Bid him ſuppoſe ſome good neceſſity

Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With thoſe five talents. That had, give't theſe fellows
To whom 'tis inſtant due. Ne'er ſpeak, or think,
That *Timon*'s fortunes 'mong his friends can ſink.

Flav. Would I could not: that thought is bounty's foe;
Being free it ſelf, it thinks all others ſo. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Houſe of Lucullus *in the City.*

Flaminius *waiting, enter a Servant to him.*

Ser. I Have told my Lord of you; he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, Sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Ser. Here's my Lord.

Lucul. One of Lord *Timon*'s men? a gift, I warrant — Why, this hits right: I dreamt of a ſilver baſon and ewre to-night. *Flaminius*, honeſt *Flaminius*, you are very reſpectively welcome, Sir; fill me ſome wine. And how does that honourable, compleat, free-hearted gentleman of *Athens*, thy very bountiful good Lord and maſter?

Flam. His health is well, Sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, Sir; and what haſt thou there under thy cloak, pretty *Flaminius?*

Flam. 'Faith, nothing but an empty box, Sir, which in my Lord's behalf, I come to entreat your Honour to ſupply; who having great and inſtant occaſion to uſe fifty talents, hath ſent to your Lordſhip to furniſh him, nothing doubting your preſent aſſiſtance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la, —— Nothing doubting, ſays he? alas, good Lord, a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep ſo good a houſe. Many a time and often I ha' din'd with him, and told him on't; and come again to ſupper to him on purpoſe to have him ſpend leſs. And yet he would embrace no counſel, take no warning by my coming; every man hath his fault, and honeſty is his. I ha' told him on't, but I could never get him from't.

Enter a Servant, with wine.

Ser. Pleaſe your Lordſhip, here is the wine.

Lucul.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wiſe. Here's to thee.

Flam. Your Lordſhip ſpeaks your pleaſure.

Lucul. I have obſerved thee always for a towardly prompt ſpirit, give thee thy due: and one that knows what belongs to reaſon; and canſt uſe the time well, if the time uſe thee well. Good parts in thee—Get you gone, ſirrah. [*To the Servant, who goes out.*]—Draw nearer, honeſt *Flaminius*; thy Lord's a bountiful gentleman, but thou art wiſe, and thou knoweſt well enough (although thou comeſt to me) that this is no time to lend mony, eſpecially upon bare friendſhip without ſecurity. Here's three *Solidares* for thee, good boy, wink at me, and ſay, thou ſaw'ſt me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't poſſible the world ſhould ſo much differ,
And we alive that liv'd? fly, damned baſeneſs,
To him that worſhips thee. [*Throwing the mony away.*

Lucul. Ha! now I ſee thou art a fool, and fit for thy maſter. [*Exit* Lucullus.

Flam. May theſe add to the number that may ſcald thee!
Let molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou diſeaſe of a friend, and not himſelf!
Has friendſhip ſuch a faint and milky heart,
It turns in leſs than two nights? O you Gods!
I feel my maſter's paſſion. This ſlave
Unto this hour has my Lord's meat in him:
Why ſhould it thrive, and come to nutriment,
When he is turned to poiſon?
O may diſeaſes only work upon't:
And when he's ſick to death, let not that part
Of nurture my Lord paid for, be of power
To expel ſickneſs, or prolong his hour! [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A publick Street.*

Enter Lucius, *with three Strangers.*

Luc. Who, the Lord *Timon?* he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

1 *Stran.* We know him for no leſs, tho' we are but ſtrangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my Lord, and which I hear from common rumours; now Lord *Timon*'s

2

happy hours are done and paſt, and his eſtate ſhrinks from him.

Luc. Fye, no, do not believe it: he cannot want for mony.

2 *Stran.* But believe you this, my Lord, that not long ago one of his men was with the Lord *Lucullus*, to borrow ſo many talents, nay, urg'd extreamly for't, and ſhewed what neceſſity belong'd to't, and yet was deny'd.

Luc. How!

2 *Stran.* I tell you, deny'd, my Lord.

Luc. What a ſtrange caſe was that! now before the Gods I am aſham'd on't. Deny'd that honourable man? there was very little honour ſhew'd in that. For my own part, I muſt needs confeſs I have received ſome ſmall kindneſſes from him, as mony, plate, jewels, and ſuch like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet had he o'er-look'd him, and ſent to me, I ſhould ne'er have deny'd his occaſion ſo many talents.

Enter Servilius.

Ser. See, by good hap yonder's my Lord, I have ſweat to ſee his Honour.—My honour'd Lord— [*To* Lucius.

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, Sir. Fare thee well, commend me to thy honourable virtuous Lord, my very exquiſite friend.

Ser. May it pleaſe your Honour, my Lord hath ſent—

Luc. Ha! what hath he ſent? I am ſo much endear'd to that Lord; he's ever ſending: how ſhall I thank him, think'ſt thou? and what has he ſent now?

Ser. H'as only ſent his preſent occaſion now, my Lord; requeſting your Lordſhip to ſupply his inſtant uſe, with fifty talents.

Luc. I know his Lordſhip is but merry with me,
He can't want fifty times five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants leſs, my Lord.
If his occaſion were not virtuous,
I ſhould not urge it half ſo fervently.

Luc. Doſt thou ſpeak ſeriouſly, *Servilius?*

Ser. Upon my ſoul 'tis true, Sir.

Luc. What a wicked beaſt was I, to diſfurniſh my ſelf againſt ſuch a good time, when I might ha' ſhewn my ſelf honourable!

honourable! how unluckily it happen'd, that I ſhould purchaſe the day before a little dirt, and undo a great deal of honour! *Servilius*, now before the Gods, I am not able to do—(the more beaſt I, ſay)—I was ſending to uſe Lord *Timon* my ſelf, theſe gentlemen can witneſs; but I would not, for the wealth of *Athens*, I had done't now. Commend me bountifully to his good Lordſhip, and I hope his Honour will conceive the faireſt of me, becauſe I have no power to be kind. And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greateſt afflictions, that I cannot pleaſure ſuch an honourable gentleman. Good *Servilius*, will you befriend me ſo far, as to uſe my own words to him?

Ser. Yes, Sir, I ſhall. [*Exit* Servilius.

Luc. I'll look you out as good a turn, *Servilius*.
True, as you ſaid, *Timon* is ſhrunk indeed,
And he that's once deny'd will hardly ſpeed. [*Exit.*

1 *Stran.* Do you obſerve this now, *Hoſtilius?*

2 *Stran.* Ay, ay, too well.

1 *Stran.* Why, this is the world's ſoul;
Of the ſame piece is every flatterer's ſpirit:
Who can call him his friend that dips with him
In the ſame diſh? for even in my knowing,
Timon has been to this Lord as a father,
And kept his credit with his bounteous purſe:
Supported his eſtate; nay, *Timon*'s mony
Has paid his men their wages. He ne'er drinks,
But *Timon*'s ſilver treads upon his lip;
And yet, oh ſee the monſtrouſneſs of man
When he looks out in an ingrateful ſhape!
He does deny him in reſpect of his
What charitable men afford to beggars.

3 *Stran.* Religion groans at it.

1 *Stran.* For mine own part
I never taſted *Timon* in my life,
Nor any of his bounties came o'er me,
To mark me for his friend. Yet I proteſt,
For his right noble mind, illuſtrious virtue,
Moſt generous and honourable carriage,
Had his neceſſity made uſe of me,
I would have put my wealth into partition,
And the beſt half ſhould have attorn'd to him, So

So much I love his heart: but I perceive
Men must learn now with pity to dispence,
For policy sits above conscience. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter a third Servant with Sempronius.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in't? 'bove all others?—
He might have tried Lord *Lucius*, or *Lucullus*;
And now *Ventidius* is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison. All these three
Owe their estates unto him.

Ser. Oh my Lord,
They've all been touch'd, and all are found base metal,
For they have all deny'd him.

Sem. How? deny'd him?
Have *Lucius* and *Ventidius* and *Lucullus*
Deny'd him all? and does he send to me?
It shews but little love or judgment in him.
Must I be his last refuge? friends, like physicians,
Tried give him over, and must I take the cure
On me? h'as much disgrac'd me in't; I'm angry.
He might have known my place; I see no sense for't,
But his occasions might have wooed me first:
For, in my conscience, I was the first man
That e'er receiv'd any gift from him.
And does he think so backwardly of me,
That I'll requite it last? so it may prove
An argument of laughter to the rest,
And amongst Lords I shall be thought a fool;
I'd rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
H'ad sent to me first, but for my mind's sake:
I'd such a courage to have done him good.
But now return,
And with their faint reply this answer join;
Who bates mine honour, shall not know my coin. [*Exit.*

Ser. Excellent! your Lordship's a goodly villain. The devil knew not what he did, when he made man politick; he cross'd himself by't; and I cannot think, but in the end the policy of man will set him clear. How fairly this Lord strives not to appear foul! takes virtuous copies to be wicked:

like

like thoſe that under hot ardent zeal, would ſet whole realms on fire. Of ſuch a nature is his politick love.
This was my Lord's beſt hope; now all are fled,
Save the Gods only. Now his friends are dead,
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
Many a bounteous year, muſt be employ'd
Now to guard ſure their maſter.
And this is all a liberal courſe allows;
Who cannot keep his wealth, muſt keep his houſe. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. Timon's *Hall.*

Enter Varro, Titus, Hortenſius, Lucius, *and other Servants of* Timon's *Creditors, who wait for his coming out.*

Var. Well met, good-morrow, *Titus* and *Hortenſius.*

Tit. The like to you, kind *Varro.*

Hor. *Lucius,* why do we meet together?

Luc. I think one buſineſs does command us all. For mine is mony.

Tit. So is theirs and ours.

Enter Philotas.

Luc. And Sir *Philotas*'s too.

Phi. Good day at once.

Luc. Welcome, good brother. What d'you think the hour?

Phi. Labouring for nine.

Luc. So much?

Phi. Is not my Lord ſeen yet?

Luc. Not yet.

Phi. I wonder: he was wont
To ſhine at ſeven.

Luc. Ay, but now the days
Are waxed ſhorter with him: you muſt conſider
That ſuch a prodigal courſe is like the ſun's,
But not like his recoverable, I fear:
'Tis deepeſt winter in Lord *Timon*'s purſe;
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll ſhew you how t' obſerve a ſtrange event:
Your Lord ſends now for mony.

Hor. True, he does.

Tit.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of *Timon*'s gift,
For which I wait for mony.
Hor. Againſt my heart.
Tit. How ſtrange it ſhews, *Timon* in this ſhould pay
More than he owes ! and e'en as if your Lord
Should wear rich jewels and ſend for mony for 'em.
Hor. I'm weary of this charge, the Gods can witneſs :
I know my Lord hath ſpent of *Timon*'s wealth,
Ingratitude now makes it worſe than ſtealth.
Var. Yes, mine's three thouſand crowns : what's yours?
Luc. Five thouſand.
Var. 'Tis much too deep, and it ſhould ſeem by th' ſum,
Your maſter's confidence was above mine,
Elſe ſurely his had equall'd.

Enter Flaminius.

Tit. One of Lord *Timon*'s men.
Luc. Flaminius ! Sir, a word : pray is my Lord
Ready to come forth ?
Flam. No, indeed he is not.
Tit. We attend his Lordſhip ; pray ſignifie ſo much.
Flam. I need not tell him that, he knows you are
Too diligent.

Enter Flavius *in a cloak muffled.*

Luc. Ha ! is not that his ſteward muffled ſo ?
He goes away in a cloud : call him, call him.
Tit. Do you hear, Sir ——
Var. By your leave, Sir.
Flav. What do you aſk of me, my friend ?
Tit. We wait for certain mony here, Sir.
Flav. If mony were as certain as your waiting,
'Twere ſure enough.
Why then preferr'd you not your ſums and bills,
When your falſe maſters eat of my Lord's meat ?
Then they would ſmile and fawn upon his debts,
And take down th' intereſt in their glutt'nous maws.
You do your ſelves but wrong to ſtir me up,
Let me paſs quietly : ——
Believe't, my Lord and I have made an end,
I have no more to reckon, he to ſpend.
Luc. Ay, but this anſwer will not ſerve,

Flav.

Flav. If 'twill not ſerve, 'tis not ſo baſe as you,
For you ſerve knaves. [*Exit.*

Var. How! what does his caſhier'd Worſhip mutter?

Tit. No matter what — he's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can ſpeak broader than he that has no houſe to put his head in? ſuch may rail againſt great buildings.

Enter Servilius.

Tit. Oh, here's *Servilius*; now we ſhall have ſome anſwer.

Ser. If I might beſeech you, gentlemen, to repair ſome other hour, I ſhould derive much from it. For take it of my ſoul,
My Lord leans wondrouſly to diſcontent:
His comfortable temper has forſook him,
He is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Many do keep their chambers, are not ſick:
And if he be ſo far beyond his health,
Methinks he ſhould the ſooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the Gods.

Ser. Good Gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for an anſwer.

Flam. [*Within.*] *Servilius*, help — my Lord! my Lord!

SCENE V.

Enter Timon *in a rage.*

Tim. What, are my doors oppos'd againſt my paſſage?
Have I been ever free, and muſt my houſe
Be my retentive enemy, my goal?
The place which I have feaſted, does it now
Like all mankind, ſhew me an iron heart?

Luc. Put in now, *Titus.*

Tit. My Lord, here's my bill.

Luc. Here's mine.

Var. And mine, my Lord.

Cap. And ours, my Lord.

Phi. And our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em — cleave me to the girdle.

Luc. Alas, my Lord.

Tim. Cut out my heart in ſums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc.

Luc. Five thouſand crowns, my Lord.
Tim. Five thouſand drops pay that.
What's yours—and yours?
Var. My Lord——
Caſ. My Lord——
Tim. Here, tear me, take me, and the Gods fall on you! [*Exit.*
Hor. 'Faith, I perceive our maſters may throw their cāps at their mony; theſe debts may be well call'd deſperate ones, for a mad man owes 'em. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Timon *and* Flavius.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the ſlaves. Creditors!——devils.
Flav. My dear Lord.
Tim. What if it ſhould be ſo——
Flav. My dear Lord.
Tim. I'll have it ſo—My ſteward!
Flav. Here, my Lord.
Tim. So fitly—Go, bid all my friends again, *Lucius*, *Lucullus*, and *Sempronius*. All——
I'll once more feaſt the raſcals.
Flav. O my Lord!
You only ſpeak from your diſtracted ſoul;
There's not ſo much left as to furniſh out
A moderate table.
Tim. Be it not thy care:
Go, and invite them all, let in the tide
Of knaves once more: my cook and I'll provide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The Senate-Houſe.*

Senators, and Alcibiades.

1 *Sen.* My Lord, you have my voice to't, the fault's bloody;
'Tis neceſſary he ſhould die: [
Nothing emboldens ſin ſo much as mercy.
2 *Sen.* Moſt true; the law ſhall bruiſe him.
Alc. Health, honour, and compaſſion to the ſenate!
1 *Sen.* Now, captain.
Alc. I am an humble ſuitor to your virtues,
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants uſe it cruelly.
It pleaſes time and fortune to lye heavy

Upon a friend of mine, who in hot blood
Hath ſtept into the law, which is paſt depth
To thoſe that without heed do plunge into't.
He is a man, ſetting this fact aſide,
Of virtuous honour, which buys out his fault;
Nor did he ſoil the fact with cowardiſe,
But with a noble fury, and fair ſpirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppoſe his foe:
And with ſuch ſober and unnoted paſſion
He did behave in's anger ere 'twas ſpent,
As if he had but prov'd an argument.

1 Sen. You undergo too ſtrict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:
Your words have took ſuch pains, as if they labour'd
To bring man-ſlaughter into form, ſet quarrelling
Upon the head of valour; which indeed
Is valour mis-begot, and came into th' world
When ſects and factions were but newly born.
He's truly valiant, that can wiſely ſuffer
The worſt that man can breathe, and make his wrongs
His out-ſides, wear them like his rayment, careleſly,
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill?

Alc. My Lord!—

1 Sen. You cannot make groſs ſins look clear,
It is not valour to revenge, but bear.

Alc. My Lords, then under favour, pardon me,
If I ſpeak like a captain.
Why do fond men expoſe themſelves to battel,
And not endure all threatnings, ſleep upon't,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy? but if there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? why then ſure women are more valiant
That ſtay at home, if bearing carry it;
The aſs, more than the lion; and the fellow
Loaden with irons, wiſer than the judge,

If wiſdom be in ſuff'ring. Oh my Lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good:
Who cannot condemn raſhneſs in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is ſin's extreameſt guſt,
But in defence, by mercy 'tis moſt juſt.
To be in anger, is impiety:
But who is man, that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this.

2 *Sen.* You breathe in vain.

Alc. In vain? his ſervice done
At *Lacedæmon*, and *Bizantium*,
Were a ſufficient briber for his life,

1 *Sen.* What's that?

Alc. I ſay, my Lords, h'as done fair ſervice; ſlain
In battle many of your enemies;
How full of valour did he bear himſelf
In the laſt conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

2 *Sen.* He has made too much plenty with 'em, he
Is a ſworn rioter; he has a ſin
Oft' drowns him, and takes valour priſoner.
Were there no foes, that were enough alone
To overcome him. In that beaſtly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cheriſh factions. 'Tis inferr'd to us,
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1 *Sen.* He dies.

Alc. Hard fate! he might have dy'd in war.
My Lords, if not for any parts in him,
(Though his right arm might purchaſe his own time,
And be in debt to none;) yet more to move you,
Take my deſerts to his, and join 'em both.
And for I know, your reverend ages love
Security, I'll pawn my victories,
My honours to you, on his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why let the war receive't with valiant gore;
For law is ſtrict, and war is nothing more.

1 *Sen.* We are for law, he dies, urge it no more,
On height of our diſpleaſure: friend, or brother,
He forfeits his own blood, that ſpills another.

Alc.

Alc. Muſt it be ſo? it muſt not be:
My Lords, I do beſeech you, know me.
2 *Sen.* How!
Alc. Call me to your remembrances.
3 *Sen.* What, Sir!
Alc. I cannot think but your age hath forgot me,
It could not elſe be I ſhould prove ſo baſe,
To ſue, and be deny'd ſuch common grace.
My wounds ake at you.
1 *Sen.* Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but ſpacious in effect:
We baniſh thee for ever.
Alc. Baniſh me!
Baniſh your dotage, baniſh uſury,
That make the ſenate ugly.
1 *Sen.* If, after two days ſhine, *Athens* contains thee;
Attend our weightier judgment.
2 *Sen.* And, (not to ſwell our ſpirit,) he ſhall then
Be executed preſently. [*Exeunt.*
Alc. Gods keep you old enough, that you may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I'm worſe than mad: I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their mony and let out
Their coin upon large intereſt; I my ſelf;
Rich only in large hurts. — All thoſe, for this?
Is this the balſam that the uſuring ſenate
Pours into captains wounds? ha! Baniſhment!
It comes not ill: I hate not to be baniſh'd,
It is a cauſe worthy my ſpleen and fury,
That I may ſtrike at *Athens*. I'll cheer up
My diſcontented troops, and lay for hearts.
'Tis honour with moſt lands to be at odds;
Soldiers as little ſhould brook wrongs, as Gods. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII. Timon's *houſe.*

Enter divers Senators at ſeveral doors.

1 *Sen.* The good time of the day to you, Sir!
2 *Sen.* I alſo wiſh it to you: I think this honourable
Lord did but try us this other day.
1 *Sen.* Upon that were my thoughts tiring when we en-

countred. I hope it is not ſo low with him, as he made it ſeem in the tryal of his ſeveral friends.

2 *Sen.* It ſhould not be, by the perſwaſion of his new feaſting.

1 *Sen.* I ſhould think ſo: he hath ſent me an earneſt inviting, which many my near occaſions did urge me to put off: but he hath conjur'd me beyond them, and I muſt needs appear.

2 *Sen.* In like manner was I in debt to my importunate buſineſs; but he would not hear my excuſe. I am ſorry, when he ſent to borrow of me, that my proviſion was out.

1 *Sen.* I am ſick of that grief too, as I underſtand how all things go.

2 *Sen.* Every man here's ſo. What would he have borrowed of you.

1 *Sen.* A thouſand pieces.

2 *Sen.* A thouſand pieces!

1 *Sen.* What of you?

3 *Sen.* He ſent to me, Sir — here he comes.

Enter Timon *and Attendants.*

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both — and how fare you?

1 *Sen.* Ever at the beſt, hearing well of your Lordſhip.

2 *Sen.* The ſwallow follows not ſummer more willingly, than we your Lordſhip.

Tim. Nor more willingly leaves winter: ſuch ſummer-birds are men. — Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompence this long ſtay: feaſt your ears with the muſic a while; if they will fare ſo harſhly as on the trumpet's ſound: we ſhall to't preſently.

1 *Sen.* I hope it remains not unkindly with your Lordſhip, that I return'd you an empty meſſenger.

Tim. O Sir, let it not trouble you.

2 *Sen.* My noble Lord, —

Tim. Ah my good friend, what cheer?

[*The Banquet brought in.*

2 *Sen.* My moſt honourable Lord, I'm e'en ſick of ſhame, that when your Lordſhip t' other day ſent to me, I was ſo unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, Sir.

2 *Sen.*

2 *Sen.* If you had ſent but two hours before ——

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance. Come, bring in all together.

2 *Sen.* All cover'd diſhes !

1 *Sen.* Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 *Sen.* Doubt not that, if mony and the ſeaſon can yield it.

1 *Sen.* How do you ? what's the news ?

3 *Sen.* *Alcibiades* is baniſh'd : hear you of it ?

Both. *Alcibiades* baniſh'd !

3 *Sen.* 'Tis ſo, be ſure of it.

1 *Sen.* How ? how ?

2 *Sen.* I pray you, upon what ?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near ?

3 *Sen.* I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feaſt toward.

2 *Sen.* This is the old man ſtill.

3 *Sen.* Will't hold ? will't hold ?

2 *Sen.* It does, but time will, and ſo——

3 *Sen.* I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his ſtool, with that ſpur as he would to the lip of his miſtreſs : your diet ſhall be in all places alike. Make not a city feaſt of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the firſt place. Sit, ſit.

The Gods require our thanks.

You great Benefactors, ſprinkle our ſociety with thankfulneſs. For your own gifts, make your ſelves prais'd : but reſerve ſtill to give, leſt your Deities be deſpiſed. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another. For were your Godheads to borrow of men, men would forſake the Gods. Make the meat belov'd, more than the man that gives it. Let no aſſembly of twenty be without a ſcore of villains. If there ſit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be as they are——The reſt of your foes, O Gods, the Senators of Athens, *together with the common lag of people, what is amiſs in them, you Gods, make ſuitable for deſtruction : For theſe my friends — as they are to me nothing, ſo in nothing bleſs them, and to nothing are they welcome.*

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

Some ſpeak. What does his Lordſhip mean ?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feaſt never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! ſmoke, and lukewarm water
Is your perfection. This is *Timon*'s laſt,
Who ſtuck and ſpangled with your flatteries
Waſhes them off, and ſprinkles in your faces
Your reaking villainy. Live loath'd, and long,
Moſt ſmiling, ſmooth, deteſted paraſites,
Courteous deſtroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time-flies,
Cap-and-knee ſlaves, vapors, and minute-jacks; *
Of man and beaſt the infinite maladies
Cruſt you quite o'er!—What, doſt thou go?
Soft, take thy phyſick firſt—thou too—and thou—
[*Throwing the diſhes at them, and drives 'em out.*
Stay, I will lend thee mony, borrow none.
What! all in motion? henceforth be no feaſt,
Whereat a villain's not a welcome gueſt.
Burn houſe, ſink *Athens*, henceforth hated be
Of *Timon*, man, and all humanity! [*Exit.*

Re-enter the Senators.

1 *Sen.* How now, my Lords?

2 *Sen.* Know you the quality of Lord *Timon*'s fury?

3 *Sen.* Piſh! did you ſee my cap?

4 *Sen.* I've loſt my gown.

1 *Sen.* He's but a mad Lord, and nought but humour ſways him. He gave me a jewel th' other day, and now he has beat it out of my cap. Did you ſee my jewel?

2 *Sen.* Did you ſee my cap?

3 *Sen.* Here 'tis.

4 *Sen.* Here lyes my gown.

1 *Sen.* Let's make no ſtay.

2 *Sen.* Lord *Timon*'s mad.

3 *Sen.* I feel't upon my bones.

4 *Sen.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day ſtones.
[*Exeunt.*

* Meaning probably the *ignis fatuus* often call'd *Jack with a lanthorn*, appearing and vaniſhing in a minute.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Without the walls of Athens.

Enter Timon.

Tim. LET me look back upon thee, O thou wall,
That girdleſt in thoſe wolves! dive in the earth,
And fence not *Athens!* Matrons, turn incontinent;
Obedience fail in children; ſlaves and fools
Pluck the grave wrinkled ſenate from the bench,
And miniſter in their ſteads: to general filth
Convert o' th' inſtant, green virginity!
Do't in your parents eyes. Bankrupts, hold faſt;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your truſters throats. Bound ſervants, ſteal;
Large-handed robbers your grave maſters are,
And pill by law. Maid, to thy maſter's bed;
Thy miſtreſs is i' th' brothel. Son of ſixteen,
Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping ſire,
And with it beat his brains out. Fear and piety,
Religion to the Gods, peace, juſtice, truth,
Domeſtick awe, night-reſt, and neighbourhood,
Inſtruction, manners, myſteries and trades,
Degrees, obſervances, cuſtoms and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries!
And let confuſion live! plagues incident to men,
Your potent and infectious feavers heap
On *Athens*, ripe for ſtroke! Thou cold *Sciatica*,
Cripple our ſenators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners! Luſt and liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
That 'gainſt the ſtream of virtue they may ſtrive,
And drown themſelves in riot! Itches, blains,
Sow all the *Athenian* boſoms, and their crop
Be general leproſie! breath infect breath,
That their ſociety (as their friendſhip) may
Be meerly poiſon! Nothing I'll bear from thee,
But nakedneſs, thou town deteſtable!
Take thou that too, with multiplying banns:
Timon will to the woods, where he ſhall find
Th' unkindeſt beaſt much kinder than mankind.

The

The Gods confound (hear me, you good Gods all)
Th' *Athenians* both within and out that wall;
And grant, as *Timon* grows, his hate may grow,
To the whole race of mankind, high and low! [*Exit.*

SCENE II. Timon's *House.*

Enter Flavius *with two or three Servants.*

1 *Ser.* Hear you, good master steward, where's our master?
Are we undone, cast off, nothing remaining?

Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?
Let it be recorded by the righteous Gods,
I am as poor as you.

1 *Ser.* Such a house broke!
So noble a Master fall'n! all gone! and not
One friend to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him!

2 *Ser.* As we turn our backs
From our companion thrown into his grave,
So his familiars from his buried fortunes
Slink all away, leave their false vows with him
Like empty purses pick'd: and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like Contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house!

3 *Ser.* Yet do our hearts wear *Timon*'s livery,
That see I by our faces; we are fellows,
Serving alike in sorrow. Leak'd is our bark,
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the surges threat: we must all part
Into the sea of air.

Flav. Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
Where-ever we shall meet, for *Timon*'s sake,
Let's yet be fellows: shake our heads, and say,
(As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes)
We have seen better days. Let each take some;
Nay, put out all your hands; not one word more,
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

[*He gives them mony, they embrace and part several ways.*

Oh

Oh the fierce wretchedneſs that glory brings us!
Who would not wiſh to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to miſery and contempt?
Who'd be ſo mock'd with glory, as to live
But in a dream of friendſhip?
To have his pomp, and all what ſtate compounds,
But only painted like his varniſh'd friends?
Poor honeſt Lord! brought low by his own heart,
Undone by goodneſs: ſtrange unuſual blood,
When man's worſt ſin is, he does too much good.
Who then dares to be half ſo kind again?
For bounty, that makes Gods, does ſtill mar men.
My deareſt Lord, bleſt to be moſt accurs'd,
Rich only to be wretched; thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind Lord!
He's flung in rage from this ungrateful ſeat
Of monſtrous friends: nor has he with him to
Supply his life, or that which can command it:
I'll follow after and enquire him out.
I'll ever ſerve his mind with my beſt will;
Whilſt I have gold, I'll be his ſteward ſtill. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The Woods.*

Enter Timon.

Tim. O bleſſed breeding Sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity: below thy ſiſter's orb
Infect the air. Twinn'd brothers of one womb,
Whoſe procreation, reſidence, and birth
Scarce is divided, touch with ſeveral fortunes,
The greater ſcorns the leſſer: Not ev'n nature,
To whom all ſores lay ſiege, can bear great fortune
But with contempt of nature.
Raiſe me this beggar, and degrade that Lord,
The ſenator ſhall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour:
It is the paſture lards the weather's ſides,
The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,
In purity of manhood ſtand upright,
And ſay, *This man's a flatterer?* if one be,
So are they all, for every greeze of fortune
Is ſmooth'd by that below. The learned pate

Ducks

Ducks to the golden fool: All is oblique,
There's nothing level in our curſed natures
But direct villainy. Then be abhorr'd,
All feaſts, ſocieties, and throngs of men!
His ſemblable, yea, himſelf, *Timon* diſdains.
Deſtruction phang mankind! Earth, yield me roots!
[*Digging the earth.*
Who ſeeks for better of thee, ſawce his palate
With thy moſt operant poiſon!—What is here?
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, Gods!
I am no idle votariſt. Roots, clear heav'ns!
Thus much of this will make black, white; foul, fair;
Wrong, right; baſe, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.
You Gods! why this?—why this? you Gods!—why, this
Will lug your prieſts and ſervants from your ſides:
Pluck ſick mens pillows from below their heads.
This yellow ſlave
Will knit and break religions; bleſs th' accurs'd;
Make the hoar leproſie ador'd; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation
With ſenators on the bench: this, this is it
That makes the waped widow wed again;
Her, whom the ſpittle-houſe and ulcerous ſores
Would caſt the gorge at, this embalms and ſpices
To th' *April* day again. Come, damned earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that putt'ſt odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature—[*March afar off.*] Ha! a drum?—
thou'rt quick,
But yet I'll bury thee——thou'lt go (ſtrong thief)
When gouty keepers of thee cannot ſtand.
Nay, ſtay thou out for earneſt. [*Keeping ſome gold.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Alcibiades *with drum and fife in warlike manner, and* Phrynia *and* Timandra.

Alc. What art thou there? ſpeak.

Tim. A beaſt, as thou art. Cankers gnaw thy heart,
For ſhewing me again the eyes of man!

Alc. What is thy name? Is man ſo hateful to thee,
That art thy ſelf a man?

Tim.

Tim. I am *Miſanthropos*, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wiſh thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee ſomething.
Alc. I know thee well:
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and ſtrange.
Tim. I know thee too, and more than as I know thee
I not deſire to know. Follow thy drum,
And with man's blood paint all the ground gules, gules;
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel,
Then what ſhould war be? this fell whore of thine
Hath in her more deſtruction than thy ſword,
For all her cherubin look.
Phry. Thy lips rot off!
Tim. I will not kiſs thee, then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.
Alc. How came the noble *Timon* to this change?
Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:
But then renew I could not like the moon;
There were no ſuns to borrow of.
Alc. Noble *Timon*, what friendſhip may I do thee?
Tim. None, but to maintain my opinion.
Alc. What is it, *Timon?*
Tim. Promiſe me friendſhip, but perform none. If thou wilt not promiſe, the Gods plague thee, for thou art a man: if thou doſt perform, confound thee, for thou art a man!
Alc. I've heard in ſome ſort of thy miſeries.
Tim. Thou ſaw'ſt them when I had proſperity.
Alc. I ſee them now, then was a bleſſed time.
Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.
Timan. Is this th' *Athenian* minion, whom the world
Voic'd ſo regardfully?
Tim. Art thou *Timandra?*
Timan. Yes.
Tim. Be a whore ſtill: they love thee not that uſe thee:
Give them diſeaſes, leaving with thee their luſt:
Make uſe of thy ſalt hours, ſeaſon the ſlaves
For tubs and baths, bring down the roſe-cheek'd youth
To th' tub-faſt, and the diet.
Timan. Hang thee, monſter!

Alc.

Alc. Pardon him, ſweet *Timandra*, for his wits
Are drown'd and loſt in his calamities.
I have but little gold of late, brave *Timon*,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band. I have heard and griev'd,
How curſed *Athens* is mindleſs of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour ſtates
But for thy ſword and fortune had trod on them.
Tim. I pr'ythee beat thy drum, and get thee gone.
Alc. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear *Timon*.
Tim. How doſt thou pity him, whom thou doſt trouble?
I'ad rather be alone.
Alc. Why, fare thee well,
Here's gold for thee.
Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.
Alc. When I have laid proud *Athens* on a heap ——
Tim. Warr'ſt thou 'gainſt *Athens?*
Alc. Ay, *Timon*, and have cauſe.
Tim. The Gods confound them all then in thy conqueſt,
And after, Thee, when thou haſt conquered!
Alc. But why me, *Timon?*
Tim. That by killing villains
Thou waſt born to make conqueſt of my country.
Put up thy gold. Go on, here's gold, go on;
Be as a planetary plague, when *Jove*
Will o'er ſome high-vic'd city hang his poiſon
In the ſick air: Let not thy ſword ſkip one;
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,
He is an uſurer. Strike me the matron,
It is her habit only that is honeſt,
Her ſelf's a bawd. Let not the virgin's cheek
Make ſoft thy trenchant ſword; for thoſe milk-paps
That through the window-lawn bore at mens eyes,
Are not within the leaf of pity writ,
Set them down horrible traitors. Spare not the babe
Whoſe dimpled ſmiles from fools extort their mercy;
Think it a baſtard, who, the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd, thy throat ſhall cut,
And mince it ſans remorſe. Swear 'gainſt all objects,
Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes;

Whoſe

Whoſe proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor ſight of prieſts in holy veſtments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy ſoldiers.
Make large confuſion; and thy fury ſpent,
Confounded be thy ſelf! Speak not, be gone.
Alc. Haſt thou gold yet?
I'll take the gold thou giv'ſt me, not thy counſel.
Tim. Doſt thou, or doſt thou not, heav'n's curſe upon thee!
Both. Give us ſome gold, good *Timon:* haſt thou more?
Tim. Enough to make a whore forſwear her trade,
And to make whores abundant. Hold up, you ſluts,
Your aprons mountant; your not oathable,
Although I know you'll ſwear, terribly ſwear
Into ſtrong ſhudders and to heavenly agues
Th' immortal Gods that hear you. Spare your oaths:
I'll truſt to your conditions, be whores ſtill.
And he whoſe pious breath ſeeks to convert you,
Be ſtrong in whore, allure him, burn him up:
Let your cloſe fire predominate his ſmoak,
And be no turn-coats: yet may your pains exterior
Be quite contrary; make falſe hair, and thatch
Your poor thin roofs with burthens of the dead,
Some that were hang'd, no matter:
Wear them, betray with them; and whore on ſtill.
Paint till a horſe may mire upon your face;
A pox of wrinkles!
Both. Well, more gold —— what then?
Believe that we'll do any thing for gold.
Tim. Conſumptions ſow
In hollow bones of man, ſtrike their ſharp ſhins,
And mar mens ſparring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more falſe title plead,
Nor ſound his quillets ſhrilly. Hoar the *Flamen*,
That ſcolds againſt the quality of fleſh,
And not believes himſelf. Down with the noſe,
Down with it flat, take the bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to foreſee
Smells *from* the gen'ral weal. Make curl'd-pate ruffians
Quite bald, and let the unſcarr'd braggarts of
The war derive ſome pain from you. Plague all;

That your activity may defeat and quell
The ſource of all erection——There's more gold.
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all!

Both. More counſel with more mony, bounteous *Timon:*

Tim. More whore, more miſchief firſt; I've given you earneſt.

Alc. Strike up the drum tow'rds *Athens*; farewel, *Timon:*
If I thrive well, I'll viſit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never ſee thee more.

Alc. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou ſpok'ſt well of me.

Alc. Call'ſt thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee hence away,
And take thy beagles with thee.

Alc. We but offend him: ſtrike.

[*Exeunt* Alcib. Phrynia *and* Timandra.

SCENE V.

Tim. That nature being ſick of man's unkindneſs
Should yet be hungry! Common mother, thou
Whoſe womb unmeaſurable, and infinite breaſt
Teems, and feeds all; oh thou! whoſe ſelf-ſame mettle
Whereof thy proud child arrogant man is puſt,
Engenders the black toad and adder blue,
The gilded newt, and eyeleſs venom'd worm;
With all th' abhorred births below criſp heav'n
Whereon *Hyperion*'s quickning fire doth ſhine;
Yield him, who all thy human ſons do's hate,
From forth thy plenteous boſom, one poor root!
Then fear thy fertile and conceptious womb;
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man.
Go great with tygers, dragons, wolves and bears,
Teem with new monſters whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled manſion all above
Never preſented — O, a root — dear thanks!
Dry up thy meadows, vineyards, plough-torn leas,
Whereof ingrateful man with liqu'riſh draughts,
And morſels unctious, greaſes his pure mind,
That from it all conſideration ſlips——

SCENE

SCENE VI. *Enter* Apemantus.

More man? plague, plague!

Apem. I was directed hither. Men report
Thou doſt affect my manners, and doſt uſe them.

Tim. 'Tis then becauſe thou doſt not keep a dog
Whom I would imitate; conſumption catch thee!

Apem. This is in thee a nature but affected,
A poor unmanly melancholy, ſprung
From change of fortune. Why this ſpade? this place?
This ſlave-like habit, and theſe looks of care?
Thy flatt'rers yet wear ſilk, drink wine, lye ſoft,
Hug their diſeas'd perfumes, and have forgot
That ever *Timon* was. Shame not theſe weeds,
By putting on the cunning of a carper.
Be thou a flatt'rer now, and ſeek to thrive
By that which has undone thee; hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath whom thou'lt obſerve
Blow off thy cap; praiſe his moſt vicious ſtrain,
And call it excellent. Thou waſt told thus:
Thou gav'ſt thine ears, like tapſters, that bid welcome
To knaves, and all approachers: 'Tis moſt juſt
That thou turn raſcal: hadſt thou wealth again,
Raſcals ſhould hav't. Do not aſſume my likeneſs.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away my ſelf.

Apem. Thou'aſt caſt away thy ſelf, being like thy ſelf,
So long a mad-man, now a fool. What, think'ſt thou
That the bleak air, thy boiſterous chamberlain,
Will put thy ſhirt on warm? will theſe moſs'd trees
That have out-liv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
And ſkip when thou point'ſt out? will the cold brook,
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taſte
To cure thy o'er-night's ſurfeit: Call the creatures
Whoſe naked natures live in all the ſpight
Of wreakful heav'n, whoſe bare unhouſed trunks,
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Anſwer meer nature? bid them flatter thee;
Oh! thou ſhalt find ——

Tim. A fool of thee; depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worſe: thou flatter'ſt miſery.

Apem. I flatter not, but ſay thou art a caytiff.
Tim. Why doſt thou ſeek me out?
Apem. Only to vex thee.
Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.
Doſt pleaſe thy ſelf in't?
Apem. Ay.
Tim. What a knave thou!
Apem. If thou didſt put this ſowre cold habit on
To caſtigate thy pride, 'twere well; but thou
Doſt it enforcedly: thou'dſt courtier be
Wert thou not beggar. Willing miſery
Out-ſtrips incertain pomp, is crown'd before it:
The one is filling ſtill, never compleat;
The other, at high wiſh: Beſt ſtates, contentleſs,
Have a diſtracted and moſt wretched being,
Worſe than the worſt, content.
Thou ſhouldſt deſire to die, being miſerable.
Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miſerable.
Thou art a ſlave, whom fortune's tender arm
With favour never claſpt; bred but a dog.
Hadſt thou, like us from our firſt ſwath, proceeded
Through ſweet degrees that this brief world affords
To ſuch as may the paſſive drugs of it
Freely command; thou wouldſt have plung'd thy ſelf
In general riot, melted down thy youth
In different beds of luſt, and never learn'd
The icy precepts of reſpect, but followed
The ſugar'd game before thee. But my ſelf,
Who had the world as my confectionary,
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, the hearts of men
At duty more than I could frame employments;
That numberleſs upon me ſtuck, as leaves
Do on the oak; yet with one winter's bruſh
Fall'n from their boughs, have left me open, bare
For every ſtorm that blows; I to bear this,
That never knew but better, is ſome burthen.
Thy nature did commence in ſuff'rance, time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why ſhouldſt thou hate men;
They never flatter'd thee. What haſt thou given?

If

If thou wilt curſe, thy father that poor rag
Muſt be thy ſubject, who in ſpite put ſtuff
To ſome ſhe-beggar, and compounded thee
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone——
If thou hadſt not been born the worſt of men,
Thou hadſt been knave and flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was no prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now;
Were all the wealth I have, ſhut up in thee,
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone——
That the whole life of *Athens* were in this!
Thus would I eat it. * [*Eating a root.*

Apem. What wouldſt thou have to *Athens?*

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind; if thou wilt,
Tell them there I have gold; look, ſo I have.

Apem. Here is no uſe for gold.

Tim. The beſt and trueſt:
For here it ſleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where ly'ſt a-nights, *Timon?*

Tim. Under that's above me.
Where feed'ſt thou a-days, *Apemantus?*

Apem. Where
My ſtomach finds meat, rather where I eat it.

Tim. Would poiſon were obedient, knew my mind!

Apem. Where wouldſt thou ſend it then?

Tim. To ſawce thy diſhes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never kneweſt, but the extremity of both ends. When thou waſt in thy gilt, and thy perfume, they mockt thee, for too much courteſy; in thy rags thou knoweſt none, but art deſpis'd

* Thus would I eat it.
Apem. Here will I mend thy feaſt.
Tim. Firſt mend my company, take away thy ſelf.
Apem. So I ſhall mend my own, by th' lack of thine.
Tim. 'Tis not well mended ſo, it is but botcht;
If not, I would it were.
Apem. What wouldſt thou, &c.

for the contrary. * What things in the world canſt thou neareſt compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women neareſt; but men, men are the things themſelves. What wouldſt thou do with the world, *Apemantus*, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beaſts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldſt thou have thy ſelf fall in the confuſion of men, and remain a beaſt with the beaſts?

Apem. Ay, *Timon*.

Tim. A beaſtly ambition, which the Gods grant thee t' attain to! If thou wert a lion, the fox would beguile thee; if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee; if thou wert the fox, the lion would ſuſpect thee, when peradventure thou wert accus'd by the aſs; if thou wert the aſs, thy dulneſs would torment thee; and ſtill thou'dſt live but as a breakfaſt to the wolf. If thou wert the wolf, thy greedineſs would afflict thee, and oft thou ſhouldſt hazard thy life for thy dinner. Wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own ſelf the conqueſt of thy fury. † Wert thou a bear, thou wouldſt be kill'd by the horſe; wert thou a horſe, thou wouldſt be ſeized by the leopard; wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the ſpots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life. All thy ſafety were remotion, and thy defence abſence. What beaſt couldſt thou be, that were

* ---the contrary. There's a medlar for thee, eat it.
Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.
Apem. Doſt hate a medlar?
Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.
Apem. An th' hadſt hated medlers ſooner, thou ſhouldſt have lov'd thy ſelf better now.
What man didſt thou ever know unthrift, that was beloved after his means?
Tim. Who without thoſe means thou talk'ſt of, didſt thou ever know beloved?
Apem. My ſelf.
Tim. I underſtand thee, thou hadſt ſome means to keep a dog.
Apem. What things, &c.

† The account given of the Unicorn is this: that he and the Lion being enemies by nature, as ſoon as the Lion ſees the Unicorn he betakes himſelf to a tree: The Unicorn in his fury and with all the ſwiftneſs of his courſe running at him ſticks his horn faſt in the tree, and then the Lion falls upon him and kills him. *Geſner* Hiſt. Animal.

not

not ſubject to a beaſt? and what a beaſt art thou already, and ſeeſt not thy loſs in transformation!

Apem. If thou couldſt pleaſe me with ſpeaking to me, thou might'ſt have hit upon it here. The commonwealth of *Athens* is become a foreſt of beaſts.

Tim. How has the aſs broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to ſpit upon.
A plague on thee!

Apem. Thou art too bad to curſe.

Tim. All villains that do ſtand by thee, are pure,

Apem. There is no leproſie but what thou ſpeak'ſt.

Tim. I'd beat thee, but I ſhould infect my hands.

Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou iſſue of a mangy dog!
Choler does kill me, that thou art alive;
I ſwoon to ſee thee.

Apem. I would thou wouldſt burſt!

Tim. Away, thou tedious rogue, I am ſorry I
Shall loſe a ſtone by thee.

Apem. Beaſt!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue!
I am ſick of this falſe world, and will love nought
But ev'n the meer neceſſities upon it.
Then, *Timon*, preſently prepare thy grave;
Lye where the light foam of the ſea may beat
Thy grave-ſtone daily; make thine epitaph,
That death in me at others lives may laugh.
O thou ſweet King-killer, and dear divorce
[*Looking on the gold,*
'Twixt natural ſon and ſire! thou bright defiler
Of *Hymen*'s pureſt bed! thou valiant *Mars*,
Thou ever young, freſh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,
Whoſe bluſh doth thaw the conſecrated ſnow,
That lyes on *Dian*'s lap! thou viſible God,
That ſouldreſt cloſe impoſſibilities,
And mak'ſt them kiſs; that ſpeak'ſt with every tongue

To

To every purpoſe! Oh, thou touch of hearts!
Think thy ſlave man rebels, and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beaſts
May have the world in empire.

Apem. Would 'twere ſo,
But not 'till I am dead! I'll ſay th' haſt gold;
Thou wilt be throng'd to ſhortly.

Tim. Throng'd to?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I pr'ythee: live and love thy miſery;
Long live ſo or ſo die, ſo I am quit.
Mo things like men? eat, *Timon*, and abhor them.
[*Seeing the Thieves.*

Apem. The plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way. When I know not what elſe to do, I'll ſee thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou ſhalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog than *Apemantus*. [*Exit* Apem.

SCENE VII. *Enter thieves.*

1 *Thief.* Where ſhould he have this gold? It is ſome poor fragment, ſome ſlender ort of his remainder: the meer want of gold, and the falling off of friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2 *Thief.* It is nois'd he hath a maſs of treaſure.

3 *Thief.* Let us make the aſſay upon him; if he care not for't, he will ſupply us eaſily: if he covetouſly reſerve it, how ſhall's get it?

2 *Thief.* True; for he bears it not about him: 'tis hid.

1 *Thief.* Is not this he?

All. Where?

2 *Thief.* 'Tis his deſcription.

3 *Thief.* He; I know him.

All. Save thee, *Timon!*

Tim. Now, thieves!

All. Soldiers; not thieves.

Tim. Both, both, and womens ſons.

All. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim. Your greateſt want is, you want much of men.
Why ſhould you want? behold, the earth hath roots;

Within

Within this mile break forth an hundred ſprings;
The oaks bear maſts, the briers ſcarlet hips.
The bounteous huſwife nature on each buſh
Lays her full meſs before you. Want? why want?

1. *Thief.* We cannot live on graſs, on berries, water,
As beaſts, and birds, and fiſhes.

Tim. Nor on the beaſts themſelves, the birds, and fiſhes.
You muſt eat men. Yet thanks I muſt you con,
That you are thieves profeſt; that you work not
In holier ſhapes; for there is boundleſs theft
In limited profeſſions. Raſcals, thieves,
Here's gold. Go, ſuck the ſubtle blood o' th' grape
'Till the high feaver ſeeth your blood to froth,
And ſo 'ſcape hanging. Truſt not the phyſician,
His antidotes are poiſon, and he ſlays
More than you rob, takes wealth, and life together,
Do villainy, do, ſince you profeſs to do't,
Like workmen; I'll example you with thievery.
The ſun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vaſt ſea. The moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire ſhe ſnatches from the ſun.
The ſea's a thief, whoſe liquid ſurge reſolves
The mounds into ſalt tears. The earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a compoſture ſtoln
From gen'ral excrement: each thing's a thief.
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have uncheck'd theft. Love not your ſelves, away,
Rob one another, there's more gold; cut throats;
All that you meet are thieves: to *Athens* go,
Break open ſhops, for nothing can you ſteal
But thieves do loſe it: ſteal not leſs for what
I give, and gold confound you howſoever! *Amen.* [*Exit.*

3 *Thief.* H'as almoſt charm'd me from my profeſſion, by perſwading me to it.

1 *Thief.* 'Tis in his malice to mankind, that he thus adviſes us; not to have us thrive in our myſtery.

2. *Thief.* I'll believe him as an enemy; and give over my trade.

1 *Thief.* Let us firſt ſee peace in *Athens*.

2 *Thief.*

2 *Thief.* There is no time ſo miſerable but a man may be true. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Woods and Timon's *Cave.*

Enter Flavius *to* Timon.

Flav. O H you Gods!
Is yon deſpis'd and ruincus man my Lord?
Full of decay and failing? oh monument
And wonder of good deeds evilly beſtow'd!
What change of honour deſp'rate want has made!
What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,
Who can bring nobleſt minds to baſeſt ends?
How rarely does it meet with this time's guiſe,
When man was wiſht to love his enemies!
Grant I may ever love and rather woo
Thoſe that would miſchief me, than thoſe that do.
H's caught me in his eye, I will preſent
My honeſt grief to him; and, as my Lord,
Still ſerve him with my life. My deareſt maſter!

Tim. Away! what art thou?

Flav. Have you forgot me, Sir?

Tim. Why doſt aſk that? I have forgot all men.
Then if thou granteſt that thou art a man
I have forgot thee.

Flav. An honeſt ſervant.

Tim. Then I know thee not:
I ne'er had honeſt man about me, all
I kept were knaves, to ſerve in meat to villains.

Flav. The Gods are witneſs,
Ne'er did poor ſteward wear a truer grief
For his undone Lord, than mine eyes for you,

Tim. What, doſt thou weep? come nearer; then I love
Becauſe thou art a woman, and diſclaim'ſt [thee,
Flinty mankind; whoſe eyes do never give,
But or through luſt, or laughter. *

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my Lord,

* ---- or laughter. Pity's ſleeping;
Strange times! that weep with laughing, not with weeping.
Flav. I beg of -----

T' accept

T' accept my grief, and whilſt this poor wealth laſts,
To entertain me as your ſteward ſtill.
Tim. Had I a ſteward
So true, ſo juſt, and now ſo comfortable?
It almoſt turns my dangerous nature mild.
Let me behold thy face: ſurely, this man
Was born of woman.
Forgive my gen'ral and exceptleſs raſhneſs,
Perpetual-ſober Gods! I do proclaim
One honeſt man: miſtake me not, but one.
No more I pray, and he's a ſteward too.
How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'ſt thy ſelf: but all ſave thee
I fell with curſes.
Methinks thou art more honeſt now than wiſe:
For, by oppreſſing and betraying me,
Thou might'ſt have ſooner got another ſervice:
For many ſo arrive at ſecond maſters,
Upon their firſt Lord's neck. But tell me true,
(For I muſt ever doubt, though ne'er ſo ſure,)
Is not thy kindneſs ſubtle, covetous,
An uſuring kindneſs, as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one?
Flav. No, my moſt worthy maſter, (in whoſe breaſt
Doubt and ſuſpect, alas, are plac'd too late,)
You ſhould have fear'd falſe times, when you did feaſt;
Suſpect ſtill comes when an eſtate is leaſt.
That which I ſhew, heav'n knows, is meerly love,
Duty, and zeal, to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living: and, believe it,
For any benefit that points to me
Either in hope, or preſent, I'd exchange it
For this one wiſh, that you had power and wealth
To requite me by making rich your ſelf.
Tim. Look thee, 'tis ſo; thou ſingly honeſt man,
Here, take; the Gods out of my miſery
Have ſent thee treaſure. Go, live rich and happy:
But thus condition'd; thou ſhalt build from men:
Hate all, curſe all, ſhew charity to none,
But let the famiſh'd fleſh ſlide from the bone,

Ere

Ere thou relieve the beggar. Give to dogs
What thou deny'ſt to men. Let priſons ſwallow 'em,
Debts wither 'em; be men like blaſted woods,
And may diſeaſes lick up their falſe bloods!
And ſo farewel, and thrive.

Flav. O let me ſtay
And comfort you, my maſter!

Tim. If thou hat'ſt curſes,
Stay not, but fly, whilſt thou art bleſt and free;
Ne'er ſee thou man, and let me ne'er ſee thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Enter Poet and Painter.*

Pain. As I took note of the place, it can't be far where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him? does the rumour hold for true, that he's ſo full of gold?

Pain. Certain. *Alcibiades* reports it: *Phrynia* and *Timandra* had gold of him; he likewiſe enrich'd poor ſtragling ſoldiers with great quantity. 'Tis ſaid, he gave his ſteward a mighty ſum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a tryal of his friends?

Pain. Nothing elſe: you ſhall ſee him a palm in *Athens* again, and flouriſh with the higheſt. Therefore 'tis not amiſs we tender our loves to him in this ſuppos'd diſtreſs of his: it will ſhew honeſtly in us, and is very likely to load our purpoſes with what they travel for, if it be a juſt and true report that goes of his Having.

Poet. What have you now to preſent unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my viſitation: only I will promiſe him an excellent piece.

Poet. I muſt ſerve him ſo too, tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the beſt; Promiſing is the very air o' th' time; it opens the eyes of expectation. Performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and ſimpler kind of people, the deed is quite out of uſe. To promiſe is moſt courtly and faſhionable; performance is a kind of will or teſtament, which argues a great ſickneſs in his judgment that makes it.

Re-enter

Re-enter Timon *from his Cave, unſeen, but over-hearing him.*

Tim. Excellent workman! thou canſt not paint a man ſo bad as thy ſelf.

Poet. I am thinking what I ſhall ſay I have provided for him: it muſt be a perſonating of himſelf; a ſatyr againſt the ſoftneſs of proſperity, with a diſcovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. Muſt thou needs ſtand for a villain in thine own work? wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? do ſo, I have gold for thee.

Pain. Nay, let's ſeek him.
Then do we ſin againſt our own eſtate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Poet. True:
While the day ſerves, before black-corneted night,
Find what thou want'ſt, by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. I'll meet you at the turn——
What a God's gold, that he is worſhipped
In baſer temples, than where ſwine do feed?
'Tis thou that rigg'ſt the bark, and plow'ſt the foam,
Settleſt admired rev'rence in a ſlave;
To thee be worſhip, and thy ſaints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!
'Tis fit I meet them.

Poet. Hail! worthy *Timon*.

Pain. Our late noble maſter.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to ſee two honeſt men?

Poet. Sir, having often of your bounty taſted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,
For whoſe moſt thankleſs natures (abhorr'd ſpirits!)
Not all the whips of heav'n are large enough:
What! ev'n to you! Whoſe ſtar-like nobleneſs
Gave life and influence to their being! I'm rapt,
And cannot cover the monſtrous bulk of this
Ingratitude with any ſize of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may ſee't the better:
You that are honeſt, by being what you are,
Make them beſt ſeen and known.

Pain. He, and my ſelf,
Have travell'd in the ſhower of your gifts,
And ſweetly felt it.
Tim. Ay, you're honeſt men.
Pain. We're hither come to offer you our ſervice.
Tim. Moſt honeſt men! why how ſhall I requite you?
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.
Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you ſervice.
Tim. Y'are honeſt men; you've heard that I have gold,
I'm ſure you have; ſpeak truth, y'are honeſt men.
Pain. So it is ſaid, my noble Lord, but therefore
Came not my friend, nor I.
Tim. Good honeſt man! thou draw'ſt a counterfeit
Beſt in all *Athens*, thou'rt indeed the beſt,
Thou counterfeit'ſt moſt lively.
Pain. So ſo, my Lord.
Tim. E'en ſo, Sir, as I ſay——And for thy fiction,
[*To the Poet.*
Why, thy verſe ſwells with ſtuff ſo fine and ſmooth,
That thou art even natural in thine art.
But for all this, my honeſt-natur'd friends,
I muſt needs ſay you have a little fault;
Marry, not monſtrous in you; neither wiſh I
You take much pains to mend.
Both. 'Beſeech your Honour
To make it known to us.
Tim. You'll take it ill.
Both. Moſt thankfully, my Lord.
Tim. Will you indeed?
Both. Doubt it not, worthy Lord.
Tim. There's ne'er a one of you but truſts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.
Both. Do we, my Lord?
Tim. Ay, and you hear him cogg, ſee him diſſemble,
Know his groſs patchery, love him, and feed him,
Keep in your boſom; yet remain aſſur'd
That he's a made-up villain.
Pain. I know none ſuch,
My Lord.
Poet. Nor I.

Tim.

Tim. Look you, I love you well, I'll give you gold,
Rid me theſe villains from your companies;
Hang them, or ſtab them, drown them in a draught,
Confound them by ſome courſe, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my Lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this; not two in company,
Each man apart, all ſingle and alone;
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.
If where *thou* art, two villains ſhall not be, [*To the Painter.*
Come not near *him.*—If *thou* wouldſt not reſide [*To the Poet.*
But where one villain is, then *him* abandon.
Hence, pack, there's gold, ye came for gold, ye ſlaves;
You have work'd for me; there's your payment, hence!
You are an alchymiſt, make gold of that:
Out, raſcal dogs! [*Exit beating and driving 'em out.*

SCENE III. *Enter* Flavius *and two Senators.*

Flav. It is in vain that you would ſpeak with *Timon:*
For he is ſet ſo only to himſelf,
That nothing but himſelf which looks like man
Is friendly with him.

1 *Sen.* Bring us to his cave.
It is our part and promiſe to th' *Athenians*
To ſpeak with *Timon.*

2 *Sen.* At all times alike
Men are not ſtill the ſame; 'twas time and griefs
That fram'd him thus. Time with his fairer hand
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him; bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.

Flav. Here is his cave:
Peace and content be here, Lord *Timon! Timon!*
Look out, and ſpeak to friends: th' *Athenians*
By two of their moſt rev'rend ſenate greet thee;
Speak to them, noble *Timon.*

Enter Timon *out of his Cave.*

Tim. Thou Sun that comfort'ſt, burn!—ſpeak and be hang'd;
For each true word a bliſter, and each falſe
Be cauterizing to the root o' th' tongue,
Conſuming it with ſpeaking!

1 *Sen.* Worthy *Timon* ——

Tim. Of none but ſuch as you, and you of *Timon.*

2 *Sen.* The ſenators of *Athens* greet thee, *Timon.*

Tim. I thank them, and would ſend them back the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.

1 *Sen.* O, forget
What we are ſorry for our ſelves, in thee:
The ſenators, with one conſent of love,
Intreat thee back to *Athens*; who have thought
On ſpecial dignities, which vacant lye
For thy beſt uſe and wearing.

2 *Sen.* They confeſs
Tow'rd thee forgetfulneſs, too general, groſs;
And now the publick body (which doth ſeldom
Play the recanter) feeling in it ſelf
A lack of *Timon*'s aid, hath ſenſe withal
Of its own fault, reſtraining aid to *Timon*;
And ſends forth us to make their ſorrow's tender,
Together with a recompence more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;
Ay, ev'n ſuch heaps and ſums of love and wealth,
As ſhall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it,
Surprize me to the very brink of tears:
Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,
And I'll beweep theſe comforts, worthy ſenators.

1 *Sen.* Therefore ſo pleaſe thee to return with us,
And of our *Athens*, thine and ours, to take
The captainſhip: thou ſhalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with abſolute power, and thy good name
Live with authority: ſoon we ſhall drive back
Of *Alcibiades* th' approaches wild,
Who, like a boar too ſavage, doth root up
His country's peace.

2 *Sen.* And ſhakes his threatning ſword
Againſt the walls of *Athens.*

1 *Sen.* Therefore, *Timon* ——

Tim. Well, Sir, I will; therefore I will, Sir, thus —

If

If *Alcibiades* kill my countrymen,
Let *Alcibiades* know this of *Timon*,
That *Timon* cares not. If he ſack fair *Athens*,
And take our goodly aged men by th' beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the ſtain
Of contumelious, beaſtly, mad-brain'd war;
Then let him know, and tell him *Timon* ſpeaks it,
In pity of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot chuſe but tell him,—that I care not.
And let him tak't at worſt; for their knives care not,
While you have throats to anſwer. For my ſelf,
There's not a whittle in th' unruly camp,
But I do prize it in my love, before
The reverend'ſt throat in *Athens*. So I leave you
To the protection of the proſp'rous Gods,
As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not, all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph,
It will be ſeen to-morrow. My long ſickneſs
Of health and living now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live ſtill;
Be *Alcibiades* your plague; you his;
And laſt ſo long enough!

1 *Sen.* We ſpeak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country, and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common bruit doth put it.

1 *Sen.* That's well ſpoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen.

1 *Sen.* Theſe words become your lips, as they paſs thro' them.

2 *Sen.* And enter in our ears like great triumphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them,
And tell them, that to eaſe them of their griefs,
Their fears of hoſtile ſtrokes, their aches, loſſes,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragile veſſel doth ſuſtain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will do

Some kindneſs to them, teach them to prevent
Wild *Alcibiades'* wrath.

2 *Sen.* I like this well.

Tim. I have a tree which grows here in my cloſe,
That mine own uſe invites me to cut down,
And ſhortly muſt I fell it. Tell my friends,
Tell *Athens* in the frequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that whoſo pleaſe
To ſtop affliction, let him take his haſte,
Come hither ere my tree hath felt the ax,
And hang himſelf.—I pray you, do my greeting.

Flav. Vex him no further, thus you ſtill ſhall find him.

Tim. Come not to me again, but ſay to *Athens*,
Timon hath made his everlaſting manſion
Upon the beached verge of the ſalt flood;
Which once a-day with his emboſſed froth
The turbulent ſurge ſhall cover: Thither come,
And let my grave-ſtone be your Oracle.
Lips, let four words go by, and language end:
What is amiſs, plague and infection mend!
Graves only be mens works, and death their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! *Timon* hath done his reign.

[*Exit* Timon.

1 *Sen.* His diſcontents are coupled to his nature.

2 *Sen.* Our hope in him is dead; let us return,
And ſtrain what other means is left unto us
In our dread peril.

1 *Sen.* It requires ſwift foot. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Walls of* Athens.

Enter two other Senators, with a Meſſenger.

1 *Sen.* Thou haſt painfully diſcover'd; are his files
As full as they report?

Meſ. I have ſpoke the leaſt.
Beſides, his expedition promiſes
Preſent approach.

2 *Sen.* We ſtand much hazard, if they bring not *Timon.*

Meſ. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend,
And, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love had a particular force,
And made us ſpeak like friends. This man was riding

From

From *Alcibiades* to *Timon*'s cave,
With letters of intreaty, which imported
His fellowſhip i' th' cauſe againſt your city
In part for his ſake mov'd.

Enter the other Senators.

1 *Sen.* Here come our brothers.

3 *Sen.* No talk of *Timon*, nothing of him expect.
The enemies drum is heard, and fearful ſcouring
Doth choak the air with duſt. In, and prepare,
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the ſnare.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Trumpets ſound. Enter Alcibiades *with his powers.*

Alc. Sound to this coward and laſcivious town
Our terrible approach.

[*Sound a parley. The Senators appear upon the walls.*

'Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious meaſure, making your wills
The ſcope of juſtice. 'Till now my ſelf, and ſuch
As ſlept within the ſhadow of your power,
Have wander'd with our traverſt arms, and breath'd
Our ſufferance vainly. Now the time is fluſh,
When crouching marrow in the bearer ſtrong
Cries, of it ſelf, *No more:* now breathleſs wrong
Shall ſit and pant in your great chairs of eaſe,
And purſy Inſolence ſhall break his wind
With fear and horrid flight.

1 *Sen.* Noble and young,
When thy firſt griefs were but a meer conceit,
Ere thou hadſt power, or we had cauſe to fear;
We ſent to thee, to give thy rage its balm,

*---- our foes the ſnare. [*Exeunt.*

Enter a Soldier in the Woods, ſeeking Timon.

Sol. By all deſcription this ſhould be the place.
Who's here? ſpeak, ho,-- No anſwer? --What is this?---
Timon is dead, who hath out-ſtretcht his ſpan,
Some beaſt read this; there does not live a man.
Dead ſure, and this his grave; what's on this tomb?
I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax;
Our captain hath in every figure skill,
An ag'd interpreter, tho' young in days:
Before proud *Athens* he's ſet down by this,
Whoſe fall the mark of his ambition is.

SCENE, &c.

To

To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above its quantity.

2 *Sen.* So did we woo
Transformed *Timon* to our city's love
By humble meſſage, and by promis'd 'mends:
We were not all unkind, nor all deſerve
The common ſtroke of war.

1 *Sen.* Theſe walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You have receiv'd your griefs: nor are they ſuch
That theſe great tow'rs, trophies, and ſchools ſhould fall
For private faults in them.

2 *Sen.* Nor are they living
Who were the motives that you firſt went out:
Shame, that they wanted cunning, in exceſs
Hath broke their hearts. March on, oh noble Lord,
Into our city with thy banners ſpread;
By decimation and a tithed death,
(If thy revenges hunger for that food
Which nature loaths) take thou the deſtin'd tenth.*

1 *Sen.* We all have not offended:
For thoſe that were, it is not ſquare to take,
On thoſe that are, revenge: crimes, like to lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage;
Spare thy *Athenian* cradle, and thoſe kin
Which in the bluſter of thy wrath muſt fall
With thoſe that have offended; like a ſhepherd,
Approach the fold, and cull th' infected forth,
But kill not all together.

2 *Sen.* What thou wilt
Thou rather ſhalt enforce it with thy ſmile,
Than hew to't with thy ſword.

1 *Sen.* Set but thy foot
Againſt our rampir'd gates, and they ſhall ope:
So thou wilt ſend thy gentle heart before,
To ſay thou'lt enter friendly.

* -----take thou the deſtin'd tenth,
And by the hazard of the ſpotted die,
Let die the ſpotted.
1 *Sen.* We all have, &c.

2 *Sen.*

2 *Sen.* Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honour elſe,
That thou wilt uſe the wars as thy redreſs,
And not as our confuſion: all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, 'till we
Have ſeal'd thy full deſire.

Alc. Then there's my glove;
Deſcend, and open your uncharged ports,
Thoſe enemies of *Timon*, and mine own,
Whom you your ſelves ſhall ſet out for reproof,
Fall, and no more; and to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning, not a man
Shall paſs his quarter, or offend the ſtream
Of regular juſtice in your city's bounds,
But ſhall be remedied by publick laws
At heavieſt anſwer.

Both. 'Tis moſt nobly ſpoken.

Alc. Deſcend, and keep your words.

Enter a Soldier.

Sold. My noble General, *Timon* is dead,
Entomb'd upon the very hem o'th' ſea,
And on his grave-ſtone this inſculpture, which
With wax I brought away; whoſe ſoft impreſſion
Interpreteth for my poor ignorance.

[Alcibiades *reads the epitaph.*]

Here lies a wretched coarſe, of wretched ſoul bereft:
Seek not my name: a plague conſume you caitiffs left!
Here lye I Timon, *who all living men did hate,*
Paſs by, and curſe thy fill, but ſtay not here thy gate.

Theſe well expreſs in thee thy latter ſpirits:
Tho' thou abhorr'dſt in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dſt our brine's flow, and thoſe our droplets which
From niggard nature fall; yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vaſt *Neptune* weep for aye
On thy low grave our faults—forgiv'n, ſince dead
Is noble *Timon*, of whoſe memory
Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city,
And I will uſe the olive, with my ſword;
Make war breed peace; make peace ſtint war; make each
Preſcribe to other, as each other's leach.
Let our drums ſtrike.—— [*Exeunt.*

CORIOLANUS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CAIUS MARTIUS CORIOLANUS, *a noble Roman, hated by the common People.*
TITUS LARTIUS, } *Generals againſt the* Volſcians, *and*
COMINIUS, } *friends to* Coriolanus.
MENENIUS AGRIPPA, *Friend to* Coriolanus.
SICINIUS VELUTUS, } *Tribunes of the People, and ene-*
JUNIUS BRUTUS, } *mies to* Coriolanus.
TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *General of the* Volſcians.
Lieutenant to AUFIDIUS.
Young MARTIUS, *Son to* Coriolanus.
Conſpirators with AUFIDIUS.

VOLUMNIA, *Mother to* Coriolanus.
VIRGILIA, *Wife to* Coriolanus.
VALERIA, *Friend to* Virgilia.

Roman *and* Volſcian *Senators, Ædiles, Lictors, Soldiers, Common People, Servants to* Aufidius, *and other Attendants.*

The SCENE *is partly in* Rome *and partly in the Territory of the* Volſcians, *and* Antiates.

The whole Hiſtory exactly follow'd, and many of the principal ſpeeches copy'd from the life of Coriolanus *in* Plutarch.

CORI-

CORIOLANUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Street in Rome.

Enter a company of mutinous Citizens with ſtaves, clubs, and other weapons.

1 *Cit.* BEFORE we proceed any further, hear me ſpeak.

All. Speak, ſpeak.

1 *Cit.* You are all reſolv'd rather to die than to famiſh?

All. Reſolv'd, reſolv'd.

1 *Cit.* Firſt, you know, *Caius Martius* is the chief enemy to the people.

All. We know't.

1 *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

All. No more talking on't, let't be done; away, away!

2 *Cit.* One word, good citizens.

1 *Cit.* We are accounted poor citizens; the Patricians good: what authority ſurfeits on would relieve us: if they would yield us but the ſuperfluity, while it were wholſome, we might gueſs they reliev'd us humanely: but they think we are too dear; the leanneſs that afflicts us, the object of our miſery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our ſufferance is a gain to them. Let us revenge this with our pitchforks, ere we become rakes: for the Gods know, I ſpeak this in hunger for bread, not in thirſt for revenge.

2 *Cit.* Would you proceed eſpecially againſt *Caius Martius?*

All. Againſt him firſt: he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2 *Cit.* Conſider you what ſervices he has done for his country?

1 *Cit.* Very well: and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himſelf with being proud.

All. Nay, but ſpeak not maliciouſly.

1 *Cit.* I ſay unto you, what he hath done famouſly, he did it to that end; though ſoft-conſcienc'd men can be content to ſay it was for his country, he did it to pleaſe his mother, and partly to be proud, which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him: you muſt in no way ſay he is covetous.

1 *Cit.* If I muſt not, I need not be barren of accuſations; he hath faults, with ſurplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What ſhouts are thoſe? the other ſide o' th' city is riſen; why ſtay we prating here? to th' Capitol——

All. Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft——who comes here?

SCENE II. *Enter* Menenius Agrippa.

2 *Cit.* Worthy *Menenius Agrippa*; one that hath always lov'd the people.

1 *Cit.* He's one honeſt enough; would all the reſt were ſo!

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand? where go you with your bats and clubs? the matter—ſpeak, I pray you.

2 *Cit.* Our buſineſs is not unknown to the ſenate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll ſhew 'em in deeds: they ſay, poor ſuitors have ſtrong breaths; they ſhall know we have ſtrong arms too.

Men. Why, maſters, my good friends, mine honeſt neighbours, will you undo yourſelves?

2 *Cit.* We cannot, Sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, moſt charitable care
Have the Patricians of you: For your wants,
Your ſufferings in this dearth, you may as well
Strike at the heaven with your ſtaves, as lift them
Againſt the *Roman* ſtate; whoſe courſe will on
The way it takes, cracking ten thouſand curbs
Of more ſtrong links aſunder, than can ever
Appear in your impediment. For the dearth,
The Gods, not the Patricians, make it; and
Your knees to them, not arms muſt help. Alack,

You

You are tranſported by calamity
Thither, where more attends you; and you ſlander
The helms o' th' ſtate, who care for you, like fathers,
When you curſe them as enemies.

2 *Cit.* Care for us? —— true indeed! they ne'er car'd for us yet. Suffer us to famiſh, and their ſtore-houſes cramm'd with grain; make edicts for uſury, to ſupport uſurers; repeal daily any wholſome act eſtabliſhed againſt the rich, and provide more piercing ſtatutes daily to chain up and reſtrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will, and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you muſt
Confeſs your ſelves wondrous malicious,
Or be accus'd of folly. I ſhall tell you
A pretty tale; it may be you have heard it;
But ſince it ſerves my purpoſe, I will venture
To ſtale't a little more.

2 *Cit.* Well,
We'll hear it, Sir, but yet you muſt not think
To fob off our diſgraces with a tale:
But, an't pleaſe you, deliver.

Men. There was a time when all the body's members
Rebell'd againſt the belly; thus accus'd it——
That only like a gulf it did remain
I' th' midſt o' th' body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the reſt; where th' other inſtruments
Did ſee, and hear, deviſe, inſtruct, walk, feel,
And mutually participate, did miniſter
Unto the appetite, and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly anſwer'd——

2 *Cit.* Well, Sir, what anſwer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I ſhall tell you: with a kind of ſmile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus——
(For look you, I may make the belly ſmile,
As well as ſpeak) it tauntingly reply'd
To the diſcontented members, the mutinous parts
That envied his receit; even ſo moſt fitly,
As you malign our ſenators, for that
They are not ſuch as you——

2 *Cit.* Your belly's anſwer —— what ?
The kingly crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counſellor heart, the arm our ſoldier,
Our ſteed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter ;
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabrick, if that they——
Men. What then ?——for me this fellow ſpeaks.
What then ? what then ?
2 *Cit.* Should by the cormorant belly be reſtrain'd,
Who is the ſink o' th' body——
Men. Well,——what then ?
2 *Cit.* The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly anſwer ?
Men. I will tell you.
If you'll beſtow a ſmall (of what you have little)
Patience, a while ; you'll hear the belly's anſwer.
2 *Cit.* Y'are long about it.
Men. Note me this, good friend ;
Your moſt grave belly was deliberate,
Not raſh, like his accuſers, and thus anſwer'd ;
True is it, my incorporate friends, quoth he,
That I receive the general food at firſt
Which you do live upon ; and fit it is,
Becauſe I am the ſtore-houſe, and the ſhop
Of the whole body. But if you do remember,
I ſend it through the rivers of your blood
Even to the Court the heart, to th' ſeat o' th' brain,
And through the cranks and offices of man ;
The ſtrongeſt nerves, and ſmall inferior veins
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live. And though that all at once,
You, my good friends, (this ſays the belly) mark me——
2 *Cit.* Ay, Sir, well, well.
Men. Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flow'r of all,
And leave me but the bran. What ſay you to't ?
2 *Cit.* It was an anſwer——how apply you this ?
Men. The ſenators of *Rome* are this good belly,

And you the mutinous members; for examine
Their counſels, and their cares; digeſt things rightly,
Touching the weal o' th' common, you ſhall find
No public benefit which you receive,
But it proceeds or comes from them to you,
And no way from yourſelves. What do you think?
You, the great toe of this aſſembly?

2 *Cit.* I the great toe! why the great toe?

Men. For that being one o' th' loweſt, baſeſt, pooreſt
Of this moſt wiſe rebellion, thou goeſt foremoſt:
Thou raſcal, that art firſt from blows to run,
Lead'ſt firſt to win ſome vantage.——
But make you ready your ſtiff bats and clubs,
Rome and her rats are at the point of battel:
The one ſide muſt have bane.

SCENE III. *Enter* Caius Martius.

Hail, noble *Martius!*

Mar. Thanks. What's the matter, you diſſentious rogues,
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make your ſelves ſcabs?

2 *Cit.* We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee, will flatter
Beneath abhorring. What would you have, ye curs,
That like not peace, nor war? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that truſts to you,
Where he ſhould find you lions, finds you hares:
Where foxes, geeſe you are: no ſurer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailſtone in the ſun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy, whoſe offence ſubdues him,
And curſe that juſtice did it. Who deſerves greatneſs,
Deſerves your hate; and your affections are
A ſick man's appetite, who deſires moſt that
Which would encreaſe his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours, ſwims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with ruſhes. Hang ye—truſt ye!
With every minute you do change a mind,
And call him noble that was now your hate,
Him vile that was your garland. What's the matter,
That in the ſeveral places of the city

You cry againſt the noble Senate, who
(Under the Gods) keep you in awe, which elſe
Would feed on one another? —— What's their ſeeking?
Men. For corn at their own rates, whereof, they ſay,
The city is well ſtor'd.
Mar. Hang 'em: they ſay! ——
They'll ſit by th' fire, and preſume to know
What's done i' th' Capitol; who's like to riſe,
And who declines: ſide factions, and give out
Conjectural marriages; making parties ſtrong,
And feebling ſuch as ſtand not in their liking,
Below their cobbled ſhoes. They ſay there's grain
Enough! would the Nobility lay aſide
Their ruth, and let me uſe my ſword, I'd make
A quarry with thouſands of theſe quarter'd ſlaves,
As high as I could pitch my lance.
Men. Nay, theſe
Are almoſt thoroughly perſuaded: for
Although abundantly they lack diſcretion,
Yet are they paſſing cowardly. I beſeech you,
What ſays the other troop?
Mar. They are diſſolv'd;
They ſaid they were an hungry, ſigh'd forth proverbs;
That *hunger broke ſtone walls* —— that *dogs muſt eat* ——
That *meat was made for mouths* —— that *the Gods ſent not Corn for the rich men only* —— With theſe ſhreds
They vented their complainings; which being anſwer'd,
And a petition granted them, a ſtrange one,
To break the heart of generoſity,
And make bold power look pale; they threw their caps
As they would hang them on th' horns o' th' moon,
Shouting their emulation.
Men. What is granted?
Mar. Five tribunes to defend their vulgar wiſdoms,
Of their own choice. One of them's *Junius Brutus*, *Sicinius Velutus*, and I know not —— s'death!
The rabble ſhould have firſt unroof'd the city
Ere ſo prevail'd with me: it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
For inſurrection's arguing.

Men.

Men. This is ſtrange.
Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments!
Enter a Meſſenger.
Meſ. Where's *Caius Martius?*
Mar. Here——what is the matter?
Meſ. The news is, Sir, the *Volſcians* are in arms.
Mar. I am glad on't, then we ſhall have means to vent
Our muſty ſuperfluity. See! our beſt elders—

SCENE IV.

Enter Sicinius Velutus, Junius Brutus, Cominius, Titus Lartius, *with other Senators.*

1 *Sen.* *Martius*, 'tis true, that you have lately told us,
The *Volſcians* are in arms.
Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Auſidius, that will put you to't.
I ſin in envying his nobility:
And were I any thing but what I am,
I'd wiſh me only him.
Com. You have fought together?
Mar. Were half to half the world by th' ears, and he
Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him. He is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.
1 *Sen.* Then, worthy *Martius*,
Attend upon *Cominius* to theſe wars.
Com. It is your former promiſe.
Mar. Sir, it is;
And I am conſtant: *Titus Lartius*, thou
Shalt ſee me once more ſtrike at *Tullus'* face.
What, art thou ſtiff? ſtand'ſt out?
Lar. No, *Caius Martius*;
I'll lean upon one crutch and fight with t'other,
Ere ſtay behind this buſineſs.
Men. O true bred!
1 *Sen.* Your company to th' Capitol; where I know
Our greateſt friends attend us.
Lar. Lead you on;
Follow, *Cominius!* we muſt follow you,
Right worthy your priority.
Com. Noble *Lartius!*

1 *Sen.*

1 *Sen.* Hence to your homes—be gone. [*To the Citizens.*
Mar. Nay, let them follow;
The *Volſcians* have much corn: take theſe rats thither
To gnaw their garners. Worſhipful mutineers,
Your valour puts well forth; I pray you, follow. [*Exeunt.*
[*Citizens ſteal away.* *Manent* Sicinius *and* Brutus.
Sic. Was ever man ſo proud as is this *Martius?*
Bru. He has no equal.
Sic. When we were choſen tribunes for the people——
Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes?
Sic. Nay, but his taunts.
Bru. Being mov'd, he will not ſpare to gird the Gods—
Sic. Be-mock the modeſt moon.
Bru. The preſent wars devour him! he is grown
Too proud of being ſo valiant.
Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good ſucceſs, diſdains the ſhadow
Which he treads on at noon; but I do wonder
His inſolence can brook to be commanded
Under *Cominius.*
Bru. Fame, at which he aims,
In which already he is well grac'd, cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the firſt; for what miſcarries
Shall be the General's fault, tho' he perform
To the utmoſt of a man; and giddy cenſure
Will then cry out of *Martius*; oh, if *he*
Had born the buſineſs——
Sic. And if things go well,
Opinion, that ſo ſticks on *Martius*, ſhall
Of his demerits rob *Cominius.*
Bru. Come;
Half all *Cominius'* honours are to *Martius*,
Though *Martius* earn them not; and all his faults
To *Martius* ſhall be honours, though indeed
In ought he merit not.
Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the diſpatch is made; and in what faſhion,
More than this ſingularity, he goes

Upon

Upon this preſent action.

Bru. Let's along. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Corioli.

Enter Tullus Aufidius *with Senators of* Corioli.

1 *Sen.* So, your opinion is, *Aufidius*,
That they of *Rome* are entred in our counſels,
And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not yours?
What ever hath been thought on in this State,
That could be brought to bodily act ere *Rome*
Had circumvention? 'tis not four days gone
Since I heard thence—theſe are the words—I think
I have the letter here, yes—here it is;
They have preſt a power, but it is not known
Whether for Eaſt or Weſt; the dearth is great,
The people mutinous; and it is rumour'd
Cominius, *Martius* your old enemy,
(Who is of *Rome* worſe hated than of you)
And *Titus Lartius*, a moſt valiant *Roman*,
Theſe three lead on this preparation
Whither 'tis bent—moſt likely, 'tis for you:
Conſider of it.

1 *Sen.* Our army's in the field:
We never yet made doubt but *Rome* was ready
To anſwer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly
To keep your great pretences veil'd 'till when
They needs muſt ſhew themſelves, which in the hatching
It ſeems appear'd to *Rome*. By the diſcovery
We ſhall be ſhortned in our aim, which was
To take in many towns ere (almoſt) *Rome*
Should know we were a-foot.

2 *Sen.* Noble *Aufidius*,
Take your commiſſion, hie you to your bands,
Let us alone to guard *Corioli*;
If they ſet down before's, for the remove
Bring up your army: but, I think, you'll find
They've not prepar'd for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that,
I ſpeak from very certainties. Nay more,

Some

Some parcels of their power are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your Honours.
If we and *Caius Martius* chance to meet,
'Tis ſworn between us we ſhall ever ſtrike
'Till one can do no more.

All. The Gods aſſiſt you!

Auf. And keep your Honours ſafe!

1 *Sen.* Farewel.

2 *Sen.* Farewel.

All. Farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Caius Martius's *Houſe in* Rome.

Enter Volumnia *and* Virgilia; *they ſit down on two low ſtools, and ſow.*

Vol. I pray you, daughter, ſing, or expreſs yourſelf in a more comfortable ſort: if my ſon were my huſband, I would freelier rejoice in that abſence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would ſhew moſt love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only ſon of my womb; when youth with comelineſs plucked all gaze his way; when for a day of Kings entreaties, a mother ſhould not ſell him an hour from her beholding, I, conſidering how honour would become ſuch a perſon, that it was no better than picture-like to hang by th' wall, if renown made it not ſtir, was pleas'd to let him ſeek danger where he was like to find fame: to a cruel war I ſent him, from whence he return'd, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter, I ſprang not more in joy at firſt hearing he was a man-child, than now in firſt ſeeing he had proved himſelf a man.

Vir. But had he died in the buſineſs, Madam, how then?

Vol. Then his good report ſhould have been my ſon; I therein would have found iſſue. Hear me profeſs ſincerely: had I a dozen ſons each in my love alike, and none leſs dear than thine and my good *Martius*, I had rather eleven die nobly for their country than one voluptuouſly ſurfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the Lady *Valeria* is come to viſit you.

Vir. Beſeech you, give me leave to retire my ſelf.

Vol.

Vol. Indeed thou ſhalt not:
Methinks I hither hear your huſband's drum:
I ſee him pluck *Aufidius* down by th' hair:
As children a bear, the *Volſci* ſhunning him:
Methinks I ſee him ſtamp thus—and call thus—
Come on, ye cowards, ye were got in fear
Though you were born in Rome; his bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes
Like to a harveſt-man that's taſk'd to mow
Or all, or loſe his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow! oh *Jupiter*, no blood.

Vol. Away, you fool; it more becomes a man
Than gilt his trophy. The breaſt of *Hecuba*,
When ſhe did ſuckle *Hector*, look'd not lovelier
Than *Hector*'s forehead, when it ſpit forth blood
At *Grecian* ſwords contending; tell *Valeria*
We are fit to bid her welcome. - [*Exit Gent.*

Vir. Heav'ns bleſs my Lord from fell *Aufidius!*

Vol. He'll beat *Aufidius*' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Enter Valeria *with an Uſher, and a Gentlewoman.*

Val. My ladies both, good day to you!

Vol. Sweet Madam—

Vir. I am glad to ſee your Ladyſhip—

Val. How do you both? you are manifeſt houſe-keepers. What are you ſowing here? a fine ſpot, in good faith. How does your little ſon?

Vir. I thank your Ladyſhip: well, good Madam.

Vol. He had rather ſee the ſwords, and hear a drum, than look upon his ſchoolmaſter.

Val. O' my word, the father's ſon: I'll ſwear 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I look'd on him o' *Wedneſday* half an hour together—— h'as ſuch a confirm'd countenance I ſaw him run after a gilded butterfly, and when he caught it, he let it go again, and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again, and caught it again; and whether his fall enraged him, or how 'twas, he did ſ ſet his teeth and did tear it, oh, I warrant how he mammockt it!

Vol. One o's father's moods.

Val.

Val. Indeed la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, Madam.

Val. Come, lay aſide your ſtitchery; I muſt have you play the idle huſwife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good Madam, I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Vol. She ſhall, ſhe ſhall.

Vir. Indeed no, by your patience; I'll not over the threſhold, 'till my Lord return from the wars.

Val. Fie, you confine your ſelf unreaſonably: Come, you muſt go viſit the good Lady that lyes in.

Vir. I will wiſh her ſpeedy ſtrength, and viſit her with my prayers, but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to ſave labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another *Penelope*; yet they ſay, all the yarn ſhe ſpun in *Ulyſſes*'s abſence, did but fill *Ithaca* full of moths. Come, I would your cambrick were ſenſible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you ſhall go with us.

Vir. No, good Madam, pardon me, indeed I will not forth.

Val. In truth la, go with me, and I'll tell you excellent news of your huſband.

Vir. Oh, good Madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily I do not jeſt with you; there came news from him laſt night.

Vir. Indeed, Madam——

Val. In earneſt it's true, I heard a ſenator ſpeak it. Thus it is—the *Volſcians* have an army forth, againſt whom *Cominius* the General is gone, with one part of our *Roman* power. Your Lord and *Titus Lartius* are ſet down before their city *Corioli*; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on my honour; and ſo, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuſe, good Madam, I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, Lady; as ſhe is now, ſhe will but diſeaſe our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think ſhe would: fare you well then. Come,

Come, good ſweet lady. Pr'ythee, *Virgilia*, turn thy ſolemneſs out o' door, and go along with us.

Vir. No: at a word, Madam; indeed I muſt not. I wiſh you much mirth,

Val. Well, then farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *The walls of* Corioli.

Enter Martius, Titus Lartius, *with Captains and Soldiers: To them a Meſſenger.*

Mar. Yonder comes news: a wager they have met.

Lar. My horſe to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lar. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our General met the enemy?

Meſ. They lie in view; but have not ſpoke as yet.

Lar. So, the good horſe is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

Lar. No, I'll not ſell, nor give him: lend him you I will, for half an hundred years or ſo:
Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lye theſe armies?

Meſ. Within a mile and half.

Mar. Then ſhall we hear their 'larum, and they ours. Now, *Mars*, I pr'ythee make us quick in work;
That we with ſmoaking ſwords may march from hence,
To help our fielded friends. Come, blow the blaſt.

They ſound a parley. Enter two Senators with others on the walls.

Tullus Aufidius is he within your wall?

1 *Sen.* No, nor a man that fears you leſs than he,
That's leſſer than a little: hark, our drums [*Drum afar off.*
Are bringing forth our youth: we'll break our walls
Rather than they ſhall pound us up; our gates,
Which yet ſeem ſhut, we have but pinn'd with ruſhes,
They'll open of themſelves. Hark you, far off [*Alarum far off.*
There is *Aufidius*. Liſt, what work he makes
Amongſt your cloven army.

Mar. Oh, they are at it.

Lar. Their noiſe be our inſtruction! Ladders, ho!

Enter the Volſcians.

Mar. They fear us not, but iſſue forth their city.
Now put your ſhields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than ſhields. Advance, brave *Titus*,
They do diſdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me ſweat with wrath. Come on, my fellows:
He that retires, I'll take him for a *Volſcian*,
And he ſhall feel mine edge.

[*Alarum*; *the* Romans *are beat back to their trenches.*

SCENE VIII. *Re-enter* Martius.

Mar. All the contagion of the ſouth light on you,
You ſhames of *Rome*, you herds, you! boils and plagues
Plaiſter you o'er! that you may be abhorr'd
Farther than ſeen, and one infect another
Againſt the wind a mile: you ſouls of geeſe,
That bear the ſhapes of men, how have you run
From ſlaves, that apes would beat? *Pluto* and hell!
All hurt behind, backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agued fear! mend, and charge home,
Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,
And make my wars on you: look to't, come on;
If you'll ſtand faſt, we'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches follow'd.

[*Another alarum, and* Martius *follows them to the gates.*

So, now the gates are ope: now prove good ſeconds;
'Tis for the followers fortune widens them;
Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like.

[*He enters the gates, and is ſhut in.*

1 *Sol.* Fool-hardineſs, not I.

2 *Sol.* Nor I.

1 *Sol.* See, they have ſhut him in. [*Alarum continues.*

All. To th' pot, I warrant him.

Enter Titus Lartius.

Lar. What is become of *Martius?*

All. Slain, Sir, doubtleſs.

1 *Sol.* Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters; who upon the ſudden
Clapt to their gates: he is himſelf alone,
To anſwer all the city.

Lar. Oh noble fellow!

Who

Who ſenſible out-does his ſenſeleſs ſword,
And when it bows, ſtands up: thou art left, *Martius*——
A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not ſo rich a jewel. Thou waſt a ſoldier
Even to *Cato*'s wiſh *, not fierce and terrible
Only in ſtroaks, but with thy grim looks, and
The thunder-like percuſſions of thy ſounds,
Thou mad'ſt thine enemies ſhake, as if the world
Were feaverous, and did tremble.

Enter Martius *bleeding, aſſaulted by the Enemy.*

1 *Sol.* Look, Sir.

Lar. O, 'tis *Martius.*

Let's fetch him off, or make remain † alike.

[*They fight, and all enter the City.*

Enter certain Romans *with ſpoils.*

1 *Rom.* This will I carry to *Rome.*

2 *Rom.* And I this.

3 *Rom.* A murrain on't, I took this for ſilver.

[*Alarum continues ſtill afar off.*

Enter Martius *and* Titus Lartius, *with a Trumpet.*

Mar. See here theſe movers, that do prize their honours
At a crack'd drachm: cuſhions, leaden ſpoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with thoſe that wore them, theſe baſe ſlaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up; down with them;
And hark, what noiſe the General makes! to him;
There is the man of my ſoul's hate, *Aufidius,*
Piercing our *Romans:* then, valiant *Titus,* take
Convenient numbers to make good the city,
Whilſt I, with thoſe that have the ſpirit, will haſte
To help *Cominius.*

Lar. Worthy Sir, thou bleed'ſt;
Thy exerciſe hath been too violent
For a ſecond courſe of fight.

* *Plutarch* in the life of *Coriolanus* relates this as the opinion of *Cato* the elder, that a great ſoldier ſhould carry terror in his looks and tone of voice: and the poet here by following the Hiſtorian inadvertently is fallen into a great chronological impropriety.

† *Make remain* is an old way of ſpeaking which ſignifies but the ſame as *remain.*

Mar. Sir, praiſe me not:
My work hath yet not warm'd me. Fare you well:
The blood I drop is rather phyſical
Than dangerous. T' *Aufidius* thus I will
Appear, and fight.
Lar. Now the fair Goddeſs Fortune
Fall deep in love with thee, and her great charms
Miſguide thy oppoſers ſwords! bold gentleman!
Proſperity be thy page!
Mar. Thy friend no leſs,
Than to thoſe ſhe placeth higheſt! ſo farewel.
Lar. Thou worthieſt *Martius*,——
Go ſound thy trumpet in the market-place, [*To the Trumpet.*
Call thither all the officers o' th' town,
Where they ſhall know our mind. Away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. *The* Roman *Camp.*

Enter Cominius *retreating, with Soldiers.*

Com. Breathe you, my friends; well fought; we are come off
Like *Romans*, neither fooliſh in our ſtands
Nor cowardly in retire: Believe me, Sirs,
We ſhall be charg'd again. Whiles we have ſtruck,
By interims and conveying guſts we have heard
The charges of our friends. Ye *Roman* Gods,
Lead their ſucceſſes, as we wiſh our own,
That both our powers, with ſmiling fronts encountring,
May give you thankful ſacrifice! Thy news?

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. The citizens of *Corioli* have iſſued,
And given to *Lartius* and to *Martius* battel.
I ſaw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.
Com. Tho' thou ſpeak'ſt truth,
Methinks thou ſpeak'ſt not well. How long is't ſince?
Meſ. Above an hour, my Lord.
Com. 'Tis not a mile: briefly we heard their drums.
How could'ſt thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring the news ſo late?
Meſ. Spies of the *Volſcians*
Held me in chaſe, that I was forc'd to wheel

Three

Three or four miles about; elſe had I, Sir,
Half an hour ſince brought my report.

Enter Martius.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were flea'd? O Gods,
He has the ſtamp of *Martius*, and I have
Before-time ſeen him thus.
Mar. Come I too late?
Com. The ſhepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,
More than I know the ſound of *Martius'* tongue
From every meaner man's.
Mar. Come I too late?
Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.
Mar. Oh! let me clip ye
In arms as ſound as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burnt to bedward.
Com. Flower of warriors,
How is't with *Titus Lartius?*
Mar. As with a man buſied about decrees;
Condemning ſome to death, and ſome to exile,
Ranſoming him, or pitying, threatning th' other.
Holding *Corioli* in the name of *Rome*,
Even like a fawning grey-hound in the leaſh,
To let him ſlip at will.
Com. Where is that ſlave
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? call him hither.
Mar. Let him alone,
He did inform the truth: but for our gentlemen,
The common file, (a plague on't! tribunes for them!)
The mouſe ne'er ſhunn'd the cat, as they did budge
From raſcals worſe than they.
Com. But how prevail'd you?
Mar. Will the time ſerve to tell? I do not think—
Where is the enemy? are you lords o' th' field?
If not, why ceaſe you till you are ſo?
Com. *Martius*, we have at diſadvantage fought,
And did retire to win our purpoſe.

Mar. How lyes their battel? know you on what ſide
They have plac'd their men of truſt?
Com. As I gueſs, *Martius*,
Their bands i' th' vaward are the *Antiates*
Of their beſt truſt: o'er them *Aufidius*,
Their very heart of hope.
Mar. I do beſeech you,
By all the battels wherein we have fought,
By th' blood w'ave ſhed together, by the vows
W'ave made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me againſt *Aufidius*, and his *Antiat's*;
And that you not delay the preſent, but
Filling the air with ſwords advanc'd, and darts,
We prove this very hour.——
Com. Though I could wiſh
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your aſking; take your choice of thoſe
That beſt can aid your action.
Mar. Thoſe are they
That moſt are willing; if any ſuch be here,
(As it were ſin to doubt) that love this painting
Wherein you ſee me ſmear'd; if any fear
Leſs for his perſon than an ill report:
If any think brave death out-weighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himſelf,
Let him, alone, (or many if ſo minded)
Wave thus, t' expreſs his diſpoſition,
And follow *Martius*.
[*They all ſhout and wave their ſwords, take him up in their arms, and caſt up their caps.*
Oh! me alone, make you a ſword of me:
If theſe ſhews be not outward, which of you
But is four *Volſcians?* none of you but is
Able to bear againſt the great *Aufidius*
A ſhield as hard as his. A certain number
(Tho' thanks to all) muſt I ſelect: the reſt
Shall bear the buſineſs in ſome other fight,
As cauſe will be obey'd; pleaſe you to march,
And four ſhall quickly draw out my command,

Which

Which men are beſt inclin'd.
Com. March on, my fellows:
Make good this oſtentation, and you ſhall
Divide in all with us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X. Corioli.

Titus Lartius *having ſet a guard upon* Corioli, *going with drum and trumpet toward* Cominius *and* Caius Martius; *Enter with a Lieutenant other Soldiers and a Scout.*

Lar. So, let the ports be guarded; keep your duties
As I have ſet them down. If I do ſend, diſpatch
Thoſe centuries to our aid; the reſt will ſerve
For a ſhort holding; if we loſe the field,
We cannot keep the town.
Lieu. Fear not our care, Sir.
Lar. Hence, and ſhut your gates upon's:
Our guider, come, to th' *Roman* camp conduct us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI. *The* Roman *Camp.*

Alarum as in battel. Enter Martius *and* Aufidius, *at ſeveral doors.*

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee, for I do hate thee
Worſe than a promiſe-breaker.
Auf. We hate alike:
Not *Africk* owns a ſerpent I abhor
More than thy fame, and envy; fix thy foot.
Mar. Let the firſt budger die the other's ſlave,
And the Gods doom him after!
Auf. If I fly, *Martius*, hollow me like a hare.
Mar. Within theſe three hours, *Tullus*,
Alone I fought in your *Corioli* walls,
And made what work I pleas'd: 'tis not my blood,
Wherein thou ſee'ſt me maſk'd; for thy revenge
Wrench up thy power to th' higheſt.
Auf. Wert thou the *Hector*,
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou ſhould'ſt not 'ſcape me here.
[*Here they fight, and certain* Volſcians *come to the aid of* Aufidius. Martius *fights 'till they be driven in breathleſs.*
Officious and not valiant! you have ſham'd me
In your condemned ſeconding.
[*Exeunt* Mar. *and* Auf. *fighting.*
Flouriſh.

Flouriſh. Alarum. A retreat is ſounded. Enter at one door Cominius *with the* Romans: *at another door* Martius, *with his arm in a ſcarf.*

Com. If I ſhould tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it,
Where Senators ſhall mingle tears with ſmiles;
Where great Patricians ſhall attend, and ſhrug;
I' th' end admire; where Ladies ſhall be frighted,
And, gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull Tribunes,
That with the fuſty Plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall ſay againſt their hearts, *We thank the Gods*
Our Rome *hath ſuch a ſoldier.*
Yet cam'ſt thou to a morſel of this feaſt,
Having fully din'd before.

Enter Titus Lartius *with his power from the purſuit.*

Lar. O General,
Here is the ſteed, we the capariſon:
Hadſt thou beheld——

Mar. Pray now, no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When ſhe does praiſe me, grieves me: I have done
As you have done, that's what I can, induc'd
As you have alſo been, that's for my country;
He that has but effected his good will,
Hath overta'en mine act.

Com. You ſhall not be
The grave of your deſerving, *Rome* muſt know
The value of her own: 'twere a concealment
Worſe than a theft, no leſs than a traducement,
To hide your doings, and to ſilence that,
Which to the ſpire and top of praiſes vouch'd,
Would ſeem but modeſt: therefore, I beſeech you,
(In ſign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done) before our army hear me.

Mar. I have ſome wounds upon me, and they ſmart
To hear themſelves remembred.

Com. Should they not,
Well might they feſter 'gainſt ingratitude,
And tent themſelves with death: Of all the horſes,
Whereof we've ta'en good, and good ſtore, of all

The

The treasure in the field atchiev'd, and city,
We render you the tenth, to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution,
At your own choice.

Mar. I thank you, General:
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe, to pay my sword: I do refuse it,
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

[*A long flourish. They all cry,* Martius! Martius! *cast up their caps and lances:* Cominius *and* Lartius *stand bare.*

Mar. May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more! when drums and trumpets shall
I' th' field prove flatterers, let camps as cities
Be made of false-fac'd soothing. When steel grows
Soft, as the parasite's silk, let hymns be made
An overture for th' wars! —— No more, I say;
For that I have not wash'd my nose that bled,
Or foil'd some debile wretch, which without note
Here's many else have done; you shout me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical,
As if I lov'd my little should be dieted
In praises sauc'd with lies.

Com. Too modest are you:
More cruel to your good report, than grateful
To us, that give you truly: by your patience,
If 'gainst your self you be incens'd, we'll put you
(Like one that means his proper harm) in manacles,
Then reason safely with you: therefore be it known,
As to us, to all the world, that *Caius Martius*
Wears this war's garland: in token of the which,
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging; and from this time,
For what he did before *Corioli*, call him,
With all th' applause and clamour of the host,
Caius Martius Coriolanus. Bear th' addition nobly ever!

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.*

Omnes. Caius Martius Coriolanus!

Mar. I will go wash:
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive

Whether

Whether I bluſh or no. Howbeit, I thank you.
I mean to ſtride your ſteed, and at all times
To undercreſt your good addition,
To th' fairneſs of my power.
Com. So, to our tent:
Where, ere we do repoſe us, we will write
To *Rome* of our ſucceſs: you, *Titus Lartius*,
Muſt to *Corioli* back; ſend us to *Rome*
The beſt, with whom we may articulate,
For their own good, and ours.
Lar. I ſhall, my Lord.
Mar. The Gods begin to mock me; I that but now
Refus'd moſt princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my Lord-General.
Com. Take't, 'tis yours: what is't?
Mar. I ſometime lay here in *Corioli*,
And at a poor man's houſe: he us'd me kindly.
He cry'd to me: I ſaw him priſoner:
But then *Aufidius* was within my view,
And wrath o'er-whelm'd my pity: I requeſt you
To give my poor hoſt freedom.
Com. O well begg'd!
Were he the butcher of my ſon, he ſhould
Be free as is the wind: deliver him, *Titus*.
Lar. Martius, his name?
Mar. By *Jupiter*, forgot:
I'm weary; yea, my memory is tir'd:
Have we no wine here?
Com. Go we to our tent;
The blood upon your viſage dries; 'tis time
It ſhould be look'd to: come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII. *The Camp of the* Volſci.

A flouriſh. Cornets. Enter Tullus Aufidius *bloody, with two or three Soldiers.*

Auf. The town is ta'en.
Sol. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.
Auf. Condition!
I would I were a *Roman*, for I cannot,
Being a *Volſcian*, be that I am. Condition?
What good condition can a treaty find

I'

I' th' part that is at mercy? Five times, *Martius*,
I have fought with thee, ſo often haſt thou beat me:
And would'ſt do ſo, I think, ſhould we encounter
As often as we eat. By th' elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He's mine, or I am his: mine emulation
Hath not that honour in't it had; for where
I thought to cruſh him in an equal force,
True ſword to ſword, I'll potch at him ſome way;
Or wrath, or craft may get him.

Sol. He's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, tho' not ſo ſubtle: my valour (poiſon'd
With only ſuffering ſtain by him) for him
Shall flie out of it ſelf: not ſleep, nor ſanctuary,
Being naked, ſick, nor fane, nor Capitol,
The prayers of prieſts, nor times of ſacrifice,
Embankments all of fury, ſhall lift up
Their rotten privilege and cuſtom 'gainſt
My hate to *Martius*. Where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,
Againſt the hoſpitable canon, would I
Waſh my fierce hand in's heart. Go you to th' city,
Learn how 'tis held, and what they are that muſt
Be hoſtages for *Rome*.

Sol. Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the cypreſs grove. I pray you,
('Tis South the city mills) bring me word thither
How the world goes, that to the pace of it
I may ſpur on my journey.

Sol. I ſhall, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

ROME.

Enter Menenius *with* Sicinius *and* Brutus.

Men. THE Augur tells me, we ſhall have news to-night.

Bru. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not *Martius*.

Sic. Nature teaches beaſts to know their friends.

Men.

Men. Pray you, whom does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him, as the hungry Plebeians would the noble *Martius.*

Bru. He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

Men. He's a bear indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men, tell me one thing that I ſhall aſk you.

Both. Well, Sir.

Men. In what enormity is *Martius* poor, that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but ſtor'd with all.

Sic. Eſpecially in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boaſt.

Men. This is ſtrange now! do you two know how you are cenſur'd here in the city, I mean of us o' th' right-hand file, do you?

Bru. Why — how are we cenſur'd?

Men. Becauſe you talk of pride now, will you not be angry?

Both. Well, well, Sir, well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occaſion will rob you of a great deal of patience — give your diſpoſitions the reins, and be angry at your pleaſures; at the leaſt if you take it as a pleaſure to you in being ſo— you blame *Martius* for being proud.

Bru. We do it not alone, Sir.

Men. I know you can do very little alone, for your helps are many, or elſe your actions would grow wondrous ſingle; your abilities are too infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride — oh that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior ſurvey of your good ſelves! Oh that you could!

Bru. What then, Sir?

Men. Why then you ſhould diſcover a brace of as unmeriting, proud, violent, teſty magiſtrates, *alias* fools, as any in *Rome.*

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous Patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying *Tiber* in't: ſaid to be ſomething imperfect in favouring the

firſt

firſt complaint, haſty and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion: one that converſes more with the buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning. What I think I utter, and ſpend my malice in my breath. Meeting two ſuch weals-men as you are (I cannot call you *Lycurguſſes*) if the drink you give me touch my palate adverſely, I make a crooked face at it. I can't ſay, your Worſhips have deliver'd the matter well, when I find the aſs in compound with the major part of your ſyllables; and tho' I muſt be content to bear with thoſe that ſay you are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadly that tell you, you have good faces; if you ſee this in the map of my microcoſm, follows it that I am known well enough too? what harm can your biſſon conſpectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, Sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourſelves, nor any thing; you are ambitious for poor knaves caps and legs: you wear out a good wholſome forenoon, in hearing a cauſe between an orange-wife and a foſſet-ſeller, and then adjourn a controverſy of three-pence to a ſecond day of audience. —— When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinch'd with the cholick, you make faces like mummers, ſet up the bloody flag againſt all patience, and in roaring for a chamber-pot, diſmiſs the controverſie bleeding, the more intangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cauſe, is calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of ſtrange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well underſtood to be a perfecter gyber for the table, than a neceſſary bencher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very prieſts muſt become mockers, if they ſhall encounter ſuch ridiculous ſubjects as you are; when you ſpeak beſt unto the purpoſe, it is not worth the wagging of your beards, and your beards deſerve not ſo honourable a grave as to ſtuff a botcher's cuſhion, or to be intomb'd in an aſs's pack-ſaddle. Yet you muſt be ſaying, *Martius* is proud; who in a cheap eſtimation, is worth all your predeceſſors ſince *Deucalion*, though peradventure ſome

of the beſt of them were hereditary hangmen. Good-e'en to your Worſhips; more of your converſation would infect my brain, being the herdſmen of the beaſtly Plebeians. I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[*Exeunt* Brutus *and* Sicinius.

SCENE II.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, *and* Valeria.

How now, my as fair as noble Ladies, and the moon, were ſhe earthly, no nobler; whither do you follow your eyes ſo faſt?

Vol. Honourable *Menenius*, my boy *Martius* approaches; for the love of *Juno* let's go.

Men. Ha! *Martius* coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy *Menenius*, and with moſt proſperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, *Jupiter*, and I thank thee—hoo, *Martius* coming home!

Both. Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him, the State hath another, his wife another, and I think there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very houſe reel to-night: A letter for me!

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you, I ſaw't.

Men. A letter for me! it gives me an eſtate of ſeven years health; in which time I will make a lip at the phyſician: the moſt ſovereign preſcription in *Galen* is but Emperic, and to this preſervative of no better report than a horſe-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. Oh no, no, no.

Vol. Oh, he is wounded, I thank the Gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if he be not too much; brings he a victory in his pocket, the wounds become him.

Vol. On's brows, *Menenius*; he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Hath he diſciplin'd *Aufidius* ſoundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes, they fought together, but *Aufidius* got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that:

if

if he had ſtaid by him, I would not have been ſo *fidius'd* for all the cheſts in *Corioli*, and the gold that's in them. Is the Senate poſſeſt of this?

Vol. Good Ladies, let's go. Yes, yes, yes: the Senate has letters from the General, wherein he gives my ſon the whole name of the war: he hath in this action out-done his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there's wondrous things ſpoke of him.

Men. Wondrous! ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchaſing.

Vir. The Gods grant them true!

Vol. True? pow waw.

Men. True? I'll be ſworn they are true. Where is he wounded? God ſave their good Worſhips *! *Martius* is coming home; he has more cauſe to be proud: — where is he wounded?

Vol. I' th' ſhoulder, and i' th' left arm; there will be large cicatrices to ſhew the people, when he ſhall ſtand for his place. He receiv'd in the repulſe of *Tarquin* ſeven hurts i' th' body.

Men. One i' th' neck, and one too i' th' thigh; there's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before his laſt expedition, twenty five wounds upon him.

Men. Now 'tis twenty ſeven: every gaſh was an enemy's grave. Hark, the trumpets. [*A ſhout and flouriſh.*

Vol. Theſe are th' uſhers of *Martius*; before him
He carries noiſe, behind him he leaves tears:
Death, that dark ſpirit, in's nervy arm doth lye,
Which being advanc'd declines, and then men die.

SCENE III.

Trumpets ſound. Enter Cominius *the General and* Titus Lartius; *between them* Coriolanus, *crown'd with an oaken garland, with Captains and Soldiers, and a Herald.*

Her. Know, *Rome*, that all alone *Martius* did fight
Within *Corioli* gates, where he hath won,

* Meaning the Tribunes.

With fame, a name to *Caius Martius.*
Welcome to *Rome*, renown'd *Coriolanus!* [*Sound. Flouriſh.*
All. Welcome to *Rome*, renown'd *Coriolanus!*
Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart;
Pray now, no more.
Com. Look, Sir, your mother.
Cor. Oh!
You have, I know, petition'd all the Gods
For my proſperity. [*Kneels.*
Vol. Nay, my ſoldier, up:
My gentle *Martius*, my worthy *Caius*,
By deed-atchieved honour newly nam'd,
What is it, *Coriolanus*, muſt I call thee?
But oh, thy wife——
Cor. My gracious ſilence, hail!
Would'ſt thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'ſt to ſee me triumph? ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in *Corioli* wear,
And mothers that lack ſons.
Men. Now the Gods crown thee!
Cor. And live you yet?—O my ſweet Lady, pardon.
[*To Val.*
Vol. I know not where to turn. O welcome home;
And welcome, General! y' are welcome all.
Men. A hundred thouſand welcomes: I could weep,
And I could laugh, I'm light and heavy; welcome!
A curſe begin at very root on's heart
That is not glad to ſee thee! You are three
That *Rome* ſhould dote on: yet by the faith of men,
We've ſome old crab-trees here at home, that will not
Be grafted to your reliſh. Welcome, warriors!
We call a nettle, but a nettle, and
The faults of fools, but folly.
Com. Ever right.
Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.
Her. Give way there, and go on.
Cor. Your hand, and yours.
Ere in our own houſe I do ſhade my head,
The good Patricians muſt be viſited,
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,

But

But with them, charge of honour.
Vol. I have lived,
To see inherited my very wishes,
And buildings of my fancy; only one thing
Is wanting, which I doubt not but our *Rome*
Will cast upon thee.
Cor. Know, good mother, I
Had rather be their servant in my way,
Than sway with them in theirs.
Com. On, to the Capitol. [*Flourish. Cornets.*
[*Exeunt in state, as before.*

SCENE IV. *Enter* Brutus *and* Sicinius.

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacled to see him. Your pratling nurse
Into a rapture lets her baby cry.
While she chats him: the kitchen maukin pins
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clambring the walls to eye him; stalls, bulks, windows,
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
With variable complexions; all agreeing
In earnestness to see him: seld-shown *Flamens*
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station; our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask in
Their nicely gawded cheeks, to th' wanton spoil
Of *Phœbus'* burning kisses; such a pother,
As if that whatsoever God who leads him,
Were slily crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.
Sic. On the sudden,
I warrant him Consul.
Bru. Then our office may,
During his power, go sleep.
Sic. He cannot temp'rately transport his honours,
From where he should begin and end, but will
Lose those he'ath won.
Bru. In that there's comfort.
Sic. Doubt not
The commoners, for whom we stand, but they
Upon their ancient malice will forget

With the leaſt cauſe theſe his new honours; which
That he will give, make I as little queſtion
As he is proud to do't.

Bru. I heard him ſwear,
Were he to ſtand for Conſul, never would he
Appear i' th' market-place, nor on him put
The napleſs veſture of humility,
Nor ſhewing, as the manner is, his wounds
To th' people, beg their ſtinking breaths.

Sic. 'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word: oh, he would miſs it, rather
Than carry it, but by the ſuit o' th' Gentry,
And the deſire o' th' Nobles.

Sic. I wiſh no better,
Than have him hold that purpoſe, and to put it
In execution.

Bru. 'Tis moſt like he will.

Sic. It ſhall be to him then, as our good wills;
A ſure deſtruction.

Bru. So it muſt fall out
To him, or our authorities. For our end,
We muſt ſuggeſt the people, in what hatred
He ſtill hath held them; that to's power he would
Have made them mules, ſilenc'd their pleaders, and
Diſproperty'd their freedoms: holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more ſoul nor fitneſs for the world,
Than camels in the war, who have their provender
Only for bearing burthens, and ſore blows
For ſinking under them.

Sic. This, as you ſay, ſuggeſted
At ſome time when his ſoaring inſolence
Shall touch the people, (which time ſhall not want,
If he be put upon't, and that's as eaſie,
As to ſet dogs on ſheep) will be the fire
To kindle their dry ſtubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Bru. What's the matter?

Meſ. You're ſent for to the Capitol: 'tis thought

That

That *Martius* ſhall be Conſul: I have ſeen
The dumb men throng to ſee him, and the blind
To hear him ſpeak; the matrons flung their gloves,
Ladies and maids their ſcarfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he paſs'd; the Nobles bended
As to *Jove*'s ſtatue, and the Commons made
A ſhower and thunder with their caps and ſhouts:
I never ſaw the like.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol,
And carry with us ears and eyes for th' time,
But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The* Capitol.

Enter two Officers, to lay cuſhions.

1 *Off.* Come, come, they are almoſt here; how many ſtand for Conſulſhips?

2 *Off.* Three they ſay; but 'tis thought of every one, *Coriolanus* will carry it.

1 *Off.* That's a brave fellow, but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

2 *Off.* 'Faith, there have been many great men that have flatter'd the people, who ne'er lov'd them, and there be many that they have loved they know not wherefore; ſo that if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground. Therefore, for *Coriolanus* neither to care whether they love, or hate him, manifeſts the true knowledge he has in their diſpoſition, and out of his noble careleſſneſs he lets them plainly ſee't.

1 *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love or no, he waved indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good, nor harm: but he ſeeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him; and leaves nothing undone, that may fully diſcover him their oppoſite. Now to ſeem to affect the malice and diſpleaſure of the people, is as bad as that which he diſlikes, to flatter them for their love.

2 *Off.* He hath deſerved worthily of his country: and his aſcent is not by ſuch eaſy degrees as theirs who have been ſupple and courteous to the people bonneted, without any further deed to heave them at all into their eſtimation and report: but he hath ſo planted his honours in their eyes,

eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be ſilent, and not confeſs ſo much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwiſe, were a malice that, giving it ſelf the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from ev'ry ear that heard it.

1 *Off.* No more of him, he is a worthy man: make way, they are coming.

SCENE VI.

Enter the Patricians, and the Tribunes of the People, Lictors before them; Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius *the Conſul:* Sicinius *and* Brutus *take their places by themſelves.*

Men. Having determin'd of the *Volſcians*, and
To ſend for *Titus Lartius*, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratifie his noble ſervice, that
Hath thus ſtood for his country. Therefore, pleaſe you,
Moſt reverend and grave elders, to deſire
The preſent Conſul, and laſt General
In our well-found ſucceſſes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By *Caius Martius Coriolanus*; whom
We meet here, both to thank, and to remember
With honours like himſelf.

1 *Sen.* Speak, good *Cominius:*
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think
Rather our ſtate's defective for requital,
Than that we ſtretch it out. Maſters o' th' people,
We do requeſt your kindeſt ear, and after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,
To yield to what paſſes here.

Sic. We are convented
Upon a pleaſing treaty, and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theam of our aſſembly.

Bru. Which the rather
We ſhall be bleſt to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people, than
He hath hitherto priz'd them at.

Men. That's off, that's off:

I would you rather had been ſilent: pleaſe you
To hear *Cominius* ſpeak?
Bru. Moſt willingly:
But yet my caution was more pertinent
Than the rebuke you give.
Men. He loves your people,
But tye him not to be their bedfellow:
Worthy *Cominius*, ſpeak.
[Coriolanus *riſes and offers to go away.*
Nay, keep your plaee.
1 *Sen.* Sit, *Coriolanus*; never ſhame to hear
What you have nobly done.
Cor. Your honour's pardon:
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear ſay how I got them.
Bru. Sir, I hope
My words diſ-bench'd you not.
Cor. No, Sir; yet oft,
When blows have made me ſtay, I fled from words.
You ſooth not, therefore hurt not: but your people,
I love them as they weigh.
Men. Pray now, ſit down.
Cor. I had rather have one ſcratch my head i'th' ſun,
When the alarum were ſtruck, than idly ſit
To hear my nothings monſter'd. [*Exit* Coriolanus.
Men. Maſters of the people,
Your multiplying ſpawn how can he flatter,
That's thouſand to one good one, when you ſee
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than one of's ears to hear't? Proceed, *Cominius.*
Com. I ſhall lack voice: the deeds of *Coriolanus*
Should not be utter'd feebly. It is held
That valour is the chiefeſt virtue, and
Moſt dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I ſpeak of cannot in the world
Be ſingly counter-pois'd. At ſixteen years,
When *Tarquin* made a head for *Rome*, he fought
Beyond the mark of others: our then Dictator,
Whom with all praiſe I point at, ſaw him fight,
When with his *Amazonian* chin he drove

The briſtled lips before him: he beſtrid
An o'er-preſt *Roman*, and i' th' Conſul's view
Slew three oppoſers: *Tarquin*'s ſelf he met,
And ſtruck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the ſcene,
He prov'd beſt man i' th' field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil-age
Man-entred thus, he waxed like a ſea,
And in the brunt of ſeventeen battels ſince,
He lurcht all ſwords o' th' garland. For this laſt,
Before, and in *Corioli*, let me ſay
I cannot ſpeak him home: he ſtopt the fliers,
And by his rare example made the coward
Turn terror into ſport. As waves before
A veſſel under ſail, ſo men obey'd,
And fell below his ſtern: his ſword (death's ſtamp)
Where it did mark, it took from face to foot:
He was a thing of blood, whoſe every motion
Was tim'd with dying cries: alone he enter'd
The gate o' th' city, which he mortal painted
With ſhunleſs deſtiny: aidleſs came off,
And with a ſudden re-enforcement ſtruck
Corioli, like a planet. Nor's this all;
For by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
His ready ſenſe, when ſtraight his doubled ſpirit
Requicken'd what in fleſh was fatigate,
And to the battel came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual ſpoil; and 'till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never ſtood
To eaſe his breaſt with panting.

Men. Worthy man!

1 *Sen.* He cannot but with meaſure fill the honours
Which we deviſe him.

Com. All our ſpoils he kick'd at,
And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common muck o' th' world: he covets leſs
Than miſery itſelf would give, rewards
His deeds with doing them, and is content
To ſpend his time to end it.

Men.

Men. He's right noble
Let him be called for.
Sen. Call *Coriolanus.*
Off. He doth appear.

Enter Coriolanus.

Men. The Senate, *Coriolanus,* are well pleas'd
To make thee Conſul.
Cor. I do owe them ſtill
My life, and ſervices.
Men. It then remains
That you do ſpeak to th' people.
Cor. I beſeech you,
Let me o'er-leap that cuſtom; for I cannot
Put on the gown, ſtand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds ſake, to give their ſuffrages:
Pleaſe you that I may over-paſs this doing.
Sic. Sir, but the people too muſt have their voices,
Nor will they bate one jot of ceremony.
Men. Put them not to't: pray fit you to the cuſtom,
And take t'ye, as your predeceſſors have,
Your honour with the form.
Cor. It is a part.
That I ſhall bluſh in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.
Bru. Mark you that?
Cor. To brag unto them, thus I did, and thus,
Shew them th' unaking ſcars, which I would hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only ——
Men. Do not ſtand upon't: ——
We recommend t'ye, Tribunes of the people,
Our purpoſe, and to them: to our noble Conſul
Wiſh we all joy and honour.
Sen. To *Coriolanus* come all joy and honour!

[*Flouriſh Cornets. Then Exeunt.*

Manent Sicinius *and* Brutus.

Bru. You ſee how he intends to uſe the people.
Sic. May they perceive's intent! he will require them,
As if he did contemn what he requeſted
Should be in them to give.

Bru.

Bru. Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here: on th' market-place
I know they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *The* Forum.

Enter ſeven or eight Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Once *, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

2 *Cit.* We may, Sir, if we will.

3 *Cit.* We have power in our ſelves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do; for, if he ſhew us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into thoſe wounds, and ſpeak for them: ſo, if he tells us his noble deeds, we muſt alſo tell him of our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monſtrous, and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monſter of the multitude; of the which we being members, ſhould bring our ſelves to be monſtrous members.

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will ſerve: for once when we ſtood up about the corn, he himſelf ſtuck not to call us the many-headed monſter.

3 *Cit.* We have been call'd ſo of many, not that our heads are ſome brown, ſome black, ſome auburn, ſome bald; but that our wits are ſo diverſely colour'd; and truly, I think, if all our wits were to iſſue out of our ſculls, they would fly Eaſt, Weſt, North, South, and their conſent of one direct way would be at once to all points o' th' compaſs.

2 *Cit.* Think you ſo? which way do you judge my wit would fly?

3 *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not ſo ſoon out as another man's will, 'tis ſtrongly wedg'd up in a blockhead: but if it were at liberty, 'twould ſure Southward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To loſe it ſelf in a fog, where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conſcience ſake, to help to get thee a wife.

2 *Cit.* You are never without your tricks——you may, you may——

* *Once* here means the ſame as when we ſay *once for all.*

3 *Cit.*

3 *Cit.* Are you all resolved to give your voices? but that's no matter, the greater part carries it: I say if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter Coriolanus *in a gown, with* Menenius.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility; mark his behaviour: we are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by one's, by two's, and by three's. He's to make his requests by particulars, wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content.

Men. Oh Sir, you are not right; have you not known
The worthiest men have done't?

Cor. What must I say?
I pray, Sir,—plague upon't, I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace. Look, Sir,—my wounds—
I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran
From noise of our own drums.

Men. Oh me, the Gods!
You must not speak of that, you must desire them
To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me? hang 'em.
I would they would forget me, like the advices
Which our Divines lose on 'em.

Men. You'll mar all.
I'll leave you: pray you speak to 'em, I pray you,
In wholsome manner. [*Exit.*

Two Citizens approach.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces,
And keep their teeth clean —— so, here comes a brace:
You know the cause, Sirs, of my standing here.

1 *Cit.* We do, Sir; tell us what hath brought you to't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

2 *Cit.* Your own desert?

Cor. Ay, not mine own desire.

1 *Cit.* How, not your own desire?

Cor. No, Sir, 'twas never my desire yet to trouble the poor with begging.

1 *Cit.* You muſt think, if we give you any thing, we hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then; I pray, your price o' th' Conſulſhip?

1 *Cit.* The price is, to aſk it kindly.

Cor. Kindly, Sir, I pray let me ha't: I have wounds to ſhew you, which ſhall be yours in private: your good voice, Sir; what ſay you?

2 *Cit.* You ſhall ha't, worthy Sir.

Cor. A match, Sir; there's in all two worthy voices begg'd: I have your alms, adieu.

1 *Cit.* But this is ſomething odd.

2 *Cit.* An 'twere to give again:——but 'tis no matter. [*Exeunt.*

Two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may ſtand with the tune of your voices, that I may be Conſul, I have here the cuſtomary gown.

1 *Cit.* You have deſerved nobly of your country, and you have not deſerved nobly.

Cor. Your ænigma?

1 *Cit.* You have been a ſcourge to her enemies; you have been a rod to her friends; you have not indeed loved the common people.

Cor. You ſhould account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love; but I will, Sir, flatter my ſworn brother, the people, to earn a dearer eſtimation of them, for 'tis a condition they account gentle: and ſince the wiſdom of their choice is rather to have my cap than my heart, I will practiſe the inſinuating nod, and be off to them moſt counterfeitly; that is, Sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of ſome popular man, and give it bountifully to the deſirers: therefore 'beſeech you I may be Conſul.

2 *Cit.* We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

1 *Cit.* You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not ſeal your knowledge with ſhewing them. I will make much of your voices, and ſo trouble you no further.

Both. The Gods give you joy, Sir, heartily! [*Exeunt.*

Cor. Moſt ſweet voices——

Better

Better it is to die, better to ſtarve,
Than crave the hire, which firſt we do deſerve. *

Three Citizens more.

Here come more voices.
Your voices — for your voices I have fought,
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear
Of wounds two dozen and odd: battels thrice ſix
I've ſeen, and heard of: for your voices, have
Done many things, ſome leſs, ſome more:—your voices:
Indeed I would be Couſul.

1 *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honeſt man's voice.

2 *Cit.* Therefore let him be Conſul: the Gods give him joy, and make him a good friend to the people!

All. Amen, amen. God ſave thee, noble Conſul! [*Exeunt.*

Cor. Worthy voices!

Enter Menenius, *with* Brutus *and* Sicinius.

Men. You have ſtood your limitation: and the Tribunes
Endue you with the people's voice. Remains,
That in th' official marks inveſted, you
Anon do meet the Senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The cuſtom of requeſt you have diſcharg'd:
The people do admit you, and are ſummon'd
To meet anon upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the ſenate-houſe?

Sic. There, *Coriolanus.*

Cor. May I then change theſe garments?

Sic. Sir, you may.

Cor. That I'll ſtraight do: and knowing myſelf again,

* —— we do deſerve.
Why in this woolviſh gown ſhould I ſtand here,
To beg of *Hob* and *Dick*, that do appear,
Their needleſs voucher? cuſtom calls me to't ——
What cuſtom wills in all things, ſhould we do't?
The duſt on antique time would lye unſwept,
And mountainous error be too highly heapt,
For truth to o'er-peer. Rather than fool it ſo,
Let the high office and the honour go,
To one that would do thus. I am half-through,
The one part ſuffer'd, the other will I do.

Three Citizens, &c.

Repair to the Senate-houſe.

Men. I'll keep you company. Will you along?

Bru. We ſtay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well. [*Exeunt* Coriol. *and* Men.

SCENE VIII.

He has it now, and by his looks, methinks
'Tis warm at's heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds: will you diſmiſs the people?

Enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my maſters, have you choſe this man?

1 *Cit.* He has our voices, Sir.

Bru. We pray the Gods he may deſerve your loves.

2 *Cit.* Amen, Sir: to my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.

3 *Cit.* Certainly he flouted us down-right.

1 *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of ſpeech, he did not mock us.

2 *Cit.* Not one amongſt us, ſave yourſelf, but ſays
He us'd us ſcornfully: he ſhould have ſhew'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for's country.

Sic. Why ſo he did, I am ſure.

All. No, no man ſaw 'em.

3 *Cit.* He ſaid he'd wounds, which he could ſhew in private:
And with his cap, thus waving it in ſcorn,
I would be Conſul, ſays he: *aged cuſtom,*
But by your voices, will not ſo permit me;
Your voices therefore: when we granted that,
Here was—*I thank you for your voices—thank you—*
Your moſt ſweet voices——now you have left your voices,
I have nothing further with you. Wa'n't this mockery?

Sic. Why either were you impotent to ſee't,
Or ſeeing it, of ſuch childiſh friendlineſs,
To yield your voices?

Bru. Could you not have told him,
As you were leſſon'd? when he had no power,
But was a petty ſervant to the ſtate,
He was your enemy, ſtill ſpake againſt
Your liberties, and charters that you bear
I' th' body of the weal: and now arriving
At place of potency, and ſway o' th' ſtate,

If

If he ſhould ſtill malignantly remain
Faſt foe to the Plebeians, your voices might
Be curſes to your ſelves. You ſhould have ſaid,
That as his worthy deeds did claim no leſs
Than what he ſtood for; ſo his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices, and
Tranſlate his malice tow'rds you into love,
Standing your friendly Lord.

Sic. Thus to have ſaid,
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his ſpirit,
And try'd his inclination; from him pluckt
Either his gracious promiſe, which you might,
As cauſe had call'd you up, have held him to;
Or elſe it would have gall'd his ſurly nature;
Which eaſily endures not article,
Tying him to ought; ſo putting him to rage,
You ſhould have ta'en th' advantage of his choler,
And paſs'd him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive,
He did ſollicit you in free contempt,
When he did need your loves; and do you think
That his contempt ſhall not be bruiſing to you,
When he hath power to cruſh? why had your bodies
No heart among you? or had you tongues, to cry
Againſt the rectorſhip of judgment?

Sic. Have you
Ere now deny'd the aſker; and now again,
On him that did not aſk, but mock, beſtow'd
Your ſu'd-for tongues?

3 *Cit.* He's not confirm'd, we may
Deny him yet.

2 *Cit.* Ay and we will deny him:
I'll have five hundred voices of that ſound.

1 *Cit.* Ay, twice five hundred, and their friends to piece 'em.

Bru. Get you hence inſtantly, and tell thoſe friends,
They've choſe a Conſul that will from them take
Their liberties, make them of no more voice
Than dogs that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do ſo.

Sic. Let them aſſemble; and on ſafer judgment,

Revoke your ignorant election:
Enforce his pride, and his old hate to you:
Beſides, forget not,
With what contempt he wore the humble weed,
How in his ſuit he ſcorn'd you: but your loves
Thinking upon his ſervices, took from you
The apprehenſion of his preſent portance,
Which gibingly, ungravely, he did faſhion
After th' inveterate hate he bears to you.

Bru. Nay, lay a fault on us, your Tribunes, that
We labour'd, no impediment between,
But that you muſt caſt your election on him.

Sic. Say, you choſe him more after our commandment,
Than guided by your own affections,
And that your minds, pre-occupied with what
You rather muſt do, than with what you ſhould do,
Made you againſt the grain to voice him Conſul.
Lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, ſpare us not: ſay, we read lectures to you,
How youngly he began to ſerve his country,
How long continued, and what ſtock he ſprings of,
The noble houſe of *Martius*; from whence came
That *Ancus Martius*, *Numa*'s daughter's ſon,
Who after great *Hoſtilius*, here was King:
Of the ſame houſe *Publius* and *Quintus* were,
That our beſt water brought by conduits hither.
And *Cenſorinus*, darling of the people,
(And nobly nam'd ſo for twice being cenſor)
Was his great anceſtor.*

Sic. One thus deſcended,
That had beſide well in his perſon wrought,
To be ſet high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances; but you have found,
Scaling his preſent bearing with his paſt,

* *Plutarch* in his account of the *Martian* family enumerates the ſeveral great men who had ſprung from it, in which liſt ſtand *Publius Martius* and *Quintus Martius* and *Cenſorinus*; who, though they lived before *Pluturch*, came after *Coriolanus*. *Shakeſpear* therefore by copying *Plutarch* too cloſely and haſtily hath fallen into this inadvertence of making a cotemporary with *Coriolanus* mention the men who lived long after him.

That

That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.
Bru. Say, you ne'er had done't,
(Harp on that still) but by our putting on;
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to th' Capitol.
All. We will; almost all
Repent in their election. [*Exeunt Citizens.*
Bru. Let 'em go on:
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than stay past doubt for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.
Sic. Come; to th' Capitol.
We will be there before the stream o' th' people:
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Rome. *Cornets. Enter* Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius, Titus Lartius, *and other Senators.*

Cor. TUllus *Aufidius* then had made new head?
Lar. He had, my Lord; and that it was which caus'd
Our swifter composition.
Cor. So then the *Volscians* stand but as at first,
Ready when time shall prompt them, to make inroad
Upon's again.
Com. They're worn, Lord Consul, so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.
Cor. Saw you *Aufidius?*
Lar. On safe-guard he came to me, and did curse
Against the *Volscians*, for they had so vilely
Yielded the town; he is retir'd to *Antium.*
Cor. Spoke he of me?
Lar. He did, my Lord.
Cor. How?—what?—
Lar. How often he had met you sword to sword:
That of all things upon the earth he hated

Your

Your perſon moſt: that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeleſs reſtitution, ſo he might
Be call'd your vanquiſher.
Cor. At *Antium* lives he?
Lar. At *Antium.*
Cor. I wiſh I had a cauſe to ſeek him there,
To oppoſe his hatred fully. Welcome home.
Enter Sicinius *and* Brutus.
Behold theſe are the Tribunes of the people,
The tongues o' th' common mouth: I do deſpiſe them,
For they do prank them in authority
Againſt all noble ſufferance.
Sic. Paſs no further.
Cor. Hah!—what is that!——
Bru. It will be dangerous to go on——no further.
Cor. What makes this change?
Men. The matter?
Com. Hath he not paſs'd the Nobles and the Commons?
Bru. Cominius, no.
Cor. Have I had childrens voices?
Sen. Tribunes, give way; he ſhall to th' market-place.
Bru. The people are incens'd againſt him.
Sic. Stop,
Or all will fall in broil.
Cor. Are theſe your herd?
Muſt theſe have voices, that can yield them now,
And ſtraight diſclaim their tongues? what are your offices?
You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?
Have you not ſet them on?
Men. Be calm, be calm.
Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the Nobility:
Suffer't, and live with ſuch as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be rul'd.
Bru. Call't not a plot;
The people cry you mock'd them; and of late,
When corn was given them *gratis*, you repin'd,
Scandal'd the ſuppliants for the people, call'd them
Time-pleaſers, flatterers, foes to nobleneſs.

Cor.

Cor. Why, this was known before.
Bru. Not to them all.
Cor. Have you inform'd them ſince?
Bru. How! I inform them!
Cor. Yes, you are like enough to do ſuch buſineſs.
Bru. Not unlike, either way, to better you.
Cor. Why then ſhould I be Conſul? by yond clouds,
Let me deſerve ſo ill as you, and make me
Your Fellow-Tribune.
Sic. You ſhew too much of that,
For which the people ſtir; if you will paſs
To where you're bound, you muſt enquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler ſpirit,
Or never be ſo noble as a Conſul,
Nor yoke with him for Tribune.
Men. Let's be calm.
Com. The people are abus'd, ſet on; this paltring
Becomes not *Rome:* nor has *Coriolanus*
Deſerv'd this ſo diſhonour'd rub, laid falſly
I' th' plain way of his merit.
Cor. Tell me of corn!
This was my ſpeech, and I will ſpeak't again—
Men. Not now, not now.
Sen. Not in this heat, Sir, now.
Cor. Now as I live, I will—
As for my nobler friends, I crave their pardons:
But for the mutable rank-ſcented Many,
Let them regard me, as I do not flatter,
And there behold themſelves: I ſay again,
In ſoothing them, we nouriſh 'gainſt our Senate
The cockle of rebellion, inſolence, ſedition,
Which we ourſelves have plow'd for, ſow'd and ſcatter'd,
By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which we have given to beggars.
Men. Well, no more——
Sen. No more words, we beſeech you——
Cor. How!——no more!
As for my country I have ſhed my blood,

Not

Not fearing outward force; ſo ſhall my lungs
Coin words 'till their decay, againſt thoſe meaſles
Which we diſdain ſhould tetter us, yet ſeek
The very way to catch them.
Bru. You ſpeak o' th' people, Sir, as if you were
A God to puniſh, not as being a man
Of their infirmity.
Sic. 'Twere well we let
The people know't.
Men. What, what! his choler?
Cor. Choler!
Were I as patient as the midnight ſleep,
By *Jove*, 'twould be my mind.
Sic. It is a mind
That ſhall remain a poiſon where it is,
Not poiſon any further.
Cor. *Shall* remain?
Hear you this *Triton* of the minnows? mark you
His abſolute *ſhall?*
Com. 'Twas from the canon.
Cor. *Shall?*——
O good but moſt unwiſe Patricians, why,
You grave but reckleſs Senators, have you thus
Given *Hydra* here to chuſe an officer,
That with his peremptory *ſhall*, being but
The horn and noiſe o' th' monſters, wants not ſpirit
To ſay, he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? if they have power,
Let them have cuſhions by you: if none, awake
Your dang'rous lenity: if you are learned,
Be not as common fools: if you are not,
Then vail your ignorance. You are plebeians
If they be Senators; and they are no leſs,
When, both your voices blended, the greateſt taſte
Moſt palates theirs. They chuſe their magiſtrate,
And ſuch a one as he, who puts his *ſhall*,
His popular *ſhall*, againſt a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in *Greece*. By *Jove* himſelf,
It makes the Conſuls baſe; and my ſoul akes

To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither ſupream, how ſoon confuſion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by th' other.
Com. Well—on to th' market-place.
Cor. Whoever gave that counſel, to give forth
The corn o' th' ſtorehouſe *gratis*, as 'twas us'd
Sometime in *Greece* ——
Men. Well, well, no more of that.
Cor. Though there the people had more abſolute power;
I ſay, they nouriſh'd diſobedience, fed
The ruin of the ſtate.
Bru. Shall th' people give,
One that ſpeaks thus, their voice?
Cor. I'll give my reaſons,
More worthy than their voice. They know the corn
Was not their recompence, reſting well aſſur'd
They ne'er did ſervice for't; being preſt to th' war,
Even when the navel of the ſtate was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates: this kind of ſervice
Did not deſerve corn *gratis*. Being i' th' war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they ſhew'd
Moſt valour, ſpoke not for them. Th' accuſation
Which they have often made againſt the Senate,
All cauſe unborn, could never be the native
Of our ſo frank donation. Well, what then?
How ſhall this boſom multiplied digeſt
The Senate's courteſie? let deeds expreſs
What's like to be their words—*we did requeſt it*—
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands.—Thus we debaſe
The nature of our ſeats, and make the rabble
Call our cares, fears; which will in time break ope
The locks o' th' Senate, and bring in the crows
To peck the eagles——
Men. Come, enough, enough.
Bru. Enough, with over meaſure.
Cor. No, take more.
What may be ſworn by, both divine and human,

Seal

Seal what I end withal! This double worſhip,
Where one part does diſdain with cauſe, the other
Inſult without all reaſon; where gentry, title, wiſdom,
Cannot conclude but by the yea and no
Of gen'ral ignorance, it muſt omit
Real neceſſities, and give way the while
T' unſtable ſlightneſs; purpoſe ſo barr'd, it follows
Nothing is done to purpoſe. Therefore, 'beſeech you,
(You that will be leſs fearful than diſcreet,
That love the fundamental part of ſtate
More than you do the change of't; that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wiſh
To vamp a body with a dangerous phyſick,
That's ſure of death without,) at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick
The ſweet which is their poiſon. Your diſhonour
Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the ſtate
Of that integrity which ſhould become it:
Not having power to do the good it would
For th' ill which doth controul it.

Bru. H'as ſaid enough.

Sic. H'as ſpoken like a traitor, and ſhall anſwer
As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch! deſpight o'er-whelm thee!
What ſhould the people do with theſe bald Tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To th' greater bench. In a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what muſt be, was law,
Then were they choſen; in a better hour,
Let what is meet, be ſaid, That muſt be law,
And throw their power i' th' duſt.

Bru. Manifeſt treaſon——

Sic. This a Conſul? no.

Bru. The *Ædiles*, ho! let him be apprehended.

Sic. Go, call the people, in whoſe name my ſelf
Attach thee as a traiterous innovator:
A foe to th' publick weal. Obey I charge thee,
And follow to thine anſwer. [*Laying hold on* Coriolanus.

Cor. Hence, old goat!

All. We'll ſurety him.

Com.

Com. Hold, aged Sir, hands off.
Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I ſhall ſhake thy bones
Out of thy garments.
Sic. Help me, citizens.

SCENE II.

Enter a Rabble of Plebeians *with the* Ædiles.

Men. On both ſides more reſpect.
Sic. Here's he, that would take from you all your power.
Bru. Seize him, *Ædiles.*
All. Down with him, down with him!
2 *Sen.* Weapons, weapons, weapons!
[*They all buſtle about* Coriolanus.
Tribunes, Patricians, Citizens—what hoe—
Sicinius, *Brutus*, *Coriolanus*, Citizens!
All. Peace, peace, peace, ſtay, hold, peace?
Men. What is about to be?—I am out of breath;
Confuſion's near. I cannot ſpeak.—You Tribunes,
Coriolanus, patience; ſpeak, *Sicinius.*
Sic. Hear me, people—peace.
All. Let's hear our Tribune: peace, ho! ſpeak, ſpeak, ſpeak.
Sic. You are at point to loſe your liberties:
Martius would have all from you: *Martius*,
Whom late you nam'd for Conſul.
Men. Fie, fie, fie,
This is the way to kindle, not to quench.
Sen. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.
Sic. What is the city, but the people?
All. True, the people are the city.
Bru. By the conſent of all, we were eſtabliſh'd
The people's magiſtrates.
All. You ſo remain.
Men. And ſo are like to do.
Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat;
To bring the roof to the foundation,
And bury all, which yet diſtinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.
Sic. This deſerves death.
Bru. Or let us ſtand to our authority,
Or let us loſe it; we do here pronounce,

Upon the part o' th' people, in whoſe power
We were elected theirs, *Martius* is worthy
Of preſent death.
Sic. Therefore lay hold on him;
Bear him to th' rock *Tarpeian*, and from thence
Into deſtruction caſt him.
Bru. Ædiles, ſeize him.
All Ple. Yield, *Martius*, yield.
Men. Hear me one word, 'beſeech you,
Ye Tribunes, hear me but a word —
Ædiles. Peace, peace.
Men. Be that you ſeem, truly your country's friends,
And temp'rately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redreſs.
Bru. Sir, thoſe cold ways,
That ſeem like prudent helps, are very poiſonous,
Where the diſeaſe is violent. Lay hands on him,
And bear him to the rock.
Cor. No, I'll die here; [*Drawing his Sword.*
There's ſome among you have beheld me fighting,
Come try upon your ſelves what you have ſeen me.
Men. Down with that ſword; Tribunes, withdraw a while.
Bru. Lay hands upon him.
Men. Help, help *Martius*, help,
You that be noble, help him young and old.
All. Down with him, down with him.
[*In this mutiny, the* Tribunes, *the* Ædiles, *and the People are beat in.*

SCENE III.

Men. Go, get you to your houſe; be gone, away,
All will be naught elſe.
2 *Sen.* Get you gone, away!
Com. Stand faſt, we have as many friends as enemies.
Men. Shall it be put to that?
Sen. The Gods forbid!
I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy houſe,
Leave us to cure this caſe.
Men. For 'tis a ſore
You cannot tent your ſelf; begone, 'beſeech you.

Com.

Com. Come, Sir, along with us.
Men. I would they were *Barbarians*, as they are,
Though in *Rome* litter'd; not *Romans*, as they are not,
Though calved in the porch o'th' Capitol:
Be gone, be gone, put not your worthy rage
Into your tongue, one time will owe another.
Cor. On fair ground I could beat forty of them.
Men. I could my self, I think, take up a brace
O' th' beſt of them, yea, even the two Tribunes.
Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetick,
And manhood is call'd fool'ry when it ſtands
Againſt a falling fabrick. Will you hence,
Before the tag return, whoſe rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are us'd to bear?
Men. Pray you, be gone:
I'll try if my old wit be in requeſt
With thoſe that have but little; this muſt be patcht
With cloth of any colour.
Com. Come away. [*Exeunt* Coriolanus *and* Cominius.

SCENE IV.

1 *Sen.* This man has marr'd his fortune.
Men. His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter *Neptune* for his trident,
Or *Jove* for's power to thunder: his heart's his mouth:
What his breaſt forges, that his tongue muſt vent;
And being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death.—— [*A noiſe within.*
Here's goodly work.
2 *Sen.* I would they were a-bed.
Men. I would they were in *Tyber*. What the vengeance,
Could he not ſpeak 'em fair?

Enter Brutus *and* Sicinius, *with the rabble again.*

Sic. Where is this viper,
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himſelf?
Men. You worthy Tribunes——
Sic. He ſhall be thrown down the *Tarpeian* rock
With rigorous hands; he hath reſiſted law,
And therefore law ſhall ſcorn him further tryal

Than the ſeverity of publick power,
Which he ſo ſets at nought.
1 *Cit.* He ſhall well know the noble Tribunes are
The people's mouths, and we their hands.
All. He ſhall,
Be ſure on't.
Men. Sir, Sir,——
Sic. Peace.
Men. Do not cry havock, where you ſhould but hunt
With modeſt warrant.
Sic. Sir, how comes it you
Have holp to make this reſcue?
Men. Hear me ſpeak;
As I do know the Conſul's worthineſs,
So can I name his faults——
Sic. Conſul!—what Conſul?
Men. The Conſul *Coriolanus*.
Bru. He the Conſul!—
All. No, no, no, no, no.
Men. If by the Tribune's leave, and yours, good people,
I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two,
The which ſhall turn you to no further harm,
Than ſo much loſs of time.
Sic. Speak briefly then,
For we are peremptory to diſpatch
This viperous traitor; to eject him hence
Were but our danger, and to keep him here
Our certain death; therefore it is decreed
He dies to-night.
Men. Now the good Gods forbid,
That our renowned *Rome*, whoſe gratitude
Tow'rds her deſerving children is enroll'd
In *Jove*'s own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!
Sic. He's a diſeaſe that muſt be cut away.
Men. Oh, he is but a limb, that has diſeaſe;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, eaſie.
What has he done to *Rome*, that's worthy death?
Killing our enemies? the blood he hath loſt
(Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,

By

By many an ounce) he dropt it for his country:
And what is left, to loſe it by his country,
Were to us all that do't, and ſuffer it,
A brand to th' end o'th' world.
Sic. This is clean kam.
Bru. Meerly awry: when he did love his country,
It honour'd him.
Sic. The ſervice of the foot
Being once gangreen'd, it is not then reſpected
For what before it was—
Bru. We'll hear no more.
Purſue him to his houſe, and pluck him thence,
Leſt his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.
Men. One word more, hear me one word:
This tiger-footed rage, when it ſhall find
The harm of unſcann'd ſwiftneſs, will (too late)
Tye leaden pounds to's heels. Proceed by proceſs,
Leſt parties (as he is belov'd) break out,
And ſack great *Rome* with *Romans.*
Bru. If 'twere ſo—
Sic. What do you talk?
Have we not had a taſte of his obedience?
Our *Ædiles* ſmote, our ſelves reſiſted? come—
Men. Conſider this; he hath been bred i'th' wars
Since he could draw a ſword, and is ill-ſchool'd
In boulted language, meal and bran together
He throws without diſtinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he ſhall anſwer by a lawful form,
In peace, to his utmoſt peril.
1 *Sen.* Noble Tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other courſe
Will prove too bloody, and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.
Sic. Noble *Menenius,*
Be you then as the people's officer.
Maſters, lay down your weapons.
Bru. Go not home.
Sic. Meet on the *Forum*; we'll attend you there,

Where if you bring not *Martius*, we'll proceed
In our first way.
Men. I'll go and bring him to you.
Let me desire your company; he must come,
[*To the Senators.*
Or what is worst will follow.
1 *Sen.* Pray let's to him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The House of* Coriolanus.

Enter Coriolanus *with Nobles.*

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears, present me,
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses heels,
Or pile ten hills on the *Tarpeian* rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.

Enter Volumnia.

Noble. You do the nobler.
Cor. I muse, my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy and sell with groats, to shew bare heads
In congregations, yawn, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance stood up
To speak of peace, or war; (I talk of you) [*To his Mother.*
Why did you wish me milder? wou'd you have me
False to my nature? rather say, I play
Truly the man I am.
Vol. Oh, Sir, Sir, Sir.
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.
Cor. Why, let it go—
Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With striving less to be so. Lesser had been
The thwartings of your disposition, if
You had not shew'd *them* how you were dispos'd
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.
Cor. Let them hang.
Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter

Enter Menenius *with the Senators.*

Men. Come, come, you've been too rough, something too-rough:
You muſt return, and mend it.

Sen. There's no remedy,
Unleſs, by not ſo doing, our good city
Cleave in the midſt, and periſh.

Vol. Pray be counſell'd;
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain that leads my uſe of anger
To better vantage.

Men. Well ſaid, noble woman:
Before he ſhould thus ſtoop to th' herd, but that
The violent fit o'th' times craves it as phyſick
For the whole ſtate, I'd put mine armour on,
Which I can ſcarcely bear.

Cor. What muſt I do?

Men. Return to th' Tribunes.

Cor. Well, what then? what then?

Men. Repent what you have ſpoke.

Cor. For them? I cannot do it for the Gods,
Muſt I then do't to them?

Vol. You are too abſolute,
Tho' therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities ſpeak. I've heard you ſay,
Honour and policy, like unſever'd friends,
I' th' war do grow together: grant that, and tell me,
In peace what each of them by th' other loſes,
That they combine not there?

Cor. Tuſh, tuſh —

Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honour in your wars, to ſeem
The ſame you are not, which for your beſt ends
You call your policy: how is't leſs or worſe
That it ſhall hold companionſhip in peace
With honour, as in war, ſince that to both
It ſtands in like requeſt?

Cor. Why force you this?

Vol. Becauſe it lyes on you to ſpeak to th' people:
Not by your own inſtruction, nor by th' matter
Which your heart prompts you to, but with ſuch words

But roated on your tongue ; baſtards, and ſyllables
Of no allowance to your boſom's truth.
Now, this no more diſhonours you at all,
Than to take in a town with gentle words,
Which elſe would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.
I would diſſemble with my nature, where
My fortunes and my friends at ſtake requir'd
I ſhould do ſo in honour. I'm in this
Your Wife, your Son, theſe Senators, the Nobles ; —
And you will rather ſhew our general lowts,
How you can frown, than ſpend a fawn upon 'em,
For the inheritance of their loves, and ſafeguard
Of what that want might ruin.
Men. Noble Lady !
Come go with us, ſpeak fair : you may ſalve ſo
Not what is dangerous preſent, but the loſs
Of what is paſt.
Vol. I pr'ythee now, my ſon,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand,
And thus far having ſtretch'd it (here be with them)
Thy knee buſſing the ſtones ; (for in ſuch buſineſs
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of th' ignorant
More learned than the ears) waving thy hand,
Which ſoften, thus, correcting thy ſtout heart
Now humble as the ripeſt mulberry,
That will not hold the handling ; ſay to them,
Thou art their ſoldier, and being bred in broils
Haſt not the ſoft way, which thou doſt confeſs
Were fit for thee to uſe, as them to claim,
In aſking their good loves, but thou wilt frame
Thy ſelf (forſooth) hereafter theirs ſo far,
As thou haſt power and perſon.
Men. This but done,
Ev'n as ſhe ſpeaks, why, all their hearts were yours :
For they have pardons, being aſk'd, as free,
As words to little purpoſe.
Vol. Pr'ythee now,
Go and be rul'd : altho' I know thou'dſt rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf

Than

Than flatter him in a bower.

Enter Cominius.

Here is *Cominius*.

Com. I have been i'th' market-place, and, Sir, 'tis fit
You have ſtrong party, or defend your ſelf
By calmneſs, or by abſence: all's in anger.

Men. Only fair ſpeech.

Com. I think 'twill ſerve, if he
Can thereto frame his ſpirit.

Vol. He muſt and will:
Pr'ythee now, ſay you will, and go about it.

Cor. Muſt I go ſhew them my unbarbed ſconce?
Muſt my baſe tongue give to my noble heart
A lie, that it muſt bear? well, I will do't:
Yet were there but this ſingle pelt to loſe,
This mould of *Martius*; they to duſt ſhould grind it,
And throw't againſt the wind. To th' market-place!
You've put me now to ſuch a part, which never
I ſhall diſcharge to th' life.

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Vol. Ay, pr'ythee now, ſweet ſon; as thou haſt ſaid
My praiſes made thee firſt a ſoldier; ſo
To have my praiſe for this, perform a part
Thou haſt not done before.

Cor. Well, I muſt do't:
Away, my diſpoſition, and poſſeſs me
Some harlot's ſpirit! my throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch's, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls aſleep! the ſmiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks, and ſchool-boys tears take up
The glaſſes of my ſight! a beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips, and my arm'd knees
Which bow'd but in my ſtirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms! I will not do't,
Leſt I ſurceaſe to honour mine own truth,
And by my body's action teach my mind
A moſt inherent baſeneſs.

Vol. At thy choice then:
To beg of thee, it is my more diſhonour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin, let Thy

Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous ſtoutneſs: for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou liſt.
Thy valiantneſs was mine, thou ſuck'dſt it from me:
But own thy pride thy ſelf.

Cor. Pray be content:
Mother, I'm going to the market-place:
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd
Of all the trades in *Rome*. Look, I am going:
Commend me to my wife. I'll return Conſul,
Or never truſt to what my tongue can do
I' th' way of flattery further.

Vol. Do your will. [*Exit* Volumnia.

Com. Away, the Tribunes do attend you: arm
Your ſelf to anſwer mildly: for they're prepar'd
With accuſations, as I hear, more ſtrong
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is, *mildly*. Pray you, let us go.
Let them accuſe me by invention: I
Will anſwer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then, mildly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The* Forum.

Enter Sicinius *and* Brutus.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannic power: if he evade us there,
Inforce him with his envy to the people,
And that the ſpoil got on the *Antiates*
Was ne'er diſtributed. What, will he come?

Enter an Ædile.

Æd. He's coming.

Bru. How accompanied?

Æd. With old *Menenius*, and thoſe ſenators
That always favour'd him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd;
Set down by th' poll?

Æd. I have; 'tis ready, here.

Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?

Æd.

Æd. I have.

Sic. Assemble presently the people hither,
And when they hear me say, *It shall be so,*
I'th' right and strength o'th' Commons; be it either
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say fine, cry, *Fine!* if death, cry, *Death!*
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power, i' th' truth o' th' cause.

Æd. I will inform them.

Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd
Inforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

Æd. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give't them.

Bru. Go about it. [*Exit Ædile.*
Put him to choler straight; he hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have no word
Of contradiction. Being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temp'rance; then he speaks
What's in his heart; and that is there, which works
With us to break his neck.

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, *and* Cominius, *with Senators.*

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmly I do beseech you.

Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by th' volume: the honour'd Gods
Keep *Rome* in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supply with worthy men, plant love amongst you,
Throng our large temples with the shews of peace,
And not our streets with war!

1 *Sen.* Amen, amen.

Men. A noble wish.

Enter the Ædile with the Plebeians.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

Æd. List to your Tribunes: audience;
Peace, I say.

Cor. First, hear me speak.

Both Tri. Well, say: peace, ho.

Cor.

Cor. Shall I be charg'd no further than this preſent?
Muſt all determine here?
Sic. I do demand,
If you ſubmit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To ſuffer lawful cenſure for ſuch faults
As ſhall be prov'd upon you?
Cor. I am content.
Men. Lo, citizens, he ſays he is content:
The warlike ſervice he has done, conſider;
Think on the wounds his body bears, which ſhew
Like graves i' th' holy church-yard.
Cor. Scratches with briars, ſcars to move laughter only.
Men. Conſider further:
That when he ſpeaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a ſoldier; do not take
His rougher accents for malicious ſounds:
But, as I ſay, ſuch as become a ſoldier,
Rather than envy you.
Com. Well, well, no more.
Cor. What is the matter,
That being paſt for Conſul with full voice,
I'm ſo diſhonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again?
Sic. Anſwer to us.
Cor. Say then: 'tis true, I ought ſo.
Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take
From *Rome* all ſeaſon'd office, and to wind
Your ſelf unto a power tyrannical,
For which you are a traitor to the people.
Cor. How? traitor?
Men. Nay, temperately: your promiſe.
Cor. The fires i' th' loweſt hell fold in the people!
Call me their traitor! thou injurious Tribune!
Within thine eyes ſat twenty thouſand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers; I would ſay,
Thou lieſt, unto thee, with a voice as free,
As I do pray the Gods.
Sic. Mark you this, people?

All,

All. To th' rock with him.
Sic. Peace:
We need not put new matter to his charge:
What you have ſeen him do, and heard him ſpeak,
Beating your officers, curſing your ſelves,
Oppoſing laws with ſtroaks, and here defying
Thoſe whoſe great power muſt try him, even this
So criminal, and in ſuch capital kind,
Deſerves th' extreameſt death.
Bru. But ſince he hath
Serv'd well for *Rome* ——
Cor. What do you prate of ſervice?
Bru. I talk of that, that know it.
Cor. You?——
Men. Is this the promiſe that you made your mother?
Com. Know, I pray you ——
Cor. I'll know no further:
Let them pronounce the ſteep *Tarpeian* death,
Vagabond exile, fleaing, pent to linger
But with a grain a-day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word,
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have't with ſaying, *Good-morrow.*
Sic. For that he has
(As much as in him lyes) from time to time
Envy'd againſt the people, ſeeking means
To pluck away their power; has now at laſt
Giv'n hoſtile ſtroaks, and that not only in preſence
Of dreaded juſtice, but on the miniſters
That do diſtribute it; in the name o' th' people
And in the power of us the Tribunes, we
(Ev'n from this inſtant) baniſh him our city,
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock *Tarpeian*, never more
To enter our *Rome*'s gates. I' th' people's name,
I ſay it ſhall be ſo.
All. It ſhall be ſo, it ſhall be ſo; let him away:
He's baniſh'd, and it ſhall be ſo.
Com. Hear me, my maſters, and my common friends—
Sic. He's ſentenc'd; no more hearing.

Com. Let me ſpeak:
I have been Conſul, and can ſhew for *Rome*
Her enemies marks upon me. I do love
My country's good, with a reſpect more tender,
More holy, and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's eſtimate, her womb's increaſe,
And treaſure of my loyns: then if I would
Speak that ——

Sic. We know your drift. Speak what?

Bru. There's no more to be ſaid, but he is baniſh'd
As enemy to the people, and his country.
It ſhall be ſo.

All. It ſhall be ſo, it ſhall be ſo.

Cor. You common cry of curs, whoſe breath I hate,
As reek o' th' rotten fens; whoſe loves I prize,
As the dead carcaſſes of unburied men,
That do corrupt my air: I baniſh you.
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour ſhake your hearts,
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into deſpair! have the power ſtill
To baniſh your defenders, 'till at length,
Your ignorance (which finds not 'till it feels)
Making but reſervation of your ſelves
(Still your own enemies) deliver you
As moſt abated * captives to ſome nation
That won you without blows! Deſpiſing then,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elſewhere——

[*Exeunt* Coriolanus, Cominius, *and Senators.*

[*The People ſhout, and throw up their caps.*

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

All. Our enemy is baniſh'd; he is gone! Hoo, hoo!

Sic. Go ſee him out at gates, and follow him
As he hath follow'd you; with all deſpight
Give him deſerv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.

* *Abated* here carries the ſenſe of *ſunk and diminiſh'd in ſpirit and courage.*

All.

All. Come, come; let's ſee him out at the gates; come.
The Gods preſerve our noble Tribunes! come. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Gates of Rome.

Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius, *with the young Nobility of* Rome.

Cor. COME, leave your tears: a brief farewel: the beaſt
With many heads butts me away. Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd
To ſay, extremity was the trier of ſpirits,
That common chances common men could bear;
That when the ſea was calm, all boats alike
Shew'd maſterſhip in floating; Fortune's blows
When moſt ſtruck home, being greatly warded, crave
A noble cunning. You were us'd to load me
With precepts that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. O heav'ns! O heav'ns!

Cor. Nay, I pr'ythee woman ——

Vol. Now the red peſtilence ſtrike all trades in *Rome*,
And occupations periſh!

Cor. What! what! what!
I ſhall be lov'd, when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Reſume that ſpirit, when you were wont to ſay,
If you had been the wife of *Hercules*,
Six of his labours you'd have done, and ſav'd
Your huſband ſo much ſweat. *Cominius*,
Droop not; adieu: farewel, my wife, my mother,
I'll do well yet. Thou old and true *Menenius*,
Thy tears are ſalter than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes. My (ſometime) General,
I've ſeen thee ſtern, and thou haſt oft beheld
Heart-hardning ſpectacles. Tell theſe ſad women,
'Tis fond to wail inevitable ſtroaks,
As 'tis to laugh at 'em. Mother, you wot
My hazards ſtill have been your ſolace; and
Believe't not lightly, (tho' I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than ſeen:) your ſon

Will or exceed the common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.
Vol. First, my ſon,
Where will you go? take good *Cominius*
With thee a while; determine on ſome courſe,
More than a wild expoſure to each chance,
That ſtarts i' th' way before thee.
Cor. O the Gods!
Com. I'll follow thee a month, deviſe with thee
Where thou ſhalt reſt, that thou may'ſt hear of us,
And we of thee. So if the time thruſt forth
A cauſe for thy repeal, we ſhall not ſend
O'er the vaſt world, to ſeek a ſingle man,
And loſe advantage, which doth ever cool
I' th' abſence of the needer.
Cor. Fare ye well:
Thou'ſt years upon thee, and thou art too full
Of the war's ſurfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruis'd; bring me but out at gate.
Come, my ſweet wife, my deareſt mother, and
My friends of noble touch: when I am forth,
Bid me farewel, and ſmile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground, you ſhall
Hear from me ſtill, and never of me ought
But what is like me formerly.
Men. That's worthily
As any ear can hear. Come, let's not weep.
If I could ſhake off but one ſeven years
From theſe old arms and legs, by the good Gods
I'd with thee every foot.
Cor. Give me thy hand. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Sicinius *and* Brutus, *with the Ædile.*

Sic. Bid them all home, he's gone; and we'll no further.
Vex'd are the Nobles, who we ſee have ſided
In his behalf.
Bru. Now we have ſhewn our power,
Let us ſeem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a doing.
Sic. Bid them home,

Say

Say their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient ſtrength.
Bru. Diſmiſs them home.
Here comes his mother.
Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, *and* Menenius.
Sic. Let's not meet her.
Bru. Why?
Sic. They ſay ſhe's mad.
Bru. They have ta'en note of us; keep on your way.
Vol. Oh, y'are well met:
The hoorded plague o' th' Gods requite your love!
Men. Peace, peace, be not ſo loud.
Vol. If that I could for weeping, you ſhould hear——
Nay, and you ſhall hear ſome. Will you be gone? [*To* Vir.
You ſhall ſtay too: I would I had the power
To ſay ſo to thy huſband.
Sic. Are you mankind?
Vol. Ay, fool: is that a ſhame? note but this fool.
Was not a man my father? hadſt thou foxſhip
To baniſh him that ſtruck more blows for *Rome*,
Than thou haſt ſpoken words?
Sic. O bleſſed heav'ns!
Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wiſe words,
And for *Rome*'s good — I'll tell thee what — yet go —
Nay, but thou ſhalt ſtay too — I would my ſon
Were in *Arabia*, and thy tribe before him,
His good ſword in his hand.
Sic. What then?
Vol. What then?
He'd make an end of thy poſterity:
Baſtards, and all.
Good man, the wounds that he does bear for *Rome!*
Men. Come, come, peace.
Sic. I would he had continued to his country
As he began, and not unknit himſelf
The noble knot he made.
Bru. I would he had.
Vol. I would he had! — 'twas you incens'd the rabble:
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of thoſe myſteries which heav'n

Will not have earth to know.

Bru. Pray let us go.

Vol. Now, pray, Sir, get you gone.
You've done a brave deed: ere you go, hear this:
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meaneſt houſe in *Rome*; ſo far my ſon,
This Lady's huſband here, this, (do you ſee)
Whom you have baniſh'd, does exceed you all.

Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.

Sic. Why ſtay you to be baited
With one that wants her wits? [*Exe. Tribunes.*

Vol. Take my prayers with you.
I wiſh the Gods had nothing elſe to do,
But to confirm my curſes. Could I meet 'em
But once a-day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lyes heavy to't.

Men. You've told them home,
And by my troth have cauſe: you'll ſup with me?

Vol. Anger's my meat, I ſup upon myſelf,
And ſo ſhall ſtarve with feeding: come, let's go,
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do, [*To Vir.*
In anger, *Juno*-like: come, come, fie, fie! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Antium.

Enter a Roman *and a* Volſcian.

Rom. I know you well, Sir, and you know me: your name, I think, is *Adrian.*

Vol. It is ſo, Sir: truly I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a *Roman*, but my ſervices are as you are, againſt 'em. Know you me yet?

Vol. Nicanor? no.

Rom. The ſame, Sir.

Vol. You had more beard when I laſt ſaw you, but your favour is well afſeer'd by your tongue. What's the news in *Rome?* I have a note from the *Voſcian* ſtate to find you out there. You have well ſaved me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in *Rome* ſtrange inſurrections: the People againſt the Senators, Patricians, and Nobles.

Vol. Hath been! is it ended then? our ſtate thinks not ſo: they are in a moſt warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their diviſion.

Rom.

Rom. The main blaze of it is paſt, but a ſmall thing would make it flame again. For the Nobles receive ſo to heart the baniſhment of that worthy *Coriolanus*, that they are in a ripe aptneſs to take all power from the People, and to pluck from them their Tribunes for ever. This lyes glowing I can tell you, and is almoſt mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. Coriolanus baniſh'd?

Rom. Baniſh'd, Sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence, *Nicanor.*

Rom. The day ſerves well for them now. I have heard it ſaid, the fitteſt time to corrupt a man's wife, is when ſhe's fallen out with her huſband. Your noble *Tullus Aufidius* will appear well in theſe wars, his great oppoſer *Coriolanus* being now in no requeſt with his country.

Vol. He cannot chuſe. I am moſt fortunate thus accidentally to encounter you. You have ended my buſineſs, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I ſhall between this and ſupper tell you moſt ſtrange things from *Rome*; all tending to the good of their adverſaries. Have you an army ready, ſay you?

Vol. A moſt royal one. The centurions and their charges diſtinctly billeted, already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readineſs, and am the man, I think, that ſhall ſet them in preſent action. So, Sir, heartily well met, and moſt glad of your company.

Vol. You take my part from me, Sir, I have the moſt cauſe to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Coriolanus *in mean Apparel, diſguis'd and muffled.*

Cor. A goodly city is this *Antium.* City,
'Tis I that made thy widows: many an heir
Of theſe fair edifices for my wars
Have I heard groan, and drop: then know me not,
Leſt that thy wives with ſpits, and boys with ſtones,
In puny battel ſlay me. Save you, Sir.

Enter a Citizen.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will, where great *Aufidius* lyes: Is he in *Antium?*

Cit.

Cit. He is, and feasts the Nobles of the State, at his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, I beseech you?

Cit. This here before you.

Cit. Thank you, Sir: Farewel. [*Exit Citizen.*

Oh world, thy slippery turns! friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal and exercise
Are still together; who twine (as 'twere) in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissention of a doit, break out
To bittrest enmity. So fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
And inter-join their issues. So with me;
My birth-place have I and my lovers left;
This enemy's house I'll enter; if he slay me,
He does fair justice; if he give me way,
I'll do his country service. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *A Hall in* Aufidius's *House.*

Musick plays. Enter a Serving-man.

1 *Ser.* Wine, wine, wine! what service is here? I think our fellows are asleep. [*Exit.*

Enter another Serving-man.

2 *Ser.* Where's *Cotus?* my master calls for him: *Cotus!* [*Exit.*

Enter Coriolanus.

Cor. A goodly house; the feast smells well; but I Appear not like a guest.

Enter the first Serving-man.

1 *Ser.* What would you have, friend? whence are you? here's no place for you: pray go to the door. [*Exit.*

Cor. I have deserv'd no better entertainment, in being *Coriolanus.*

Enter second Servant.

2 *Ser.* Whence are you, Sir? has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions? pray get you out.

Cor. Away!——

2 *Ser.* Away? —— get you away.

Cor. Now thou'rt troubleſome.

2 *Ser.* Are you ſo brave? I'll have you talk'd with anon.

Enter a third Servant. The firſt meets him.

3 *Ser.* What fellow's this?

1 *Ser.* A ſtrange one as ever I look'd on: I cannot get him out o' th' houſe: pr'ythee call my maſter to him.

3 *Ser.* What have you to do here, fellow? pray you avoid the houſe.

Cor. Let me but ſtand, I will not hurt your hearth.

3 *Ser.* What are you.

Cor. A gentleman.

3 *Ser.* A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True; ſo I am.

3 *Ser.* Pray you, poor gentleman, take up ſome other ſtation, here's no place for you; pray you avoid: come.

Cor. Follow your function, go and batten on cold bits.

[*Puſhes him away from him.*

3 *Ser.* What, will you not? pr'ythee tell my maſter, what a ſtrange gueſt he has here.

2 *Ser.* And I ſhall. [*Exit ſecond Serving-man.*

3 *Ser.* Where dwell'ſt thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

3 *Ser.* Under the canopy?

Cor. Ay.

3 *Ser.* Where's that?

Cor. I' th' city of kites and crows.

3 *Ser.* I' th' city of kites and crows? what an aſs it is! then thou dwell'ſt with daws too?

Cor. No, I ſerve not thy maſter.

3 *Ser.* How, Sir! do you meddle with my maſter?

Cor. Ay, 'tis an honeſter ſervice, than to meddle with thy miſtreſs: thou prat'ſt, and prat'ſt; ſerve with thy trencher: hence! [*Beats him away.*

Enter Aufidius, *with a Serving-man.*

Auf. Where is this fellow?

2 *Ser.* Here, Sir; I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for diſturbing the Lords within.

Auf. Whence com'ſt thou? what would'ſt thou? thy name? Why ſpeak'ſt not? ſpeak, man: what's thy name?

Cor.

Cor. If *Tullus*, yet thou know'ſt me not, and ſeeing me,
Doſt not yet take me for the man I am,
Neceſſity commands me name my ſelf.
Auf. What is thy name?
Cor. A name unmuſical to *Volſcian* ears,
And harſh in ſound to thine.
Auf. Say, what's thy name?
Thou haſt a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn,
Thou ſhew'ſt a noble veſſel: what's thy name?
Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown; know'ſt thou me yet?
Auf. I know thee not; thy name?
Cor. My name is *Caius Martius*, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the *Volſcians*,
Great hurt and miſchief; thereto witneſs may
My Sirname, *Coriolanus*. The painful ſervice,
The extream dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankleſs country, are requited
But with that Sirname; a good memorial,
And witneſs of the malice and diſpleaſure
Which thou ſhould'ſt bear me; only that name remains.
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our daſtard Nobles, who
Have all forſook me, hath devour'd the reſt;
And ſuffer'd me by th' voice of ſlaves to be
Whoop'd out of *Rome*. Now this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth: not out of hope
(Miſtake me not) to ſave my life; for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' th' world
I'd have avoided thee. But in meer ſpite
To be full quit of thoſe my baniſhers,
Stand I before thee here: then if thou haſt
A heart of wreak in thee, that will revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and ſtop thoſe maims
Of ſhame ſeen through thy country, ſpeed thee ſtraight,
And make my miſery ſerve thy turn: ſo uſe it,
That my revengeful ſervices may prove
As benefits to thee. For I will fight
Againſt my canker'd country, with the ſpleen
Of all the under fiends. But if ſo be

Thou

Thou dar'ſt not this, and that to prove more fortunes
Thou'rt tir'd; then in a word I alſo am,
Longer to live, moſt weary; and preſent
My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice:
Which not to cut, would ſhew thee but a fool,
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breaſt,
And cannot live, but to thy ſhame, unleſs
It be to do thee ſervice.

Auf. Oh, *Martius*, *Martius*,
Each word thou'ſt ſpoke hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy. If *Jupiter*
Should from yon cloud ſpeak to me things divine,
And ſay, '*Tis true*; I'd not believe them more
Than thee, all-noble *Martius*. Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where-againſt
My grained aſh an hundred times hath broke,
And ſcar'd the moon with ſplinters: here I clip
The anvil of my ſword, and do conteſt
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious ſtrength I did
Contend againſt thy valour. Know thou firſt,
I lov'd the maid I married: never man
Sigh'd truer breath: but, that I ſee thee here,
Thou noble thing, more dances my rapt heart,
Than when I firſt my wedded miſtreſs ſaw
Beſtride my threſhold. Why, thou *Mars*, I tell thee,
We have a power on foot; and I had purpoſe
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or loſe my arm for't: thou haſt beat me out
Twelve ſeveral times, and I have nightly ſince
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thy ſelf and me:
We have been down together in my ſleep,
Unbuckling helms, fiſting each other's throat,
And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy *Martius*,
Had we no quarrel elſe to *Rome*, but that
Thou art thence baniſh'd, we would muſter all
From twelve to ſeventy; and pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful *Rome*,
Like a bold flood o'er-bear. O come, go in,

And take our friendly Senators by th' hands,
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me.
Who am prepar'd againſt your territories,
Though not for *Rome* it ſelf.

Cor. You bleſs me, Gods!

Auf. Therefore, moſt abſolute Sir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thine own revenges, take
One half of my commiſſion, and ſet down,
As beſt thou art experienc'd, ſince thou know'ſt
Thy country's ſtrength and weakneſs, thine own ways;
Whether to knock againſt the gates of *Rome*,
Or rudely viſit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere deſtroy. But come, come in,
Let me commend thee firſt to thoſe that ſhall
Say yea to thy deſires. A thouſand welcomes,
And more a friend, than e'er an enemy:
Yet, *Martius*, that was much. Your hand; moſt welcome!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Enter two Servants.*

1 *Ser.* Here's a ſtrange alteration.

2 *Ser.* By my hand, I had thought to have ſtrucken him with a cudgel, and yet my mind gave me, his clothes made a falſe report of him.

1 *Ser.* What an arm he has! he turn'd me about with his finger and his thumb, as one would ſet up a top.

2 *Ser.* Nay, I knew by his face that there was ſomething in him. He had, Sir, a kind of face, methought—I cannot tell how to term it.

1 *Ser.* He had ſo: looking, as it were—would I were hang'd but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

2 *Ser.* So did I, I'll be ſworn: he is ſimply the rareſt man i' th' world.

1 *Ser.* I think he is; but a greater ſoldier than he, you wot one.

2 *Ser.* Who? my maſter?

1 *Ser.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 *Ser.* Worth ſix on him.

1 *Ser.* Nay, not ſo neither; but I take him to be the greater ſoldier.

2 *Ser.*

2 *Ser.* 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to ſay that; for the defence of a town, our General is excellent.

1 *Ser.* Ay, and for an aſſault too.

Enter a third Servant.

3 *Ser.* Oh ſlaves, I can tell you news; news, you raſcals.

Both. What, what, what? let's partake.

3 *Ser.* I would not be a *Roman*, of all nations; I had as lieve be a condemn'd man.

Both. Wherefore? wherefore?

3 *Ser.* Why here's he that was wont to thwack our General, *Caius Martius.*

1 *Ser.* Why do you ſay, thwack our General?

3 *Ser.* I do not ſay thwack our General, but he was always good enough for him.

2 *Ser.* Come, we are fellows and friends; he was ever too hard for him, I have heard him ſay ſo himſelf.

1 *Ser.* He was too hard for him directly, to ſay the troth on't: before *Corioli*, he ſcotcht him and notcht him like a carbonado.

2 *Ser.* And, had he been cannibally given, he might have broil'd and eaten him too.

1 *Ser.* But more of thy news.

3 *Ser.* Why, he is ſo made on here within, as if he were ſon and heir to *Mars:* ſet at upper end o' th' table; no queſtion aſk'd him by any of the Senators, but they ſtand bald before him. Our General himſelf makes a miſtreſs of him, ſanctifies himſelf with's hands, and turns up the white o' th' eye to his diſcourſe. But the bottom of the news is, our General is cut i' th' middle, and but one half of what he was yeſterday. For the other has half, by the intreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he ſays, and ſowle the porter of *Rome* gates by th' ears. He will mow down all before him, and leave his paſſage poll'd.

2 *Ser.* And he's as like to do't as any man I can imagine.

3 *Ser.* Do't! he will do't: for look you, Sir, he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, Sir, as it were durſt not (look you, Sir) ſhew themſelves (as we term it) his friends, whilſt he's in directitude.

1 *Ser.* Directitude! what's that?

3 *Ser.* But when they ſhall ſee, Sir, his creſt up again and the man in blood, they will out of their burroughs (like conies after rain) and revel all with him.

1 *Ser.* But when goes this forward?

3 *Ser.* To morrow, to-day, preſently, you ſhall have the drum ſtruck up this afternoon: 'tis as it were a parcel of their feaſt, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 *Ser.* Why then we ſhall have a ſtirring world again: this peace is worth nothing, but to ruſt iron, encreaſe tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 *Ser.* Let me have war, ſay I; it exceeds peace, as far as day does night; it's ſprightly, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy, mull'd, deaf, ſleepy, inſenſible, a getter of more baſtard children than war's a deſtroyer of men.

2 *Ser.* 'Tis ſo, and as war in ſome ſort may be ſaid to be a raviſher, ſo it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 *Ser.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 *Ser.* Reaſon; becauſe they then leſs need one another: the wars for my mony. I hope to ſee *Romans* as cheap as *Voſcians*. They are riſing, they are riſing.

Both. In, in, in, in. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *ROME.*

Enter Sicinius *and* Brutus.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;
His remedies are tame: the preſent peace
And quietneſs of the people, which before
Were in wild hurry here, do make his friends
Bluſh, that the world goes well; who rather had,
Though they themſelves did ſuffer by't, beheld
Diſſentious numbers peſt'ring ſtreets, than ſee
Our tradeſmen ſinging in their ſhops, and going
About their functions friendly.

Enter Menenius.

Bru. We ſtood to't in good time. Is this *Menenius?*

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown moſt kind of late, Hail, Sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your *Coriolanus* is not much miſs'd, but with his friends;

friends; the common-wealth doth ſtand, and ſo would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well, and might have been much better, if he could have temporiz'd.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing:
His mother and his wife hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

All. The Gods preſerve you both!

Sic. Good-e'en, neighbours.

Sic. Good-e'en to you all, good-e'en to you all.

1 *Cit.* Our ſelves, our wives, and children, on our knees
Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live and thrive!

Bru. Farewel, kind neighbours: we wiſh'd *Coriolanus*
Had lov'd you, as we did.

All. Now the Gods keep you!

Both Tri. Farewel, farewel. [*Exeunt Citizens.*

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time,
Than when theſe fellows ran about the ſtreets,
Crying confuſion.

Bru. *Caius Martius* was
A worthy officer i' th' war, but inſolent,
O'er-come with pride, ambitious paſt all thinking,
Self-loving.

Sic. And affecting one ſole throne,
Without aſſiſtants.

Men. Nay, I think not ſo.

Sic. We had by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth Conſul, found it ſo.

Bru. The Gods have well prevented it, and *Rome*
Sits ſafe and ſtill without him.

Enter Ædile.

Æd. Worthy Tribunes,
There is a ſlave, whom we have put in priſon,
Reports the *Volſcians* with two ſeveral powers
Are entred in the *Roman* territories,
And with the deepeſt malice of the war
Deſtroy what lyes before 'em.

Men. 'Tis *Auſidius*,

Who hearing of our *Martius'* baniſhment,
Thruſts forth his horns again into the world;
Which were in-ſhell'd, when *Martius* ſtood for *Rome*,
And durſt not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you of *Martius?*

Bru. Go ſee this rumourer whipt. It cannot be,
The *Volſcians* dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be!
We have record that very well it can,
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reaſon with the fellow
Before you puniſh him, where he heard this,
Leſt you ſhall chance to whip your information,
And beat the meſſenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me:
I know this cannot be.

Bru. Not poſſible.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. The Nobles in great earneſtneſs are going
All to the Senate-houſe; ſome news is come
That turns their countenances.

Sic. 'Tis this ſlave:
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes: his raiſing!
Nothing but his report!

Meſ. Yes, worthy Sir,
The ſlave's report is ſeconded, and more,
More fearful is delivered.

Sic. What more fearful?

Meſ. It is ſpoke freely out of many mouths,
How probable I do not know, that *Martius*,
Join'd with *Aufidius*, leads a power 'gainſt *Rome*,
And vows revenge as ſpacious, as between
The young'ſt and oldeſt thing.

Sic. This is moſt likely!

Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker ſort may wiſh
Good *Martius* home again.

Sic. The very trick on't.

Men. This is unlikely.

He and *Aufidius* can no more attone
Than violenteſt contrarieties.

Enter another Meſſenger.

2 *Meſ.* You are ſent for to the Senate:
A fearful army, led by *Caius Martius*,
Aſſociated with *Aufidius*, rages
Upon our territories, they've already
O'er-born their way, conſum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter Cominius.

Com. Oh, you have made good work.

Men. What news? what news?

Com. You have holp to raviſh your own daughters, and
To melt the city-leads upon your pates,
To ſee your wives diſhonour'd to your noſes.

Men. What's the news? what's the news?

Com. Your temples burned in their cement, and
Your franchiſes, whereon you ſtood, confin'd
Into an augre's bore.

Men. Pray now the news?
You've made fair work, I fear me: pray, your news?
If *Martius* ſhould be joyn'd with the *Volſcians*, —

Com. If? he is their God, he leads them like a thing
Made by ſome other deity than nature,
That ſhapes man better; and they follow him
Againſt us brats, with no leſs confidence,
Than boys purſuing ſummer butter-flies,
Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You've made good work,
You and your apron-men; that ſtood ſo much
Upon the voice of occupation, and
The breath of garlick-eaters.

Com. He'll ſhake your *Rome*
About your ears.

Men. As *Hercules* did ſhake
Down mellow fruit: ſo you have made fair work.

Bru. But is this true, Sir?

Com. Ay, and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do ſmilingly revolt, and who reſiſt

Are only mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And periſh conſtant fools: who is't can blame him?
Your enemies and his find ſomething in him.
Men. We're all undone, unleſs
The noble man have mercy.
Com. Who ſhall aſk it?
The Tribunes cannot do't for ſhame; the people
Deſerve ſuch pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the ſhepherds: his beſt friends, if they
Shou'd ſay, *Be good to* Rome, they charge him even
As thoſe ſhould do that had deſerv'd his hate,
And therein ſhew'd like enemies.
Men. 'Tis true.
If he were putting to my houſe the brand
That would conſume it, I have not the face
To ſay, '*Beſeech you, ceaſe.* You've made fair hands,
You and your crafts! you've crafted fair!
Com. You've brought
A trembling upon *Rome*, ſuch as was never
So incapable of help.
Tri. Say not we brought it.
Men. How? was it we? we lov'd him; but, like beaſts
And coward nobles, gave way to your cluſters,
Who hooted him out o' th' city.
Com. But I fear
They'll roar him in again. *Tullus Aufidius*,
The ſecond name of men, obeys his 'points
As if he were his officer: deſperation
Is all the policy, ſtrength, and defence
That *Rome* can make againſt them.

SCENE VII. *Enter a Troop of Citizens.*

Men. Here come the cluſters.—
And is *Aufidius* with him?—You are they
That made the air unwholſome, when you caſt
Your ſtinking, greaſie caps, in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming,
And not a hair upon a ſoldier's head
Which will not prove a whip: as many coxcombs,
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter,

If

If he ſhould burn us all into one coal,
We have deſerv'd it.

Omnes. 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 *Cit.* For mine own part,
When I ſaid *baniſh him,* I ſaid 'twas pity.

2 *Cit.* And ſo did I.

3 *Cit.* And ſo did I; and to ſay the truth, ſo did very many of us; that we did, we did for the beſt: and tho' we willingly conſented to his baniſhment, yet it was againſt our will.

Com. Y're goodly things; you voices!——

Men. You have made you good work,
You and your cry. Shall's to the Capitol?

Com. Oh, ay, what elſe? [*Exeunt.*

Sic. Go, maſters, get you home, be not diſmay'd.
Theſe are a ſide, that would be glad to have
This true, which they ſo ſeem to fear. Go home,
And ſhew no ſign of fear.

1 *Cit.* The Gods be good to us! come, maſters, let's home. I ever ſaid we were i' th' wrong, when we baniſh'd him.

2 *Cit.* So did we all; but come, let's home. [*Ex. Cit.*

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol; would half my wealth
Would buy this for a lie!

Sic. Pray let us go. [*Exeunt Tribunes.*

SCENE VIII.

A Camp at a ſmall diſtance from Rome.

Enter Aufidius *with his Lieutenant.*

Auf. Do they ſtill flie to th' *Roman?*

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in him; but
Your ſoldiers uſe him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end:
And you are darken'd in this action, Sir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now,
Unleſs, by uſing means, I lame the foot
Of our deſign. He bears himſelf more proudly
Even to my perſon, than I thought he would

When

When firſt I did embrace him. Yet his nature
In that's no changling, and I muſt excuſe
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wiſh, Sir,
(I mean for your particular) you had not
Join'd in commiſſion with him; but had born
The action of your ſelf, or elſe to him
Had left it ſolely.

Auf. I underſtand thee well, and be thou ſure,
When he ſhall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge againſt him: though it ſeems,
And ſo he thinks, and is no leſs apparent
To th' vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And ſhews good huſbandry for the *Volſcian* ſtate,
Fights dragon-like, and does atchieve as ſoon
As draw his ſword; yet he hath left undone
That which ſhall break his neck, or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beſeech, think you he'll carry *Rome?*

Auf. All places yield to him ere he ſits down,
And the Nobility of *Rome* are his:
The Senators and Patricians love him too:
The Tribunes are no ſoldiers; and their people
Will be as raſh in the repeal, as haſty
To expel him thence. I think he'll be to *Rome*
As is the oſprey to the fiſh, who takes it
By ſovereignty of nature. Firſt, he was
A noble ſervant to them, but he could not
Carry his honours even; whether pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether defect of judgment,
To fail in the diſpoſing of thoſe chances
Whereof he was the Lord; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From th' caſk to th' cuſhion, but commanding peace
Even with the ſame auſterity and garb,
As he controll'd the war; but one of theſe,
(As he hath ſpices of them all, not all,
For I dare ſo far free him) made him fear'd,
So hated, and ſo baniſh'd; but he has merit

Tho'

Tho' choaks it in the utt'rance: ſo our virtues
Lye in th' interpretation of the time;
And power, in it ſelf moſt commendable,
Hath not a tomb ſo evident as a chair
T'extol what it hath done.
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Right's by right foiled, ſtrengths by ſtrengths do fail.
Come, let's away; when, *Caius*, *Rome* is thine,
Thou'rt poor'ſt of all, then ſhortly art thou mine. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

ROME. *Enter* Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius, Brutus, *with others.*

Men. NO, I'll not go: you hear what he hath ſaid
Which was ſometime his General; who lov'd him
In a moſt dear particular. He call'd me father:
But what o' that? go you that baniſh'd him,
A mile before his tent fall down, and knee
The way into his mercy: nay, if he coy'd
To hear *Cominius* ſpeak, I'll keep at home.
Com. He would not ſeem to know me.
Men. Do you hear?
Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name:
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. *Coriolanus*
He would not anſwer to; forbad all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleleſs,
'Till he had forg'd himſelf a name o' th' fire
Of burning *Rome.*
Men. Why, ſo; you've made good work:
A pair of Tribunes, that have ſack'd fair *Rome*,
To make coals cheap: a noble memory!
Com. I minded him how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was leaſt expected. He reply'd,
It was a bare petition of a ſtate
To one whom they had puniſh'd.
Men. Very well, could he ſay leſs?
Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For's private friends. His anſwer to me was,

He

He could not ſtay to pick them, in a pile
Of noiſome muſty chaff. He ſaid, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt
And ſtill to noſe th' offence.
Men. For one poor grain
Or two? I'm one of thoſe: his mother, wife,
His child, and this brave fellow, we're the grains;
You are the muſty chaff, and you are ſmelt
Above the moon. We muſt be burnt for you.
Sic. Nay, pray be patient: if you refuſe your aid
In this ſo-never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid's with our diſtreſs. But ſure if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the inſtant army we can make,
Might ſtop our country-man.
Men. No: I'll not meddle.
Sic. Pray you go to him.
Men. Why? what ſhould I do?
Bru. Only make tryal what your love can do
For *Rome*, tow'rds *Martius*.
Men. Well, and ſay that *Martius*
Return me, as *Cominius* is return'd,
Unheard, but as a diſcontented friend
Grief-ſhot with his unkindneſs: and what then?
Sic. Say it be ſo; yet your good will, *Menenius*,
Muſt have the thanks of *Rome* after the meaſure
As you intended well.
Men. I'll undertake it:
I think he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good *Cominius*, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well, he had not din'd.
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We powt upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we've ſtuff'd
Theſe pipes, and theſe conveyances of blood
With wine and feeding, we have ſuppler ſouls
Than in our prieſt-like faſts: therefore I'll watch him
'Till he be dieted to my requeſt,
And then I'll ſet upon him.
Bru. You know the very road into his kindneſs,
And cannot loſe your way.

Men.

Men. Good faith, I'll prove him,
Speed how it will. You ſhall ere long have knowledge
Of my ſucceſs. [*Exit.*

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic. Not?

Com. I tell you, he does ſit in gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burn *Rome*; and his injury
The goaler to his pity. I kneel'd before him,
'Twas very faintly he ſaid, *Riſe:* diſmiſs'd me
Thus with his ſpeechleſs hand. What he would do,
He ſent in writing after; what he would not,
Bound with an oath, not yield to new conditions:
So that all hope is vain, unleſs from's mother
And wife, who (as I hear) mean to ſollicit him
For mercy to his country: therefore let's hence,
And with our fair intreaties haſte them on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The* Volſcian *Camp.*

Enter Menenius *to the Watch or Guard.*

1 *Watch.* Stay: whence are you?

2 *Watch.* Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men, 'tis well. But by your leave
I am an officer of ſtate, and come
To ſpeak with *Coriolanus.*

1 *Watch.* Whence?

Men. From *Rome.*

1 *Watch.* You may not paſs, you muſt return: our Ge-
Will no more hear from thence. [neral

2 *Watch.* You'll ſee your *Rome* embrac'd with fire, before
You'll ſpeak with *Coriolanus.*

Men. Good my friends,
If you have heard your General talk of *Rome,*
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,
My name hath touch'd your ears; it is *Menenius.*

1 *Watch.* Be it ſo, go back; the virtue of your name
Is not here paſſable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy General is my lover: I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd haply amplified;
For I have ever magnified my friends,

(Of

(Of whom he's chief) to all the ſize that verity
Would without lapſing ſuffer: nay, ſometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a ſubtle ground
I've tumbled paſt the throw; and in his praiſe
Have, almoſt, ſtamp'd the leaſing. Therefore, fellow,
I muſt have leave to paſs.

1 *Watch.* 'Faith, Sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf, as you have utter'd words in your own, you ſhould not paſs here: no, though it were as virtuous to lie, as to live chaſtly. Therefore go back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is *Menenius*, always factionary of the party of your General.

2 *Watch.* Howſoever you have been his liar, as you ſay you have; I am one that telling true under him, muſt ſay you cannot paſs. Therefore go back.

Men. Has he din'd, canſt thou tell? for I would not ſpeak with him 'till after dinner.

1 *Watch.* You are a *Roman*, are you?

Men. I am as thy General is.

1 *Watch.* Then you ſhould hate *Rome*, as he does. Can you, when you have puſh'd out of your gates the very defender of them, and in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your ſhield, think to front his revenges with the eaſie groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palſied interceſſion of ſuch a decay'd dotard as you ſeem to be? can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with ſuch weak breath as this? no, you are deceiv'd, therefore back to *Rome*, and prepare for your execution: you are condemn'd, our General has ſworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy Captain knew I were here, he would uſe me with eſtimation.

1 *Watch.* Come, my Captain knows you not.

Men. I mean thy General.

1 *Watch.* My General cares not for you. Back, I ſay, go; leſt I let forth your half pint of blood, that's the utmoſt of your having; back, back.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow.

Enter Coriolanus *with* Auſidius.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men.

Men. Now, you companion, I'll ſay an errand for you; you ſhall know now that I am in eſtimation; you ſhall preceive, that a jack-gardant cannot office me from my ſon *Coriolanus*; gueſs by my entertainment with him, if thou ſtand'ſt not i' th' ſtate of hanging, or of ſome death more long in ſpectatorſhip, and crueller in ſuffering; behold now preſently, and ſwoon for what's to come upon thee.—— The glorious Gods ſit in hourly ſynod about thy particular proſperity, and love thee no worſe than thy old father *Menenius* does! O my ſon, my ſon! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly mov'd to come to thee; but being aſſured none but my ſelf could move thee, I have been blown out of our gates with ſighs, and conjure thee to pardon *Rome*, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good Gods aſſwage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this, who like a block hath denied my acceſs to thee——

Cor. Away!

Men. How, away!

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs
Are ſervanted to others: though I owe
My revenge properly, remiſſion lies
In *Volſcian* breaſts. That we have been familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulneſs ſhall priſon, rather
Than pity note how much. Therefore be gone;
Mine ears againſt your ſuits are ſtronger than
Your gates againſt my force. Yet for I loved thee,
Take this along; I writ it for thy ſake, [*Gives him a letter.*
And would have ſent it. Another word, *Menenius*,
I will not hear thee ſpeak. This man, *Aufidius*,
Was my belov'd in *Rome*; yet thou behold'ſt——

Auf. You keep a conſtant temper. [*Exeunt.*

Manent the Guard and Menenius.

1 *Watch.* Now, Sir, is your name *Menenius?*

2 *Watch.* 'Tis a ſpell you ſee of much power: you know the way home again.

1 *Watch.* Do you hear how we are ſhent for keeping your Greatneſs back?

2 *Watch.* What cauſe do you think I have to ſwoon?

Men. I neither care for th' world, nor your General:

for ſuch things as you, I can ſcarce think there's any, y'are ſo ſlight. He that hath a will to die by himſelf, fears it not from another: let your General do his worſt. For you, be what you are, long! and your miſery encreaſe with your age! I ſay to you, as I was ſaid to, *Away!* [*Exit.*

1 *Watch.* A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 *Watch.* The worthy fellow is our General. He's the rock, the oak not to be wind-ſhaken. [*Ex. Watch.*

SCENE III.

Re-enter Coriolanus *and* Aufidius.

Cor. We will before the walls of *Rome* to-morrow
Set down our hoſt. My partner in this action,
You muſt report to th' *Volſcian* Lords how plainly
I've born this buſineſs.

Auf. Only their ends you have reſpected; ſtopt
Your ears againſt the general ſuit of *Rome:*
Never admitted private whiſper, no
Not with ſuch friends that thought them ſure of you.

Cor. This laſt old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have ſent to *Rome,*
Lov'd me above the meaſure of a father:
Nay, Godded me indeed. Their lateſt refuge,
Was to ſend him: for whoſe old love, I have
(Tho' I ſhew'd ſow'rly to him) once more offer'd
The firſt conditions, which they did refuſe,
And cannot now accept, to grace him only,
That thought he could do more: a very little
I've yielded to. Freſh embaſſie, and ſuits,
Nor for the ſtate, nor private friends hereafter
Will I lend ear to.—Ha! what ſhift is this?
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the ſame time 'tis made? I will not——

Enter Virgilia, Volumnia, Valeria, *young* Martius, *with Attendants, all in Mourning.*

My wife comes foremoſt, then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grand-child to her blood. But out, affection,
All bond and privilege of Nature break!
Let it be virtuous, to be obſtinate.
What is that curt'ſie worth? or thoſe dove's eyes,

Which

Which can make Gods forſworn? I melt, and am not
Of ſtronger earth than others: my mother bows,
As if *Olympus* to a mole-hill ſhould
In ſupplication nod; and my young boy
Hath an aſpect of interceſſion, which
Great Nature cries, *Deny not.* Let the *Volſcians*
Plough *Rome*, and harrow *Italy*; I'll never
Be ſuch a goſling to obey inſtinct: but ſtand
As if a man were author of himſelf,
And knew no other kin.

Vir. My lord and huſband!

Cor. Theſe eyes are not the ſame I wore in *Rome.*

Vir. The ſorrow that delivers us thus chang'd,
Makes you think ſo.

Cor. Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full diſgrace. Beſt of my fleſh,
Forgive my tyranny, but do not ſay,
For that, *Forgive our* Romans.—O, a kiſs
Long as my exile, ſweet as my revenge!
Now by the jealous Queen of heav'n, that kiſs
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er ſince.——You Gods! I prate,
And the moſt noble mother of the world
Leave unſaluted: ſink, my knee, i' th' earth; [*Kneels.*
Of *thy* deep duty more impreſſion ſhew
Than that of common ſons.

Vol. O ſtand up bleſt!
Whilſt with no ſoſter cuſhion than the flint
I kneel before thee, and unproperly
Shew duty as miſtaken all the while, [*Kneels.*
Between the child and parent.

Cor. What is this?
Your knees to me? to your corrected ſon?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillop the ſtars: then, let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainſt the fiery ſun:
Murd'ring impoſſibility, to make
What cannot be, ſlight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior,

I holp to frame thee. Do you know this lady?
Cor. The noble ſiſter of *Popliçola:*
The moon of *Rome*, chaſte as the icicle
That's curdled by the froſt from pureſt ſnow,
And hangs on *Dian*'s temple: dear *Valeria*—
Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,
[*Shewing young* Martius.
Which by th' interpretation of full time
May ſhew like all your ſelf.
Cor. The God of ſoldiers,
With the conſent of ſupream *Jove*, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleneſs, that thou may'ſt prove
To ſhame invulnerable, and ſtick i'th' wars
Like a great ſea-mark, ſtanding every flaw,
And ſaving thoſe that eye thee!
Vol. Your knee, ſirrah.
Cor. That's my brave boy.
Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and my ſelf,
Are ſuitors to you.
Cor. I beſeech you, peace:
Or if you'd aſk, remember this before;
The thing I have foreſworn to grant, may never
Be held by you denial. Do not bid me
Diſmiſs my ſoldiers, or capitulate
Again with *Rome*'s mechanicks. Tell me not
Wherein I ſeem unnatural: deſire not
T' allay my rages and revenges, with
Your colder reaſons.
Vol. Oh, no more: no more:
You've ſaid you will not grant us any thing:
For we have nothing elſe to aſk, but that
Which you deny already: yet we will aſk,
That if we fail in our requeſt, the blame
May hang upon your hardneſs; therefore hear us.
Cor. *Aufidius*, and you *Volſcians*, mark; for we'll
Hear nought from *Rome* in private.——Your requeſt?
Vol. Should we be ſilent and not ſpeak, our raiment
And ſtate of bodies would bewray what life
We've led ſince thy exile. Think with thy ſelf,
How more unfort'nate than all living women

Are

Are we come hither; ſince thy ſight, which ſhould
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
Conſtrains them weep, and ſhake with fear and ſorrow;
Making the mother, wife, and child to ſee,
The ſon, the huſband, and the father tearing
His country's bowels out: and to poor us
Thine enmity's moſt capital; thou barr'ſt us
Our prayers to the Gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy. For how can we,
Alas! how can we, for our country pray,
Whereto we're bound, together with thy victory,
Whereto we're bound? Alack, or we muſt loſe
The country, our dear nurſe; or elſe thy perſon,
Our comfort in the country. We muſt find
An eminent calamity, tho' we had
Our wiſh, which ſide ſhou'd win. For either thou
Muſt, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles along our ſtreets, or elſe
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,
And bear the palm for having bravely ſhed
Thy wife and children's blood. For my ſelf, ſon,
I purpoſe not to wait on fortune, 'till
Theſe wars determine: if I can't perſwade thee
Rather to ſhew a noble grace to both parts,
Than ſeek the end of one; thou ſhalt not ſooner
March to aſſault thy country, than to tread
(Truſt to't, thou ſhalt not) on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.

Vir. Ay, and mine too,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.

Boy. He ſhall not tread on me:
I'll run away 'till I'm bigger, but then I'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderneſs to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to ſee:
I've ſat too long.

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus:
If it were ſo, that our requeſt did tend
To ſave the *Romans*, thereby to deſtroy

The *Volſcians* whom you ſerve, you might condemn us,
As poyſoners of your honour. No; our ſuit
Is that you reconcile them: while the *Volſcians*
May ſay, *This mercy we have ſhew'd*; the *Romans*,
This we receiv'd; and each in either ſide
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, *Be bleſt*
For making up this peace! Thou know'ſt, great ſon,
The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,
That if thou conquer *Rome*, the benefit
Which thou ſhalt thereby reap, is ſuch a name,
Whoſe repetition will be dogg'd with curſes:
Whoſe chronicle thus writ, *The man was noble*——
But with his laſt attempt he wip'd it out,
Deſtroy'd his country, and his name remains
To th' enſuing age, abhorr'd. Speak to me, ſon:
Thou haſt affected the firſt ſtrains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the Gods;
Who tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' th' air,
And yet do charge their ſulphur with a bolt,
That ſhall but rive an oak. Why doſt not ſpeak?
Think'ſt thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, ſpeak you:
He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou, boy;
Perhaps thy childiſhneſs will move him more
Than can our reaſons. There's no man in the world
More bound to's mother, yet here he lets me prate
Like one i' th' ſtocks. Thou'ſt never in thy life
Shew'd thy dear mother any courteſie;
When ſhe (poor hen) fond of no ſecond brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and ſafely home
Loaden with honour. Say my requeſt's unjuſt,
And ſpurn me back: but if it be not ſo,
Thou art not honeſt, and the Gods will plague thee
That thou reſtrain'ſt from me the duty, which
To a mother's part belongs. He turns away:
Down, ladies; let us ſhame him with our knees.
To his ſir-name *Coriolanus* 'longs more pride,
Than pity to our pray'rs. Down; and end;
This is the laſt. So we will home to *Rome*,
And die among our neighbours: nay, behold us.

This

This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels, and holds up hands for fellowſhip,
Does reaſon our petition with more ſtrength
Than thou haſt to deny't. Come, let us go:
This fellow had a *Volſcian* to his mother:
His wife is in *Corioli*, and this child
Like him by chance; yet give us our diſpatch:
I'm huſht until our city be afire,
And then I'll ſpeak a little.

Cor. Mother, mother!— [*Holds her by the hands, ſilent.*
What have you done? behold, the heav'ns do ope,
The Gods look down, and this unnatural ſcene
They laugh at. Oh, my mother, mother! oh!
You've won a happy victory to *Rome:*
But for your ſon, believe it, oh, believe it,
Moſt dang'rouſly you have with him prevail'd,
If not moſt mortal to him. Let it come:—
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good *Aufidius*,
Were you in my ſtead, ſay, would you have heard
A mother leſs? or granted leſs, *Aufidius?*

Auf. I too was mov'd.

Cor. I dare be ſworn you were;
And, Sir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to ſweat compaſſion. But, good Sir,
What peace you'll make, adviſe me: for my part,
I'll not to *Rome*, I'll back with you, and pray you
Stand to me in this cauſe. O mother! wife!

Auf. I'm glad thou'ſt ſet thy mercy and thy honour
At difference in thee, out of that I'll work
My ſelf my former fortune. [*Aſide.*

Cor. Ay, by and by;
But we will drink together; and you ſhall bear
[*To* Volumnia, Virg. &c.
A better witneſs back than words, which we
On like conditions will have counterſeal'd.
Come, enter with us.

Auf. Ladies, you deſerve
To have a temple built you: all the ſwords

In *Italy*, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Rome.

Enter Menenius *and* Sicinius.

Men. See you yond' coin o'th' Capitol, yond' corner ſtone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be poſſible for you to diſplace it with your little finger, there is ſome hope the ladies of *Rome*, eſpecially his mother, may prevail with him. But I ſay there is no hope in't, our throats are ſentenc'd, and ſtay upon execution.

Sic. Is't poſſible that ſo ſhort a time can alter the condition of a man?

Men. There is difference between a grub and a butterfly, yet your butterfly was a grub; this *Martius* is grown from man to dragon: he has wings, he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He lov'd his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me; and he no more remembers his mother now, than an eight years old horſe. The tartneſs of his face ſours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground ſhrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corſlet with his eye: talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He ſits in his ſtate as a thing made for *Alexander*. What he bids be done is finiſh'd with his bidding. He wants nothing of a God, but eternity and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother ſhall bring from him; there is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tyger; that ſhall our poor city find; and all this is long of you.

Sic. The Gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in ſuch a caſe the Gods will not be good unto us. When we baniſh'd him, we reſpected not them: and he returning to break our necks, they reſpect not us.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Sir, if you'd ſave your life, fly to your houſe;
The Plebeians have got your fellow-tribune,
And hale him up and down, all ſwearing, if
The *Roman* ladies bring not comfort home,

They'll

They'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Sic. What's the news?

Meſ. Good news, good news, the ladies have prevail'd,
The *Volſcians* are diſlodged, and *Martius* gone:
A merrier day did never yet greet *Rome*,
No, not th' Expulſion of the *Tarquins*.

Sic. Friend,
Art certain this is true? is it moſt certain?

Meſ. As certa n as I know the ſun is fire:
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?
Ne'er through an arch ſo hurried the blown tide,
As the recomforted through th' gates. Why, hark you;

[*Trumpets, Hautboys, Drums beat, all together.*

The trumpets, ſackbuts, pſalteries and fifes,
Tabors and cymbals, and the ſhouting *Romans*
Make the ſun dance. Hark you. [*A ſhout within.*

Men. This is good news:
I will go meet the ladies. This *Volumnia*
Is worth of Conſuls, Senators, Patricians,
A city full: of Tribunes, ſuch as you,
A ſea and land full. You've pray'd well to-day:
This morning, for ten thouſand of your throats
I'd not have given a doit. Hark how they joy.

[*Sound ſtill with the ſhouts.*

Sic. Firſt, the Gods bleſs you for your tidings! next,
Accept my thankfulneſs.

Meſ. Sir, we have all great cauſe to give great thanks.

Sic. They're near the city?

Meſ. Almoſt at point to enter.

Sic. We'll meet them, and help the joy. [*Exeunt.*

Enter two Senators with the Ladies paſſing over the ſtage, with other Lords.

Sen. Behold our patroneſs, the life of *Rome*:
Call all your tribes together, praiſe the Gods,
And make triumphant fires: ſtrew flowers before them:
Unſhout the noiſe that baniſh'd *Martius*;
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother:
Cry, *Welcome, Ladies, welcome!*

All.

All. Welcome, Ladies, welcome! [*Exeunt.*
[*A flouriſh with the drums and trumpets.*

SCENE V. Antium.

Enter Tullus Aufidius, *with Attendants.*

Auf. Go tell the Lords o' th' city, I am here:
Deliver them this paper: having read it,
Bid them repair to th' market-place, where I,
Even in theirs and in the common ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. He I accuſe
The city ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends t' appear before the people, hoping
To purge himſelf with words. Diſpatch.
Enter three or four Conſpirators of Aufidius's *faction.*
Moſt welcome!

1 *Con.* How is it with our General?

Auf. Even ſo,
As with a man by his own alms impoyſon'd,
And with his charity ſlain.

2 *Con.* Moſt noble Sir,
If you do hold the ſame intent, wherein
You wiſh'd us parties; we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell;
We muſt proceed as we do find the people.

3 *Con.* The people will remain uncertain, whilſt
'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either
Makes the ſurvivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it;
And my pretext to ſtrike at him admits
A good conſtruction. I rais'd him, and pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth; who being ſo heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing ſo my friends; and to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unſwayable, and fierce.

3 *Con.* His ſtoutneſs, Sir,
When he did ſtand for Conſul, which he loſt
By lack of ſtooping——

Auf. That I would have ſpoke of:
Being baniſh'd for't, he came unto my hearth,

Preſented

Preſented to my knife his throat; I took him,
Made him joint ſervant with me; gave him way
In all his own deſires; nay, let him chuſe
Out of my files, his projects to accompliſh,
My beſt and freſheſt men; ſerv'd his deſignments
In mine own perſon; holp to reap the fame
Which he did make all his; and took ſome pride
To do my ſelf this wrong; 'till at the laſt,
I ſeem'd his follower, not partner; and
He wag'd with me his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.

1 *Con.* So he did, my Lord:
The army marvell'd at it, and at laſt
When he had carried *Rome*, and that we look'd
For no leſs ſpoil, than glory——

Auf. There was it:
For which my ſinews ſhall be ſtretch'd upon him:
At a few drops of womens rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he ſold the blood and labour
Of our great action; therefore ſhall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But hark.

[*Drums and trumpets ſound, with great ſhouts of the people.*

1 *Con.* Your native town you enter'd like a poſt,
And had no welcomes home, but he returns
Splitting the air with noiſe.

2 *Con.* And patient fools,
Whoſe children he hath ſlain, their baſe throats tear
Giving him glory.

3 *Con.* Therefore at your vantage,
Ere he expreſs himſelf, or move the people
With what he would ſay, let him feel your ſword,
Which we will ſecond. When he lyes along,
After your way his tale pronounc'd ſhall bury
His reaſons with his body.

Auf. Say no more,
Here come the Lords.

Enter the Lords of the City.

All Lords. You are moſt welcome home.

Auf. I have not deſerv'd it.
But, worthy Lords, have you with heed perus'd

What

What I have written?

All. We have.

1 *Lord.* And grieve to hear it.

What faults he made before the laſt, I think
Might have found eaſie fines: but there to end
Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefit of our levies, anſwering us
With our own charge, making a treaty where
There was a yielding, admits no excuſe.

Auf. He approaches, you ſhall hear him.

SCENE VI.

Enter Coriolanus *marching with drums and colours, the Commons being with him.*

Cor. Hail, Lords; I am return'd, your ſoldier;
No more infected with my country's love,
Than when I parted hence, but ſtill ſubſiſting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That proſperouſly I have attempted, and
With bloody paſſage led your wars, even to
The gates of *Rome:* our ſpoils we have brought home
Do more than counterpoiſe a full third part
The charges of the action. We've made peace
With no leſs honour to the *Antiates*
Than ſhame to th' *Romans:* and we here deliver,
Subſcribed by the Conſuls and Patricians,
Together with the ſeal o' th' Senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble Lords:
But tell the traitor in the higheſt degree
He hath abus'd your powers.

Cor. Traitor!——how now!——

Auf. Ay, traitor, *Martius.*

Cor. Martius!——

Auf. Ay, *Martius, Caius Martius*; doſt thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy ſtol'n name
Coriolanus, in *Corioli?*
You Lords and head o' th' ſtate, perfidiouſly
He has betray'd your buſineſs, and given up,
For certain drops of ſalt, your city *Rome*,
I ſay *your* city, to his wife and mother;

Breaking

Breaking his oath and reſolution like
A twiſt of rotten ſilk, never admitting
Counſel o'th' war; but at his nurſe's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory,
That pages bluſh'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondring each at other.
Cor. Hear'ſt thou, *Mars?*
Auf. Name not the God, thou boy of tears.
Cor. Ha!
Auf. No more.
Cor. Meaſureleſs liar, thou haſt made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy? O ſlave!—
Pardon me, Lords, 'tis the firſt time I ever
Was forc'd to ſcold. Your judgments, my grave Lords,
Muſt give this cur the lie; and his own notion,
Who wears my ſtripes impreſt upon him, that
Muſt bear my beating to his grave, ſhall join
To thruſt the lie unto him.
1 *Lord.* Peace both, and hear me ſpeak.
Cor. Cut me to pieces, *Volſcians*, men and lads,
Stain all your edges in me. Boy? falſe hound!——
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That like an eagle in a dove-coat, I
Flutter'd your *Volſcians* in *Corioli*.
Alone I did it. Boy?——
Auf. Why, noble Lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your ſhame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?
All Con. Let him die for't.
All Cit. Tear him to pieces, do it preſently.
1 *Cit.* He kill'd my ſon.
2 *Cit.* My daughter.
3 *Cit.* Kill'd my couſin.
4 *Cit.* He kill'd my father.
2 *Lord.* Peace—no outrage—peace—
The man is noble, and his fame folds in
This orb o' th' earth; his laſt offences to us
Shall have judicious hearing. Stand, *Aufidius*,
And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O that I had him,
With six *Aufidius's*, or more; his tribe;
To use my lawful sword ——
Auf. Insolent villain!
All Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.
[*The Conspirators all draw, and kill* Martius, *who falls, and* Aufidius *stands on him.*
Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.
Auf. My noble Lords, hear me speak.
1 *Lord.* O *Tullus*—
2 *Lord.* Thou hast done a deed, whereat
Valour will weep.
3 *Lord.* Tread not upon him—masters all, be quiet,
Put up your swords.
Auf. My Lords, when I shall shew (as in this rage
Provok'd by him, I cannot) the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your Honours
To call me to your Senate, I'll deliver
My self your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.
1 *Lord.* Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him. Let him be regarded
As the most noble coarse, that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.
2 *Lord.* His own impatience
Takes from *Aufidius* a great part of blame:
Let's make the best of it.
Auf. My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow: take him up:
Help three o' th' chiefest soldiers; I'll be one.
Beat thou the drum that it speak mournfully:
Trail your steel pikes. Though in this city he
Hath widowed and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury;
Yet he shall have a noble memory.
[*Exeunt, bearing the body of* Martius. *A dead march sounded.*

JULIUS CÆSAR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,
M. ANTONY,
M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS, } *Triumvirs after the death of* Julius Cæsar.

CICERO,
BRUTUS,
CASSIUS,
CASCA,
TREBONIUS,
LIGARIUS,
DECIMUS BRUTUS,
METELLUS CIMBER,
CINNA, } *Conspirators against* Julius Cæsar.

POPILIUS LÆNA,
PUBLIUS, } *Senators.*

FLAVIUS,
MARULLUS, } *Tribunes, and Enemies to* Cæsar.

MESSALA,
TITINIUS, } *Friends to* Brutus *and* Cassius.

ARTEMIDORUS, *A Sophist of* Cnidos.

A Soothsayer.

Young CATO.

CINNA, *the Poet.*

LUCILIUS,
DARDANIUS,
VOLUMNIUS,
VARRO,
TITUS,
CLAUDIUS,
STRATO,
LUCIUS, } *Servants to* Brutus.

PINDARUS, *Servant to* Cassius.

CALPHURNIA, *Wife to* Cæsar.

PORTIA, *Wife to* Brutus.

Plebeians, Guards and Attendants.

SCENE *for the three first Acts in* Rome, *for the beginning of the fourth at an Island near* Bononia, *for the remainder of the fourth near* Sardis, *for the fifth in the Fields of* Philippi.

JU-

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Street in Rome.

Enter Flavius, Marullus, *and certain Plebeians.*

Flav. HENCE; home, you idle creatures, get you home;
Is this a holiday? what, know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day, without the ſign
Of your profeſſion? ſpeak, what trade art thou?

1 *Pleb.* Why, Sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What doſt thou with thy beſt apparel on?
You, Sir, what trade are you?

2 *Pleb.* Truly, Sir, in reſpect of a fine workman I am but as you would ſay, a cobler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? anſwer me directly.

2 *Pleb.* A trade, Sir, that I hope I may uſe with a ſafe conſcience, which is indeed, Sir, a mender of bad ſoals.

Flav. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

2 *Pleb.* Nay, I beſeech you, Sir, be not out with me; yet if you be out, Sir, I can mend you.

Flav. What mean'ſt thou by that? mend me, thou ſawcy fellow?

2 *Pleb.* Why, Sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobler, art thou?

2 *Pleb.* Truly, Sir, all that I live by, is the awl: I

meddle with no man's matters, nor woman's matters; but withall, I am indeed, Sir, a ſurgeon to old ſhoes; when they are in great danger, I re-cover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather have gone upon my handy-work.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy ſhop to-day?
Why doſt thou lead theſe men about the ſtreets?

2 *Pleb.* Truly, Sir, to wear out their ſhoes, to get myſelf into more work. But indeed, Sir, we make holiday to ſee *Cæſar*, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice!— what conqueſt brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to *Rome*,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you ſtones, you worſe than ſenſeleſs things!
O you hard hearts! you cruel men of *Rome!*
Knew you not *Pompey!* many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have ſat
The live-long day with patient expectation,
To ſee great *Pompey* paſs the ſtreets of *Rome:*
And when you ſaw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an univerſal ſhout,
That *Tyber* trembled underneath his banks
To hear the replication of your ſounds,
Made in his concave ſhores? And do you now
Put on your beſt attire? and do you now
Cull out an holiday? and do you now
Strew flowers in his way, that comes to *Rome*
In triumph over *Pompey*'s blood? Be gone,
Run to your houſes, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the Gods, to intermit the plague,
That needs muſt light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and for this fault
Aſſemble all the poor men of your ſort,
Draw them to *Tyber*'s bank, and weep your tears
Into the channel, 'till the loweſt ſtream
Do kiſs the moſt exalted ſhores of all. [*Exe. Pleb.*
See whe'r their baſeſt mettle be not mov'd;
They vaniſh'd tongue-ty'd in their guiltineſs.

Go you down that way tow'rds the Capitol,
This way will I; disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.
Mar. May we do so?
You know it is the feast of *Lupercal.*
Flav. It is no matter, let no images
Be hung with *Cæsar*'s trophies; I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluckt from *Cæsar*'s wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.

Enter Cæsar, Antony *for the Course*, Calphurnia, Portia, Decimus, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, *and a Soothsayer.*

Cæs. Calphurnia!
Casc. Peace, ho! *Cæsar* speaks.
Cæs. Calphurnia!
Calp. Here, my Lord,
Cæs. Stand you directly in *Antonius*' way,
When he doth run his course——*Antonius!*
Ant. Cæsar, my Lord.
Cæs. Forget not in your speed, *Antonius*,
To touch *Calphurnia*; for our elders say,
The barren touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their steril course.
Ant. I shall remember.
When *Cæsar* says, *Do this*; it is perform'd.
Cæs. Set on, and leave no ceremony out.
Sooth. Cæsar!
Cæs. Ha! who calls?
Casc. Bid every noise be still; peace yet again.
Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on me?
I hear a tongue shriller than all the musick,
Cry, *Cæsar!* speak; *Cæsar* is turn'd to hear.
Sooth. Beware the Ides of *March.*
Cæs. What man is that?
Bru. A sooth-sayer bids you beware the Ides of *March.*
Cæs. Set him before me, let me see his face.

Cas.

Caſ. Fellow, come from the throng, look upon *Cæſar.*
Cæſ. What ſay'ſt thou to me now? ſpeak once again.
Sooth. Beware the Ides of *March.*
Cæſ. He is a dreamer, let us leave him; paſs.
[*Exeunt.* *Manent* Brutus *and* Caſſius.

SCENE III.

Caſ. Will you go ſee the order of the courſe?
Bru. Not I.
Caſ. I pray you do.
Bru. I am not gameſome; I do lack ſome part
Of that quick ſpirit that is in *Antony:*
Let me not hinder, *Caſſius,* your deſires;
I'll leave you.
Caſ. Brutus, I do obſerve you now of late;
I have not from your eyes that gentleneſs
And ſhew of love, as I was wont to have;
You bear too ſtubborn and too ſtrange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.
Bru. Caſſius,
Be not deceiv'd: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Meerly upon my ſelf. Vexed I am
Of late, with paſſions of ſome difference,
Conceptions only proper to my ſelf,
Which give ſome ſoil, perhaps, to my behaviour:
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd,
Among which number, *Caſſius,* be you one,
Nor conſtrue any further my neglect,
Than that poor *Brutus,* with himſelf at war,
Forgets the ſhews of love to other men.
Caſ. Then, *Brutus,* I have much miſtook your paſſion,
By means whereof, this breaſt of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good *Brutus,* can you ſee your face?
Bru. No, *Caſſius*; for the eye ſees not it ſelf,
But by reflexion from ſome other things.
Caſ. 'Tis juſt.
And it is very much lamented, *Brutus,*
That you have no ſuch mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden worthineſs into your eye,

That

That you might ſee your ſhadow. I have heard
Where many of the beſt reſpect in *Rome*,
(Except immortal *Cæſar*) ſpeaking of *Brutus*,
And groaning underneath this age's yoak,
Have wiſh'd that noble *Brutus* had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, *Caſſius*,
That you would have me ſeek into my ſelf,
For that which is not in me?

Caſ. Therefore, good *Brutus*, be prepar'd to hear:
And ſince you know you cannot ſee your ſelf
So well as by reflexion; I, your glaſs,
Will modeſtly diſcover to your ſelf
That of your ſelf, which yet you know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle *Brutus*:
Were I a common laugher, or did uſe
To ſtale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new proteſtor; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after ſcandal them; or if you know
That I profeſs myſelf in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.
[*Flouriſh and ſhout.*

Bru. What means this ſhouting? I do fear, the people
Chuſe *Cæſar* for their King.

Caſ. Ay, do you fear it?
Then muſt I think you would not have it ſo.

Bru. I would not, *Caſſius*; yet I love him well:
But wherefore do you hold me here ſo long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be ought toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' th' other,
And I will look on death indifferently:
For let the Gods ſo ſpeed me, as I love
The name of honour, more than I fear death.

Caſ. I know that virtue to be in you, *Brutus*,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the ſubject of my ſtory:
I cannot tell, what you and other men
Think of this life; but for my ſingle ſelf,
I had as lief not be, as live to be

In awe of ſuch a thing as I myſelf.
I was born free as *Cæſar*, ſo were you;
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and guſty day,
The troubled *Tyber* chafing with his ſhores,
Cæſar ſays to me, *Dar'ſt thou*, Caſſius, *now*
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And ſwim * *to yonder point?* upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bad him follow; ſo indeed he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With luſty ſinews, throwing it aſide,
And ſtemming it with hearts of controverſie.
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæſar cry'd, *Help me*, Caſſius, *or I ſink.*
I, as *Æneas*, our great anceſtor,
Did from the flames of *Troy* upon his ſhoulder
The old *Anchiſes* bear, ſo, from the waves of *Tyber*
Did I the tired *Cæſar:* and this man
Is now become a God, and *Caſſius* is
A wretched creature, and muſt bend his body,
If *Cæſar* careleſly but nod on him.
He had a feaver when he was in *Spain*,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did ſhake: 'tis true, this God did ſhake;
His coward lips did from their colour fly,
And that ſame eye, whoſe bend doth awe the world,
Did loſe its luſtre; I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his that bad the *Romans*
Mark him, and write his ſpeeches in their books,
Alas it cry'd, *Give me ſome drink*, Titinius——
As a ſick girl. Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of ſuch a feeble temper ſhould
So get the ſtart of the majeſtick world,
And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flouriſh.*

Bru. Another general ſhout!

* *Swimming* was one of the generous exerciſes practiſed at *Rome*, and learnt by all the youth of the beſt birth and quality as a neceſſary qualification towards good ſoldierſhip.

I do believe, that theſe applauſes are
For ſome new honours that are heap'd on *Cæſar*.
Caſ. Why, man, he doth beſtride the narrow world
Like a *Coloſſus*, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about,
To find our ſelves diſhonourable graves.
Men at ſome times are maſters of their fates:
The fault, dear *Brutus*, is not in our ſtars,
But in our ſelves, that we are underlings.
Brutus, and *Cæſar!* what ſhould be in that *Cæſar?*
Why ſhould that name be ſounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will ſtart a ſpirit as ſoon as *Cæſar*.
Now in the names of all the Gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our *Cæſar* feed,
That he is grown ſo great? Age, thou art ſham'd;
Rome, thou haſt loſt the breed of noble bloods.
When went there by an age, ſince the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they ſay, 'till now, that talk'd of *Rome*,
That her wide walls incompaſt but one man? *
O! you and I have heard our fathers ſay,
There was a *Brutus* once, that would have brook'd
Th' eternal devil to keep his ſtate in *Rome*,
As eaſily as a King.
Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have ſome aim;
How I have thought of this, and of theſe times,
I ſhall recount hereafter: for this preſent,
I would not (ſo with love I might entreat you)
Be any further mov'd. What you have ſaid,
I will conſider; what you have to ſay,
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear, and anſwer ſuch high things.
'Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;

* ---- but one man?
Now is it *Rome* indeed, and room enough
When there is in it but one only man.
O! you and I, &c.

Brutus

Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himſelf a ſon of *Rome*
Under ſuch hard conditions, as this time
Is like to lay upon us.
Caſ. I am glad that my weak words
Have ſtruck but thus much ſhew of fire from *Brutus*.

SCENE IV. *Enter* Cæſar *and his Train.*

Bru. The games are done, and *Cæſar* is returning.
Caſ. As they paſs by, pluck *Caſca* by the ſleeve,
And he will, after his ſour faſhion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.
Bru. I will do ſo; but look you, *Caſſius*,
The angry ſpot doth glow on *Cæſar*'s brow,
And all the reſt look like a chidden train;
Calphurnia's cheek is pale, and *Cicero*
Looks with ſuch ferret and ſuch fiery eyes,
As we have ſeen him in the Capitol,
Being croſt in conf'rence with ſome Senators.
Caſ. *Caſca* will tell us what the matter is.
Cæſ. *Antonius!*
Ant. *Cæſar.*
Cæſ. Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed men, and ſuch as ſleep a-nights:
Yond *Caſſius* has a lean and hungry look,
He thinks too much; ſuch men are dangerous.
Ant. Fear him not, *Cæſar*, he's not dangerous,
He is a noble *Roman*, and well given.
Cæſ. Would he were fatter; but I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I ſhould avoid,
So ſoon as that ſpare *Caſſius*. He reads much,
He is a great obſerver, and he looks
Quite thro' the deeds of men. He loves no plays,
As thou doſt, *Antony*; he hears no muſick:
Seldom he ſmiles, and ſmiles in ſuch a ſort
As if he mock'd himſelf, and ſcorn'd his ſpirit
That could be mov'd to ſmile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's eaſe,
Whilſt they behold a greater than themſelves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.

I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear; for always I am *Cæsar*.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly, what thou think'ſt of him.

[*Exeunt* Cæsar *and his Train.*

SCENE V.

Manent Brutus, Caſſius, *and* Caſca.

Caſc. You pull'd me by the cloak, would you ſpeak with me?

Bru. Ay, *Caſca*, tell us what hath chanc'd to-day, That *Cæsar* looks ſo ſad.

Caſc. Why, you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I ſhould not then aſk *Caſca* what had chanc'd.

Caſc. Why, there was a crown offer'd him; and being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus, and then the people fell a ſhouting.

Bru. What was the ſecond noiſe for?

Caſc. Why, for that too.

Caſ. They ſhouted thrice: what was the laſt cry for?

Caſc. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Caſc. Ay marry was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine honeſt neighbours ſhouted.

Caſ. Who offer'd him the crown?

Caſc. Why, *Antony*.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle *Caſca*.

Caſc. I can as well be hang'd as tell the manner of it: it was meer foolery, I did not mark it. I ſaw *Mark Antony* offer him a crown, yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of theſe coronets; and, as I told you, he put it by once; but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again: then he put it by again; but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by; and ſtill as he refus'd it, the rabblement ſhouted, and clapp'd their chopt hands, and threw up their ſweaty night-caps, and utter'd ſuch a deal of ſtinking breath, becauſe *Cæsar* refus'd the crown, that it had almoſt choaked *Cæsar*; for he ſwooned, and fell

down at it: and for mine own part, I durſt not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Caſ. But ſoft, I pray you; what, did *Cæſar* ſwoon?

Caſc. He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was ſpeechleſs.

Bru. 'Tis very like; he hath the falling-ſickneſs.

Caſ. No, *Cæſar* hath it not; but you, and I,
And honeſt *Caſca*; we have the falling ſickneſs.

Caſc. I know not what you mean by that; but I am ſure *Cæſar* fell down: If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiſs him, according as he pleas'd, and diſpleas'd them, as they uſe to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What ſaid he, when he came unto himſelf?

Caſc. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refus'd the crown, he pluckt me ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut: If I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at his word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues; and ſo he fell. When he came to himſelf again, he ſaid, If he had done, or ſaid any thing amiſs, he deſir'd their Worſhips to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches where I ſtood, cry'd, *Alas, good ſoul*—— and forgave him with all their hearts: but there's no heed to be taken of them; if *Cæſar* had ſtabb'd their mothers, they would have done no leſs.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus ſad, away.

Caſc. Ay.

Caſ. Did *Cicero* ſay any thing?

Caſc. Ay, he ſpoke *Greek*.

Caſ. To what effect?

Caſc. Nay, if I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' th' face again. But thoſe that underſtood him, ſmil'd at one another, and ſhook their heads; but for mine own part it was *Greek* to me. I could tell you more news too: *Marullus* and *Flavius*, for pulling ſcarfs off *Cæſar*'s Images, are put to ſilence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Caſ. Will you ſup with me to-night, *Caſca!*

Caſc. No, I am promis'd forth.

Caſ.

Caſ. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Caſc. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner be worth the eating.

Caſ. Good, I will expect you.

Caſc. Do ſo: farewel both. [*Exit.*

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!
He was quick mettle, when he went to ſchool.

Caſ. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprize,
However he puts on this tardy form:
This rudeneſs is a ſawce to his good wit,
Which gives men ſtomach to digeſt his words
With better appetites.

Bru. And ſo it is: for this time I will leave you.
To-morrow, if you pleaſe to ſpeak with me,
I will come home to you; or if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Caſ. I will do ſo: 'till then, think of the world.
[*Exit* Brutus.

Well, *Brutus*, thou art noble: yet I ſee
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is diſpos'd, therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who ſo firm, that cannot be ſeduc'd?
Cæſar doth bear me hard, but he loves *Brutus*.
If I were *Brutus* now, and he were *Caſſius*,
Cæſar ſhould not love me.—I will this night,
In ſeveral hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from ſeveral citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That *Rome* holds of his name: wherein obſcurely
Cæſar's ambition ſhall be glanced at.
And after this, let *Cæſar* ſeat him ſure,
For we will ſhake him, or worſe days endure. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Caſca, *his ſword drawn, and* Cicero.

Cic. Good even, *Caſca*; brought you *Cæſar* home?
Why are you breathleſs, and why ſtare you ſo?

Caſc. Are not you mov'd, when all the ſway of earth

Shakes like a thing unfirm? O *Cicero!*
I have ſeen tempeſts, when the ſcolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks, and I have ſeen
Th' ambitious ocean ſwell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threatning clouds:
But never 'till to-night, never 'till now,
Did I go through a tempeſt dropping fire.
Either there is a civil ſtriſe in heav'n,
Or elſe the world, too ſaucy with the Gods,
Incenſes them to ſend deſtruction.

Cic. Why, ſaw you any thing more wonderful?

Caſc. A common ſlave, you know him well by ſight,
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn,
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not ſenſible of fire, remain'd unſcorch'd.
Beſides, (I ha' not ſince put up my ſword)
Againſt the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd upon me, and went ſurly by,
Without annoying me. And there were drawn
Upon a heap, a hundred ghaſtly women
Transformed with their fear, who ſwore they ſaw
Men all in fire walk up and down the ſtreets.
And yeſterday, the bird of night did ſit,
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting and ſhrieking. When theſe prodigies
Do ſo conjointly meet, let not men ſay,
Theſe are their reaſons, they are natural:
For I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a ſtrange-diſpoſed time:
But men may conſtrue things after their faſhion,
Clean from the purpoſe of the things themſelves.
Comes *Cæſar* to the Capitol to-morrow?

Caſc. He doth: for he did bid *Antonius*
Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good-night then, *Caſca*; this diſturbed ſky
Is not to walk in.

Caſc. Farewel, *Cicero.* [*Exit* Cicero.

SCENE VII. *Enter* Caſſius.

Caſ. Who's there?

Caſt.

Casc. A *Roman.*

Cas. *Casca*, by your voice.

Casc. Your ear is good. *Cassius*, what night is this?

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casc. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.
For my part I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night:
And thus unbraced, *Casca*, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone:
And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heav'n, I did present my self
Ev'n in the aim and very flash of it.

Casc. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heav'ns?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty Gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, *Casca*; and those sparks of life
That should be in a *Roman*, you do want,
Or else you use not; you look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast your self in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heav'ns:
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts from quality and kind,
Why old men, fools, and children calculate;
Why all these things change, from their ordinance,
Their natures and pre-formed faculties
To monstrous quality; why, you shall find,
That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning,
Unto some monstrous state. Now could I, *Casca*,
Name to thee a man most like this dreadful night;
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol;
A man no mightier than thy self or me,
In personal action; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casc. 'Tis *Cæsar* that you mean; is it not, *Cassius*?

Cas. Let it be who it is: for *Romans* now

Have thewes and limbs like to their anceſtors;
But, woe the while! our fathers minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers ſpirits:
Our yoke and ſuff'rance ſhew us womaniſh.

Caſc. Indeed, they ſay, the Senators to-morrow
Mean to eſtabliſh *Cæſar* as a King:
And he ſhall wear his crown by ſea, and land,
In every place, ſave here in *Italy*.

Caſ. I know where I will wear this dagger then.
Caſſius from bondage will deliver *Caſſius*.
Therein, ye Gods, you make the weak moſt ſtrong;
Therein, ye Gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor ſtony tower, nor walls of beaten braſs,
Nor airleſs dungeon, nor ſtrong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the ſtrength of ſpirit:
But life, being weary of theſe wordly bars,
Never lacks power to diſmiſs it ſelf.
If I know this; know all the world beſides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear,
I can ſhake off at pleaſure.

Caſc. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Caſ. And why ſhould *Cæſar* be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he ſees the *Romans* are but ſheep;
He were no lion, were not *Romans* hinds.
Thoſe that with haſte will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak ſtraws. What traſh is *Rome*,
What rubbiſh, and what offal, when it ſerves
For the baſe matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as *Cæſar?* But, oh grief!
Where haſt thou led me? I, perhaps, ſpeak this
Before a willing bondman: then I know
My anſwer muſt be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Caſc. You ſpeak to *Caſca*, and to ſuch a man,
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold my hand:
Be factious for redreſs of all theſe griefs,

And I will ſet this foot of mine as far,
As who goes fartheſt.
Caſ. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, *Caſca*, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the nobleſt-minded *Romans*,
To undergo, with me, an enterprize,
Of honourable dang'rous conſequence;
And I do know, by this they ſtay for me
In *Pompey*'s porch. For now this fearful night,
There is no ſtir, or walking in the ſtreets;
And the complexion of the element
Is feav'rous, like the work we have in hand,
Moſt bloody, fiery, and moſt terrible.
Enter Cinna.
Caſc. Stand cloſe a while, for here comes one in haſte.
Caſ. 'Tis *Cinna*, I do know him by his gate;
He is a friend. *Cinna*, where haſte you ſo?
Cin. To find out you: who's that? *Metellus Cimber?*
Caſ. No, it is *Caſca*, one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not ſtaid for, *Cinna?*
Cin. I'm glad on't. What a fearful night is this!
There's two or three of us have ſeen ſtrange ſights.
Caſ. Am I not ſtaid for? tell me.
Cin. Yes you are.
O *Caſſius!* could you win the noble *Brutus*
To our party ——
Caſ. Be you content. Good *Cinna*, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the Prætor's chair,
Where *Brutus* may but find it; and throw this
In at his window; ſet this up with wax
Upon old *Brutus*' ſtatue: all this done,
Repair to *Pompey*'s porch, where you ſhall find us.
Is *Decimus Brutus*, and *Trebonius* there?
Cin. All but *Metellus Cimber*, and he's gone
To ſeek you at your houſe. Well, I will hie,
And ſo beſtow theſe papers as you bad me.
Caſ. That done, repair to *Pompey*'s theatre. [*Exit* Cinna.
Come, *Caſca*, you and I will, yet, ere day,
See *Brutus* at his houſe; three parts of him
Are ours already, and the man entire

Upon

Upon the next encounter yields him ours.
Casc. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts:
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchymy,
Will change to virtue, and to worthiness.
Cas. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited; let us go,
For it is after mid-night, and ere day
We will awake him, and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Garden belonging to Brutus.

Enter Brutus.

Bru. WHAT, *Lucius!* ho! ——
I cannot by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day —— *Lucius*, I say!
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.
When, *Lucius*, when? awake, I say! what, *Lucius!*

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my Lord?
Bru. Get me a taper in my study, *Lucius:*
When it is lighted, come and call me here.
Luc. I will, my Lord. [*Exit.*
Bru. It must be by his death; and for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd ——
How that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder,
And that craves wary walking: crown him — that —
And then I grant we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
Th' abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power: and to speak truth of *Cæsar*,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees

By

By which he did aſcend: ſo *Cæſar* may:
Then, leſt he may, prevent. And ſince the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Faſhion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to theſe and theſe extremities:
And therefore think him as a ſerpent's egg,
Which hatch'd would, as his kind, grow miſchievous:
And kill him in the ſhell.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. The taper burneth in your cloſet, Sir:
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus ſeal'd up, and I am ſure
It did not lye there, when I went to bed. [*Gives him a letter.*

Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day:
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of *March?*

Luc. I know not, Sir.

Bru. Look in the kalendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, Sir. [*Exit.*

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give ſo much light, that I may read by them.
[*Opens the letter, and reads.*
Brutus, *thou ſleep'ſt; awake, and ſee thy ſelf:*
Shall Rome —— *ſpeak, ſtrike, redreſs.*
Brutus, *thou ſleep'ſt: awake.*
Such inſtigations have been often dropt,
Where I have took them up:
Shall Rome — thus muſt I piece it out,
Shall *Rome* ſtand under one man's awe? what, *Rome?*
My anceſtors did from the ſtreets of *Rome*
The *Tarquin* drive, when he was call'd a King.
Speak, ſtrike, redreſs.——am I entreated then
To ſpeak, and ſtrike? O *Rome!* I make thee promiſe,
If the redreſs will follow, thou receiv'ſt
Thy full petition at the hand of *Brutus.*

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, *March* is waſted fourteen days. [*Knock within.*

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate, ſome body knocks.
[*Exit* Lucius.
Since *Caſſius* firſt did whet me againſt *Cæſar,*
I have not ſlept.——

Be-

Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The Genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother *Cassius* at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, Sir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, Sir, their hats art pluckt about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.

Bru. Let them enter. [*Exit* Lucius.
They are the faction. O conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to shew thy dang'rous brow by night,
When evils are most free? Oh then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough,
To mask thy monstrous visage? seek none, Conspiracy,
Hide it in smiles and affability:
For if thou march, thy native semblance on,
Not *Erebus* itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

SCENE II.

Enter Cassius, Casca, Decimus, Cinna, Metellus, *and* Trebonius.

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest;
Good-morrow, *Brutus*; do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you? [*Aside.*

Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honours you: and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of your self,
Which every noble *Roman* bears of you.
This is *Trebonius*.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas.

Caſ. This, *Decimus Brutus.*
Bru. He is welcome too.
Caſ. This, *Caſca*; this, *Cinna*;
And this *Metellus Cimber.*
Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpoſe themſelves
Betwixt your eyes and night?
Caſ. Shall I intreat a word? [*They whiſper.*
Dec. Here lyes the Eaſt: doth not the day break here?
Caſc. No.
Cin. O pardon, Sir, it doth, and yon grey lines,
That fret the clouds, are meſſengers of day.
Caſc. You ſhall confeſs that you are both deceiv'd:
Here, as I point my ſword, the ſun ariſes,
Which is a great way growing on the South,
Weighing the youthful ſeaſon of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the North
He firſt preſents his fire, and the high Eaſt
Stands as the Capitol, directly here.
Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.
Caſ. And let us ſwear our reſolution.
Bru. No, not an oath: if that the face of men,
The ſufferance of our ſouls, the time's abuſe,
If theſe be motives weak, break off betimes,
And ev'ry man hence to his idle bed:
So let high-ſighted tyranny range on,
'Till each man drop by lottery. But if theſe,
As I am ſure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to ſteel with valour
The melting ſpirits of women; then, countrymen,
What need we any ſpur but our own cauſe,
To prick us to redreſs? what other bond,
Than ſecret *Romans*, that have ſpoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath,
Than honeſty to honeſty engag'd,
That this ſhall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear prieſts, and cowards, and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions, and ſuch ſuffering ſouls
That welcome wrongs: unto bad cauſes, ſwear
Such creatures as men doubt; but do not ſtain

The

The even virtue of our enterprize,
Nor th' inſuppreſſive mettle of our ſpirits,
To think, that or our cauſe, or our performance,
Doth need an oath: when ev'ry drop of blood
That ev'ry *Roman* bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a ſeveral baſtardy,
If he doth break the ſmalleſt particle
Of any promiſe that hath paſt from him.
Caſ. But what of *Cicero?* ſhall we ſound him?
I think he will ſtand very ſtrong with us.
Caſc. Let us not leave him out.
Cin. No, by no means.
Met. O let us have him, for his ſilver hairs
Will purchaſe us a good opinion.
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It ſhall be ſaid, his judgment rul'd our hands;
Our youths and wildneſs ſhall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.
Bru. O name him not: let us not break with him,
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.
Caſ. Then leave him out.
Dec. Indeed, he is not fit.
Shall no man elſe be touch'd, but only *Cæſar?*
Caſ. Decimus, well urg'd: I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony ſo well belov'd of *Cæſar*
Should out-live *Cæſar:* we ſhall find of him
A ſhrewd contriver. And you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well ſtretch ſo far
As to annoy us all; which to prevent,
Let *Antony* and *Cæſar* fall together.
Bru. Our courſe will ſeem too bloody, *Caius Caſſius*,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards:
For *Antony* is but a limb of *Cæſar.*
Let us be ſacrificers, but not butchers:
We all ſtand up againſt the ſpirit of *Cæſar*,
And in the ſpirit of man there is no blood:
O that we then could come by *Cæſar*'s ſpirit,
And not diſmember *Cæſar!* but, alas!

Cæſar

Cæſar muſt bleed for it. And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a diſh fit for the Gods,
Not hew him as a carcaſs fit for hounds.
And let our hearts, as ſubtle maſters do,
Stir up their ſervants to an act of rage,
And after ſeem to chide them. This ſhall make
Our purpoſe neceſſary and not envious:
Which ſo appearing to the common eyes,
We ſhall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for *Mark Antony*, think not of him;
For he can do no more than *Cæſar*'s arm,
When *Cæſar*'s head is off.

Caſ. Yet I do fear him;
For the ingrafted love he bears to *Cæſar* ——

Bru. Alas, good *Caſſius*, do not think of him:
If he love *Cæſar*, all that he can do
Is to himſelf, take thought, and die for *Cæſar*.
And that were much he ſhould; for he is giv'n
To ſports, to wildneſs, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die,
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter. [*Clock ſtrikes.*

Bru. Peace, count the clock.

Caſ. The clock hath ſtricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Caſ. But it is doubtful yet,
If *Cæſar* will come forth to-day, or no:
For he is ſuperſtitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantaſies, of dreams and ceremonies:
It may be, theſe apparent prodigies,
The unaccuſtom'd terror of this night,
And the perſuaſion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that; if he be ſo reſolv'd,
I can o'er-ſway him; for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glaſſes, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers:
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,

He says he does; being then most flattered.
Leave me to work:
For I can give his humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.
Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.
Bru. By the eighth hour, is that the uttermost?
Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.
Met. *Caius Ligarius* doth bear *Cæsar* hatred,
Who rated him for speaking well of *Pompey*;
I wonder none of you have thought of him.
Bru. Now, good *Metellus*, go along to him:
He loves me well; and I have giv'n him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.
Cas. The morning comes upon's; we'll leave you, *Brutus*;
And, friends! disperse your selves; but all remember
What you have said, and shew your selves true *Romans*.
Bru. Good Gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes,
But bear it as our *Roman* actors do,
With untir'd spirits, and formal constancy;
And so good-morrow to you every one. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Brutus.

Boy! *Lucius!* fast asleep? it is no matter,
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

SCENE III. *Enter* Portia.

Por. *Brutus*, my Lord!
Bru. *Portia*, what mean you? wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.
Por. Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, *Brutus*,
Stole from my bed: and yesternight at supper
You suddenly arose and walk'd about,
Musing, and sighing, with your arms a-cross:
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks.
I urg'd you further, then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot;

Yet

Yet I inſiſted, yet you anſwer'd not,
But with an angry wafture of your hand
Gave ſign for me to leave you: ſo I did,
Fearing to ſtrengthen that impatience,
Which ſeem'd too much inkindled; and withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which ſometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor ſleep;
And could it work ſo much upon your ſhape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I ſhould not know you, *Brutus*. Dear my Lord,
Make me acquainted with your cauſe of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. *Brutus* is wiſe, and were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, ſo I do: good *Portia*, go to bed.

Por. Is *Brutus* ſick, and is it phyſical
To walk unbraced, and ſuck up the humours
Of the dank morning? what! is *Brutus* ſick,
And will he ſteal out of his wholeſome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night,
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air,
To add unto his ſickneſs? no, my *Brutus*,
You have ſome ſick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: and upon my knees,
I charge you, by my once-commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, your ſelf, your half,
Why you are heavy: and what men to-night
Have had reſort to you: for here have been
Some ſix or ſeven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkneſs.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle *Portia*.

Por. I ſhould not need, if you were gentle *Brutus*.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, *Brutus*,
Is it excepted, I ſhould know no ſecrets
That appertain to you? am I your ſelf
But as it were in ſort, or limitation?

To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you? dwell I but in the fuburbs
Of your good pleafure? if it be no more,
Portia is *Brutus*' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That vifit my fad heart.

Por. If this were true, then fhould I know this fecret.
I grant I am a woman; but withal,
A woman that Lord *Brutus* took to wife:
I grant I am a woman; but withal,
A woman well reputed; *Cato*'s daughter.
Think you, I am no ftronger than my fex,
Being fo father'd, and fo huſbanded?
Tell me your counfels, I will not difclofe them:
I have made ftrong proof of my conftancy,
Giving my felf a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,
And not my huſband's fecrets?

Bru. O ye Gods!
Render me worthy of this noble wife. [*Knock.*
Hark, hark, one knocks: *Portia,* go in a while,
And by and by thy bofom fhall partake
The fecrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will conftrue to thee,
All the characftery of my fad brows.
Leave me with haſte. [*Exit* Portia.

Enter Lucius *and* Ligarius.

Lucius, who's there that knocks?

Luc. Here is a ſick man that would fpeak with you.

Bru. *Caius Ligarius,* that *Metellus* fpake of.
Boy, ftand afide. *Caius Ligarius!* how?

Lig. Vouchfafe good-morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O what a time have you chofe out, brave *Caius,*
To wear a kerchief? would you were not ſick!

Lig. I am not ſick, if *Brutus* have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, *Ligarius,*
Had you an healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the Gods the *Romans* bow before,

I here discard my sickness. Soul of *Rome*,
Brave son deriv'd from honourable loins,
Thou like an exorcist hast conjur'd up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work, that will make sick men whole.

Lig. But are not some whole that we must make sick?

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my *Caius*,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going,
To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fir'd I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth
That *Brutus* leads me on.

Bru. Follow me then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Cæsar's *Palace.*

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Julius Cæsar.

Cæs. Nor heav'n, nor earth, have been at peace to-night;
Thrice hath *Calphurnia* in her sleep cry'd out,
Help, ho; they murder Cæsar. Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Lord.

Cæs. Go bid the Priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Ser. I will, my Lord. [*Exit.*

Enter Calphurnia.

Calp. What mean you, *Cæsar?* think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth; the things that threatned me,
Ne'er lookt but on my back: when they shall see
The face of *Cæsar*, they are vanished.

Calp. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me: there is one within,
(Besides the things that we have heard and seen)
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets,
And graves have yawn'd and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,

Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
The noiſe of battel hurtled in the air,
Horſes did neigh, and dying men did groan,
And ghoſts did ſhriek and ſqueal about the ſtreets.
O *Cæſar!* theſe things are beyond all uſe,
And I do fear them.

Cæſ. What can be avoided,
Whoſe end is purpos'd by the mighty Gods?
Yet *Cæſar* ſhall go forth: for theſe predictions
Are to the world in general, as to *Cæſar.*

Calp. When beggars die, there are no comets ſeen,
The heav'ns themſelves blaze forth the death of Princes.

Cæſ. Cowards die many times before their deaths,
The valiant never taſte of death but once:
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It ſeems to me moſt ſtrange that men ſhould fear:
Seeing that death, a neceſſary end,
Will come, when it will come.

Enter a Servant.

What ſay the Augurs?

Ser. They would not have you to ſtir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beaſt.

Cæſ. The Gods do this in ſhame of cowardiſe:
Cæſar ſhould be a beaſt without a heart,
If he ſhould ſtay at home to-day for fear. *

Calp. Alas, my Lord,
Your wiſdom is conſum'd in confidence:
Do not go forth to-day; call it my fear,
That keeps you in the houſe, and not your own.
We'll ſend *Mark Antony* to the Senate-houſe,
And he will ſay you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæſ. *Mark Antony* ſhall ſay I am not well,

* ---- to-day for fear:
No, *Cæſar* ſhall not; Danger knows full well,
That *Cæſar* is more dangerous than he.
We were two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And *Cæſar* ſhall go forth.
Calp. Alas, &c.

And for thy humour, I will ſtay at home.

SCENE V. *Enter* Decimus.

Here's *Decimus Brutus*, he ſhall tell them ſo.

Dec. Cæſar, all hail! good-morrow, worthy *Cæſar*,
I come to fetch you to the Senate-houſe.

Cæſ. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the Senators,
And tell them that I will not come to-day:
Cannot is falſe, and that I dare not, falſer;
I will not come to-day; tell them ſo, *Decimus*.

Calp. Say he is ſick.

Cæſ. Shall *Cæſar* ſend a lie?
Have I in conqueſt ſtretcht mine arm ſo far,
To be afraid to tell grey-beards the truth?
Decimus, go tell them *Cæſar* will not come.

Dec. Moſt mighty *Cæſar*, let me know ſome cauſe,
Leſt I be laught at when I tell them ſo.

Cæſ. The cauſe is in my will, I will not come;
That is enough to ſatisfie the Senate.
But for your private ſatisfaction,
Becauſe I love you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia here, my wife, ſtays me at home:
She dreamt laſt night ſhe ſaw my ſtatue, which
Like to a fountain, with an hundred ſpouts,
Did run pure blood; and many luſty *Romans*
Came ſmiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
Theſe ſhe applies for warnings and portents
Of evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will ſtay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiſs interpreted;
It was a viſion fair and fortunate:
Your ſtatue ſpouting blood in many pipes,
In which ſo many ſmiling *Romans* bath'd,
Signifies that from you great *Rome* ſhall ſuck
Reviving blood, and that great men ſhall preſs
For tinctures, ſtains, relicks and cogniſances.
This by *Calphurnia*'s dream is ſignify'd.

Cæſ. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can ſay;
And know it now, the Senate have concluded

To

To give this day a crown to mighty *Cæſar*.
If you ſhall ſend them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Beſides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for ſome one to ſay,
Break up the Senate 'till another time,
When Cæſar's *wife ſhall meet with better dreams:*
If *Cæſar* hide himſelf, ſhall they not whiſper,
Lo, Cæſar *is afraid!*
Pardon me, *Cæſar*, for my dear dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this:
And reaſon to my love is liable.
Cæſ. How fooliſh do your fears ſeem now, *Calphurnia!*
I am aſhamed I did yield to them.
Give me my robe, for I will go:

SCENE VI.

Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Caſca, Trebonius, Cinna, *and* Publius.

And look where *Publius* is come to fetch me.
Pub. Good-morrow, *Cæſar*.
Cæſ. Welcome, *Publius*.
What, *Brutus*, are you ſtirr'd ſo early too?
Good-morrow, *Caſca:* Oh! *Caius Ligarius*,
Cæſar was ne'er ſo much your enemy,
As that ſame ague which hath made you lean.
What is't a-clock?
Bru. Cæſar, 'tis ſtrucken eight.
Cæſ. I thank you for your pains and courteſie.

Enter Antony.

See *Antony*, that revels long a-nights,
Is notwithſtanding up. Good-morrow, *Antony*.
Ant. So to moſt noble *Cæſar*.
Cæſ. Bid them prepare within:
I am to blame to be thus waited for.
Now, *Cinna*; now, *Metellus*; what, *Trebonius!*
I have an hour's talk in ſtore for you,
Remember that you call on me to-day,
Be near me, that I may remember you.
Treb. Cæſar, I will; and ſo near will I be, [*Aſide.*
That your beſt friends ſhall wiſh I had been further.
Cæſ. Good friends, go in, and taſte ſome wine with me,

And

And we, like friends, will ſtraightway go together.

Bru. That every like is not the ſame, O *Cæſar*, [*Aſide.*
The heart of *Brutus* yerns to think upon! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *The* Street.

Enter Artemidorus *reading a paper.*

Cæſar, *beware of* Brutus, *take heed of* Caſſius, *come not near* Caſca, *have an eye to* Cinna, *truſt not* Trebonius, *mark well* Metellus Cimber, Decimus Brutus *loves thee not*; *thou haſt wrong'd* Caius Ligarius. *There is but one mind in all theſe men, and it is bent againſt* Cæſar. *If thou beeſt not immortal, look about thee: ſecurity gives way to conſpiracy. The mighty Gods defend thee!*

Thy lover *Artemidorus.*

Here will I ſtand, till *Cæſar* paſs along,
And as a ſuitor will I give him this:
My heart laments, that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O *Cæſar*, thou may'ſt live;
If not, the fates with traitors do contrive. [*Exit.*

Enter Portia *and* Lucius.

Por. I pr'ythee, boy, run to the Senate-houſe,
Stay not to anſwer me, but get thee gone:
Why doſt thou ſtay?

Luc. To know my errand, Madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou ſhouldſt do there.—
O conſtancy, be ſtrong upon my ſide,
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue;
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might:
How hard is it for women to keep counſel!
Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what ſhould I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing elſe?
And ſo return to you, and nothing elſe?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy Lord look well,
For he went ſickly forth: and take good note,
What *Cæſar* doth, what ſuitors preſs to him.
Hark, boy! what noiſe is that?

Luc. I hear none, Madam.

Por. Pr'ythee liſten well:

I heard a buſtling rumour like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, Madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Artemidorus.

Por. Come hither, fellow, which way haſt thou been?

Art. At mine own houſe, good Lady.

Por. What is't a-clock?

Art. About the ninth hour, Lady.

Por. Is *Cæſar* yet gone to the Capitol?

Art. Madam, not yet; I go to take my ſtand,
To ſee him paſs on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou haſt ſome ſuit to *Cæſar*, haſt thou not?

Art. That I have, Lady, if it will pleaſe *Cæſar*
To be ſo good to *Cæſar*, as to hear me:
I ſhall beſeech him to defend himſelf.

Por. Why, know'ſt thou any harm intended tow'rds him?

Art. None that I know will be, much that I fear;
Good morrow to you. Here the ſtreet is narrow:
The throng that follows *Cæſar* at the heels,
Of Senators, of Prætors, common ſuitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almoſt to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great *Cæſar* as he comes along. [*Exit.*

Por. I muſt go in——aye me! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O *Brutus! Brutus!*
The heavens ſpeed thee in thine enterprize!
Sure the boy heard me: *Brutus* hath a ſuit
That *Cæſar* will not grant. O, I grow faint:
Run, *Lucius*, and commend me to my Lord,
Say I am merry; come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth ſay to thee. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Entrance into the Capitol.

ouriſh. *Enter* Cæſar, Brutus, Caſſius, Caſca, Decimus, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Artemidorus, Popilius, Publius, *and the Sooth-ſayer.*

Cæſ. THE Ides of *March* are come.

Sooth. Ay, *Cæſar*, but not gone.

Art. Hail *Cæſar!* read this ſchedule.

Dec.

Dec. *Trebonius* doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.
Art. O *Cæsar*, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches *Cæsar* nearer. Read it, *Cæsar*.
Cæs. What touches us our self, shall be last serv'd,
Art. Delay not, *Cæsar*, read it instantly.
Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?
Pub. Sirrah, give place.
Cæs. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.
Pop. I wish your enterprize to-day may thrive.
Cas. What enterprize, *Popilius?*
Pop. Fare you well.
Bru. What said *Popilius Læna?*
Cas. He wish'd to-day our enterprize might thrive:
I fear our purpose is discovered.
Bru. Look how he makes to *Cæsar*; mark him.
Cas. *Casca*, be sudden, for we fear prevention.
Brutus, what shall be done? if this be known,
Cassius or *Cæsar* never shall turn back,
For I will slay my self.
Bru. *Cassius*, be constant:
Popilius Læna speaks not of our purpose;
For look he smiles, and *Cæsar* doth not change.
Cas. *Trebonius* knows his time; for look you, *Brutus*,
He draws *Mark Antony* out of the way.
Dec. Where is *Metellus Cimber?* let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to *Cæsar*.
Bru. He is addrest; press near, and second him.
Cin. *Casca*, you are the first that rear your hand.
Cæs. Are we all ready? What is now amiss,
That *Cæsar* and his Senate must redress?
Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant *Cæsar*,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat [*Kneeling*,
An humble heart.
Cæs. I must prevent thee, *Cimber*;
These crouchings and these lowly curtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the lane of children. Be not fond,

To

To think that *Cæſar* bears ſuch rebel blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean ſweet words,
Low-crooked-curt'ſies, and baſe ſpaniel fawning.
Thy brother by decree is baniſhed;
If thou doſt bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I ſpurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, *Cæſar* doth not wrong, nor without cauſe
Will he be ſatisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To ſound more ſweetly in great *Cæſar*'s ear,
For the repealing of my baniſh'd brother?

Bru. I kiſs thy hand, but not in flattery, *Cæſar*;
Deſiring thee, that *Publius Cimber* may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæſ. What, *Brutus!*

Caſ. Pardon, *Cæſar*, *Cæſar*, pardon;
As low as to thy foot doth *Caſſius* fall,
To beg enfranchiſement for *Publius Cimber*.

Cæſ. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am conſtant as the northern ſtar. *
Let me a little ſhew it, even in this;
That I was conſtant *Cimber* ſhould be baniſh'd,
And conſtant do remain to keep him ſo.

Cin. O *Cæſar*——

Cæſ. Hence! wilt thou lift up *Olympus?*

Dec. Great *Cæſar*——

Cæſ. Do not, *Brutus*, bootleſs kneel.

Caſc. Speak hands for me. [*They ſtab* Cæſar.

* ----- northern ſtar,
Of whoſe true, fixt, and reſting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament;
The skies are painted with unnumber'd ſparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth ſhine,
But there's but one in all doth hold his place.
So, in the world, 'tis furniſh'd well with men,
And men are fleſh and blood, and apprehenſive;
Yet in the number, I do know but one
That unaſſailable holds on his rank,
Unſhak'd of motion: and that I am he,
Let me, &c.

Cæſ.

Caſ. *Et tu, Brute?*—then fall *Cæſar!*
Cin. Liberty! freedom! Tyranny is dead—
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the ſtreets—
Caſ. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
Liberty, freedom, and enfranchiſement.
Bru. People and Senators! be not affrighted;
Fly not, ſtand ſtill. Ambition's debt is paid.
Caſc. Go to the pulpit, *Brutus.*
Dec. And *Caſſius* too.
Bru. Where's *Publius?*
Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.
Met. Stand faſt together, leſt ſome friend of *Cæſar*'s
Should chance——
Bru. Talk not of ſtanding. *Publius,* good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your perſon,
Nor to no *Roman* elſe; ſo tell them, *Publius.*
Caſ. And leave us, *Publius,* leſt that the people
Ruſhing on us, ſhould do your age ſome miſchief.
Bru. Do ſo, and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers.

SCENE II. *Enter* Trebonius.

Caſ. Where's *Antony?*
Treb. Fled to his houſe amaz'd.
Men, wives, and children, ſtare, cry out, and run,
As it were dooms-day.
Bru. Fates! we will know your pleaſures;
That we ſhall die, we know; 'tis but the time
And drawing days out, that men ſtand upon.
Caſ. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off ſo many years of fearing death.
Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit.
So are we *Cæſar*'s friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death. Stoop, *Romans,* ſtoop,
And let us bathe our hands in *Cæſar*'s blood
Up to the elbows, and beſmear our ſwords;
Then walk we forth even to the market-place,
And waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, *Peace! freedom! and liberty!*
Caſ. Stoop then, and waſh—how many ages hence
[*Dipping their ſwords in* Cæſar's *blood.*

Shall this our lofty ſcene be acted o'er,
In ſtates unborn, and accents yet unknown!
Caſc. How many times ſhall *Cæſar* bleed in ſport,
That now on *Pompey*'s baſis lyes along,
No worthier than the duſt!
Bru. So oft as that ſhall be,
So often ſhall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.
Dec. What, ſhall we forth?
Caſ. Ay, every man away.
Brutus ſhall lead, and we will grace his heels
With the moſt bold, and the beſt hearts of *Rome*.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here?
Ser. A friend of *Antony*'s.
Thus, *Brutus*, did my maſter bid me kneel;
Thus did *Mark Antony* bid me fall down, [*Kneeling.*
And being proſtrate, thus he bad me ſay.
Brutus is noble, wiſe, valiant and honeſt;
Cæſar was mighty, royal, bold and loving;
Say, I love *Brutus*, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd *Cæſar*, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If *Brutus* will vouchſafe that *Antony*
May ſafely come to him, and be reſolv'd
How *Cæſar* hath deſerv'd to lye in death:
Mark Antony ſhall not love *Cæſar* dead
So well as *Brutus* living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble *Brutus*,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod ſtate,
With all true faith. So ſays my maſter *Antony*.
Bru. Thy maſter is a wiſe and valiant *Roman*,
I never thought him worſe.
Tell him, ſo pleaſe him come unto this place,
He ſhall be ſatisfied, and by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.
Ser. I'll fetch him preſently. [*Exit Servant.*
Bru. I know that we ſhall have him well to friend.
Caſ. I wiſh we may: but yet have I a mind
That fears him much; and my miſgiving ſtill
Falls ſhrewdly to the purpoſe.

SCENE

SCENE III. *Enter* Antony.

Bru. But here comes *Antony*. Welcome, *Mark Antony*.

Ant. O mighty *Cæsar!* doſt thou lye ſo low?
Are all thy conqueſts, glories, triumphs, ſpoils,
Shrunk to this little meaſure?—fare thee well.
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who elſe muſt be let blood, who elſe is rank;
If I my ſelf, there is no hour ſo fit
As *Cæsar*'s death's hour; nor no inſtrument
Of half that worth as thoſe your ſwords, made rich
With the moſt noble blood of all this world.
I do beſeech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now whilſt your purpled hands do reek and ſmoak,
Fulfil your pleaſure. Live a thouſand years,
I ſhall not find my ſelf ſo apt to die:
No place will pleaſe me ſo, no means of death,
As here by *Cæsar*, and by you cut off,
The choice and maſter ſpirits of this age.

Bru. O *Antony!* beg not your death of us:
Though now we muſt appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our preſent act,
You ſee we do; yet ſee you but our hands,
And this the bleeding buſineſs they have done:
Our hearts you ſee not, they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of *Rome*,
(As fire drives out fire, ſo pity, pity)
Hath done this deed on *Cæsar*. For your part,
To you our ſwords have leaden points, *Mark Antony*;
Our arms exempt from malice, and our hearts
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Caſ. Your voice ſhall be as ſtrong as any man's
In the diſpoſing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient 'till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beſide themſelves with fear;
And then we will deliver you the cauſe,
Why I, that did love *Cæsar* when I ſtrook him,
Proceeded thus.

Ant. I doubt not of your wiſdom.

Let each man render me his bloody hand;
Firſt, *Marcus Brutus*, will I ſhake with you;
Next, *Caius Caſſius*, do I take your hand;
Now *Decimus Brutus*, yours; now yours, *Metellus*;
Yours, *Cinna*; and, my valiant *Caſca*, yours;
Though laſt, not leaſt in love, yours, good *Trebonius*.
Gentlemen all — alas, what ſhall I ſay?
My credit now ſtands on ſuch ſlippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you muſt conceit me,
Either a coward, or a flatterer.
That I did love thee, *Cæſar*, oh 'tis true;
If then thy ſpirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
To ſee thy *Antony* making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Moſt noble! in the preſence of thy corſe?
Had I as many eyes as thou haſt wounds,
Weeping as faſt as they ſtream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to cloſe
In terms of friendſhip with thine enemies.
Pardon me, *Julius* —— here waſt thou bay'd, brave hart.
Here didſt thou fall, and here thy hunters ſtand
Sign'd in thy ſpoil, and crimſon'd in thy death. *

Caſ. *Mark Antony* ——

Ant. Pardon me, *Caius Caſſius*;
The enemies of *Cæſar* ſhall ſay this:
Then, in a friend, it is cold modeſty.

Caſ. I blame you not for praiſing *Cæſar* ſo,
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends,
Or ſhall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands, but was indeed
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on *Cæſar*.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you ſhall give me reaſons

* ---- in thy death.
O world! thou waſt the foreſt to this hart,
And this indeed, O world, the heart of thee.
How like a deer ſtricken by many princes,
Doſt thou here lye?
Caſ. *Mark Antony*, &c.

Why

Why, and wherein *Cæſar* was dangerous.
Bru. Or elſe were this a ſavage ſpectacle.
Our reaſons are ſo full of good regard,
That were you, *Antony*, the ſon of *Cæſar*,
You ſhould be ſatisfied.
Ant. That's all I ſeek;
And am moreover ſuitor, that I may
Produce his body to the market-place,
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.
Bru. You ſhall, *Mark Antony*.
Caſ. Brutus, a word with you——
You know not what you do, do not conſent [*Aſide.*
That *Antony* ſpeak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?
Bru. By your pardon,
I will my ſelf into the pulpit firſt,
And ſhew the reaſon of our *Cæſar*'s death.
What *Antony* ſhall ſpeak, I will proteſt
He ſpeaks by leave, and by permiſſion;
And that we are contented *Cæſar* ſhall
Have all due rites, and lawful ceremonies:
It ſhall advantage more, than do us wrong.
Caſ. I know not what may fall, I like it not.
Bru. Mark Antony, here take you *Cæſar*'s body:
You ſhall not in your funeral ſpeech blame us,
But ſpeak all good you can deviſe of *Cæſar*,
And ſay you do't by our permiſſion:
You ſhall not elſe have any hand at all
About his funeral. And you ſhall ſpeak
In the ſame pulpit whereto I am going,
After my ſpeech is ended.
Ant. Be it ſo:
I do deſire no more.
Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Manet* Antony.

Ant. O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth!
That I am meek and gentle with theſe butchers.
Thou art the ruins of the nobleſt man

That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that ſhed this coſtly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I propheſie,
(Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue)
A curſe ſhall light upon the kind of men;
Domeſtick fury, and fierce civil ſtrife,
Shall cumber all the parts of *Italy*;
Blood and deſtruction ſhall be ſo in uſe,
And dreadful objects ſo familiar,
That mothers ſhall but ſmile when they behold
Their infants quarter'd by the hands of war,
All pity choak'd with cuſtom of fell deeds.
And *Cæſar*'s Spirit, ranging for revenge,
With *Atè* by his ſide come hot from hell,
Shall in theſe confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry *Havock*, and let ſlip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed ſhall ſmell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter Octavius's *Servant.*

You ſerve *Octavius Cæſar*, do you not?

Ser. I do, *Mark Antony.*

Ant. Cæſar did write for him to come to *Rome.*

Ser. He did receive his letters, and is coming,
And bid me ſay to you by word of mouth——
O *Cæſar!* [*Seeing the body.*

Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep;
Paſſion I ſee is catching, for mine eyes
Seeing thoſe beads of ſorrow ſtand in thine,
Begin to water. Is thy maſter coming?

Ser. He lyes to-night within ſeven leagues of *Rome.*

Ant. Poſt back with ſpeed, and tell him what hath chanc'd.
Here is a mourning *Rome*, a dangerous *Rome*,
No *Rome* of ſafety for *Octavius* yet;
Hie hence, and tell him ſo. Yet ſtay a while,
Thou ſhalt not back, 'till I have born this corſe
Into the market-place: there ſhall I try
In my Oration, how the people take
The cruel iſſue of theſe bloody men;
According to the which, thou ſhalt diſcourſe

To

To young *Octavius* of the ſtate of things.
Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt with* Cæſar's *body.*

SCENE V. *The* Forum.

Enter Brutus, *and mounts the* Roſtra. Caſſius, *with the* Plebeians.

Pleb. We will be ſatisfied; let us be ſatisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.
Caſſius, go you into the other ſtreet,
And part the numbers:
Thoſe that will hear me ſpeak, let 'em ſtay here;
Thoſe that will follow *Caſſius*, go with him,
And publick reaſons ſhall be rendered
Of *Cæſar*'s death.

1 *Pleb.* I will hear *Brutus* ſpeak.

2 *Pleb.* I will hear *Caſſius*, and compare their reaſons,
When ſev'rally we hear them rendered.
[*Exit* Caſſius, *with ſome of the* Plebeians.

3 *Pleb.* The noble *Brutus* is aſcended: ſilence!

Bru. Be patient 'till the laſt.

Romans, Countrymen, and Friends! hear me for my cauſe; and be ſilent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honour, and have reſpect to mine honour, that you may believe. Cenſure me in your wiſdom, and awake your ſenſes that you may the better judge. If there be any in this aſſembly, any dear friend of *Cæſar*'s, to him I ſay, that *Brutus*'s love to *Cæſar* was no leſs than his. If then that friend demand, why *Brutus* roſe againſt *Cæſar*, this is my anſwer: Not that I lov'd *Cæſar* leſs, but that I lov'd *Rome* more. Had you rather *Cæſar* were living, and dye all ſlaves; than that *Cæſar* were dead, to live all free-men? As *Cæſar* lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I ſlew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his ambition. Who's here ſo baſe, that would be a bond-man? if any, ſpeak; for him have I offended. Who is here ſo rude, that would not be a *Roman?* if any, ſpeak; for him have I offended. Who is here ſo vile, that will not love his country? if any, ſpeak; for him have I offended.——I pauſe for a reply——

All.

All. None, *Brutus*, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended— I have done no more to *Cæsar* than you shall do to *Brutus*. The question of his death is inroll'd in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforc'd, for which he suffered death.

Enter Mark Antony *with* Cæsar's *body*.

Here comes his body, mourn'd by *Mark Antony:* who though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the common-wealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart, that as I slew my best lover for the good of *Rome*, I have the same dagger for my self, when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, *Brutus*, live!

1 *Pleb.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Pleb.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Pleb.* Let him be *Cæsar*.

4 *Pleb.* *Cæsar*'s better parts
Shall now be crown'd in *Brutus*.

1 *Pleb.* We'll bring him to his house
With shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen——

2 *Pleb.* Peace! silence! *Brutus* speaks.

1 *Pleb.* Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And for my sake, stay here with *Antony*;
Do grace to *Cæsar*'s corps, and grace his speech
Tending to *Cæsar*'s glories, which *Mark Antony*
By our permission is allow'd to make.
I do intreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, 'till *Antony* have spoke. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

1 *Pleb.* Stay, ho, and let us hear *Mark Antony*.

3 *Pleb.* Let him go up into the publick chair,
We'll hear him: noble *Antony*, go up.

Ant. For *Brutus*' sake I am beholden to you.

4 *Pleb.* What does he say of *Brutus?*

3 *Pleb.* He says, for *Brutus*' sake
He finds himself beholden to us all.

4 *Pleb.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of *Brutus* here.

1 *Pleb.*

1 *Pleb.* This *Cæsar* was a tyrant.
3 *Pleb.* Nay, that's certain;
We are glad that *Rome* is rid of him.
2 *Pleb.* Peace, let us hear what *Antony* can say.
Ant. You gentle *Romans*——
All. Peace, ho, let us hear him.
Ant. Friends, *Romans*, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury *Cæsar*, not to praise him.
The evil that men do, lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with *Cæsar!* noble *Brutus*
Hath told you, *Cæsar* was ambitious;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath *Cæsar* answer'd it.
Here, under leave of *Brutus*, and the rest,
(For *Brutus* is an honourable man,
So are they all, all honourable men)
Come I to speak in *Cæsar*'s funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
But *Brutus* says, he was ambitious;
And *Brutus* is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to *Rome*,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill;
Did this in *Cæsar* seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cry'd, *Cæsar* hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
Yet *Brutus* says, he was ambitious;
And *Brutus* is an honourable man.
You all did see, that at the *Luperca.*
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition
Yet *Brutus* says, he was ambitious;
And sure he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what *Brutus* spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause,
What cause with-holds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason——bear with me,
My heart is in the coffin there with *Cæsar*,

And

And I muſt pauſe 'till it come back to me.

1 *Pleb.* Methinks there is much reaſon in his ſayings.
If thou conſider rightly of the matter,
Cæſar has had great wrong.*

3 *Pleb.* Has he, maſters? I fear there will a worſe come in his place.

4 *Pleb.* Mark'd ye his words? he would not take the crown;
Therefore 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1 *Pleb.* If it be found ſo, ſome will dear abide it.

2 *Pleb.* Poor ſoul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Pleb.* There's not a nobler man in *Rome* than *Antony*.

4 *Pleb.* Now mark him, he begins again to ſpeak.

Ant. But yeſterday the word of *Cæſar* might
Have ſtood againſt the world; now lyes he there,
And none ſo poor to do him reverence.
O maſters! if I were diſpos'd to ſtir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I ſhould do *Brutus* wrong, and *Caſſius* wrong;
Who, you all know, are honourable men.
I will not do them wrong: I rather chuſe
To wrong the dead, to wrong my ſelf and you,
Than I will wrong ſuch honourable men.
But here's a parchment, with the ſeal of *Cæſar*,
I found it in his cloſet, 'tis his Will;
Let but the Commons hear this teſtament
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read)
And they would go and kiſs dead *Cæſar*'s wounds,
And dip their napkins in his ſacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And dying, mention it within their Wills,

* *Cæſar* has had great wrong.
3 *Pleb.* *Cæſar* had never wrong, but with juſt cauſe.
If ever there was ſuch a line written by Shakeſpear, *I ſhould fancy it might have its place here, and very humorouſly in the character of a* Plebeian. *One might believe* Ben Johnſon's *remark was made upon no better credit than ſome blunder of an actor in ſpeaking that verſe near the beginning of the third act.*
Know *Cæſar* doth not wrong, nor without cauſe
Will he be ſatisfy'd -----
But the verſe as cited by Ben Johnſon *does not connect with*---Will he be ſatisfy'd. *Perhaps this play was never printed in* Ben Johnſon's *time, and ſo he had nothing to judge by, but as the actor pleas'd to ſpeak it.*

Be-

Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their iſſue.
4 *Pleb.* We'll hear the Will; read it, *Mark Antony.*
All. The Will, the Will: we will hear *Cæſar*'s Will.
Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I muſt not read it,
It is not meet you know how *Cæſar* lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not ſtones, but men:
And being men, hearing the Will of *Cæſar*,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'Tis good you know not that you are his *heirs*,
For if you ſhould——O what would come of it?
4 *Pleb.* Read the Will, we'll hear it, *Antony:*
You ſhall read us the Will, *Cæſar*'s Will.
Ant. Will you be patient? will you ſtay a while?
(I have o'er-ſhot my ſelf to tell you of it.)
I fear I wrong the honourable men,
Whoſe daggers have ſtabb'd *Cæſar*——I do fear it.
4 *Pleb.* They were traitors—honourable men!
All. The Will! the teſtament!
2 *Pleb.* They were villains, murderers; the Will! read the Will!
Ant. You will compel me then to read the Will?
Then make a ring about the corps of *Cæſar*,
And let me ſhew you him that made the Will.
Shall I deſcend, and will you give me leave?
All. Come down.
2 *Pleb.* Deſcend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*
3 *Pleb.* You ſhall have leave.
4 *Pleb.* A ring; ſtand round.
1 *Pleb.* Stand from the hearſe, ſtand from the body.
2 *Pleb.* Room for *Antony*—moſt noble *Antony!*
Ant. Nay, preſs not ſo upon me, ſtand far off.
All. Stand back——room——bear back——
Ant. If you have tears, prepare to ſhed them now.
You all do know this mantle; I remember
The firſt time ever *Cæſar* put it on,
'Twas on a ſummer's evening in his tent,
That day he overcame the *Nervii.*——
Look! in this place, ran *Caſſius*' dagger through——
See what a rent the envious *Caſca* made.——

Through

Through this, the well-beloved *Brutus* ſtabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his curſed ſteel away,
Mark how the blood of *Cæſar* follow'd it!
As ruſhing out of doors, to be reſolv'd,
If *Brutus* ſo unkindly knock'd, or no:
For *Brutus*, as you know, was *Cæſar*'s angel.
Judge, oh you Gods! how dearly *Cæſar* lov'd him.
This, this, was the unkindeſt cut of all;
For when the noble *Cæſar* ſaw him ſtab,
Ingratitude, more ſtrong than traitors arms,
Quite vanquiſh'd him; then burſt his mighty heart:
And in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the baſe of *Pompey*'s ſtatue which
All the while ran with blood, great *Cæſar* fell.
O what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilſt bloody treaſon flouriſh'd over us.
O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity; theſe are gracious drops.
Kind ſouls! what, weep you when you but behold
Our *Cæſar*'s veſture wounded? look you here!
Here is himſelf, marr'd as you ſee by traitors.

1 *Pleb.* O piteous ſpectacle!

2 *Pleb.* O noble *Cæſar!*

3 *Pleb.* O woful day!

4 *Pleb.* O traitors, villains!

1 *Pleb.* O moſt bloody ſight!

2 *Pleb.* We will be reveng'd: revenge: about—ſeek—burn—fire—kill—ſlay! let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, Countrymen——

1 *Pleb.* Peace there, hear the noble *Antony*.

2 *Pleb.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him——

Ant. Good friends, ſweet friends, let me not ſtir you up
To ſuch a ſudden flood of mutiny:
They that have done this deed, are honourable.
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it; they are wiſe and honourable;
And will no doubt with reaſons anſwer you.
I come not, friends, to ſteal away your hearts;

I am no Orator, as *Brutus* is:
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well,
That give me publick leave to ſpeak of him:
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action nor utt'rance, nor the power of ſpeech,
To ſtir mens blood; I only ſpeak right on.
I tell you that which you your ſelves do know,
Shew you ſweet *Cæſar*'s wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths!
And bid them ſpeak for me. But were I *Brutus*,
And *Brutus Antony*, there were an *Antony*
Would ruffle up your ſpirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of *Cæſar*, that ſhould move
The ſtones of *Rome* to riſe and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny.

1 *Pleb.* We'll burn the houſe of *Brutus*.

3 *Pleb.* Away then, come, ſeek the conſpirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen, yet hear me ſpeak.

All. Peace, ho, hear *Antony*, moſt noble *Antony*.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.
Wherein hath *Cæſar* thus deſerv'd your loves?
Alas, you know not; I muſt tell you then:
You have forgot the Will I told you of.

All. Moſt true—the Will—let's ſtay and hear the Will.

Ant. Here is the Will, and under *Cæſar*'s ſeal.
To ev'ry *Roman* citizen he gives,
To ev'ry ſeveral man, ſev'nty five drachma's.

2 *Pleb.* Moſt noble *Cæſar!* we'll revenge his death.

3 *Pleb.* O royal *Cæſar!*

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbors, and new-planted orchards
On that ſide *Tiber*, he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleaſures,
To walk abroad, and recreate your ſelves.
Here was a *Cæſar*, when comes ſuch another?

1 *Pleb.* Never, never; come, away, away;
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire all the traitors houſes.

Take up the body.

2 *Pleb.* Go fetch fire.

3 *Pleb.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Pleb.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt* Plebeians *with the body.*

Ant. Now let it work; miſchief, thou art afoot;
Take thou what courſe thou wilt!—How now, fellow?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Octavius is already come to *Rome.*

Ant. Where is he?

Ser. He and *Lepidus* are at *Cæſar*'s houſe.

Ant. And thither will I ſtraight, to viſit him;
He comes upon a wiſh. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Ser. I heard him ſay, *Brutus* and *Caſſius*
Are rid, like madmen, through the gates of *Rome.*

Ant. Belike they had ſome notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to *Octavius.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Cinna *the Poet, and after him the* Plebeians.

Cin. I dreamt to-night, that I did feaſt with *Cæſar*,
And things unluckily charge my fantaſie;
I have no will to wander forth of doors:
Yet ſomething leads me forth.

1 *Pleb.* What is your name?

2 *Pleb.* Whither are you going?

3 *Pleb.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Pleb.* Are you a married man, or a batchelor?

2 *Pleb.* Anſwer every man directly.

1 *Pleb.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Pleb.* Ay, and wiſely.

3 *Pleb.* Ay, and truly, you were beſt.

Cin. What is my name? whither am I going? where do I dwell? am I a married man, or a batchelor? then to anſwer every man directly and briefly, wiſely and truly; wiſely, I ſay——I am a batchelor.

2 *Pleb.* That's as much as to ſay, they are fools that marry; you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear: proceed directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to *Cæſar*'s funeral.

1 *Pleb.*

1 *Pleb.* As a friend, or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2 *Pleb.* That matter is answered directly.

4 *Pleb.* For your dwelling; briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Pleb.* Your name, Sir, truly.

Cin. Truly my name is *Cinna*.

1 *Pleb.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am *Cinna* the poet, I am *Cinna* the poet.

4 *Pleb.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not *Cinna* the conspirator.

4 *Pleb.* It is no matter, his name's *Cinna*; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Pleb.* Tear him, tear him; come, brands, ho, firebrands: To *Brutus*, to *Cassius*, burn all. Some to *Decimus*'s house, And some to *Casca*'s, some to *Ligarius*: away, go. [*Exe.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A small Island in the little River Rhenus *near* Bononia.

Enter Antony, Octavius, *and* Lepidus.

Ant. THESE many then shall die, their names are prickt.

Oct. Your brother too must die; consent you, *Lepidus*?

Lep. I do consent.

Oct. Prick him down, *Antony*.

Lep. Upon condition *Publius* shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, *Mark Antony*.

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot, I damn him.
But, *Lepidus*, go you to *Cæsar*'s house;
Fetch the Will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What? shall I find you here?

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Exit* Lepidus.

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him,
And took his voice who should be prickt to die,

In our black ſentence and proſcription.
Ant. *Octavius*, I have ſeen more days than you;
And though we lay theſe honours on this man,
To eaſe our ſelves of divers ſland'rous loads;
He ſhall but bear them, as the aſs bears gold,
To groan and ſweat under the buſineſs,
Or led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treaſure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off
Like to the empty aſs, to ſhake his ears,
And graze in common.
Oct. You may do your will;
But he's a try'd and valiant ſoldier.
Ant. So is my horſe, *Octavius*, and for that
I do appoint him ſtore of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to ſtop, to run directly on,
His corporal motion govern'd by my ſpirit.
And in ſome taſte is *Lepidus* but ſo;
He muſt be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth,
A barren-ſpirited fellow, one that feeds
On abject orts, and imitations,
Which out of uſe and ſtal'd by other men,
Begin his faſhion. Do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, *Octavius*,
Liſten great things——*Brutus* and *Caſſius*
Are levying powers; we muſt ſtraight make head.
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,
Our beſt friends made, and our beſt means ſtretcht out;
And let us preſently go ſit in council,
How covert matters may be beſt diſclos'd,
And open perils ſureſt anſwered.
Oct. Let us do ſo; for we are at the ſtake,
And bay'd about with many enemies;
And ſome that ſmile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of miſchiefs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before Brutus's *tent, in the Camp near* Sardis.

Drum. *Enter* Brutus, Lucilius, *and Soldiers;* Titinius *and* Pindarus *meeting them.*

Bru. Stand, ho! *Luc.*

Luc. Give the word, ho! and ſtand!
Bru. What now, *Lucilius?* is *Caſſius* near?
Luc. He is at hand, and *Pindarus* is come
To do you ſalutation from his maſter.
Bru. He greets me well. Your maſter, *Pindarus*,
In his own charge, or by ill officers,
Hath given me ſome worthy cauſe to wiſh
Things done, undone; but if he be at hand,
I ſhall be ſatisfied.
Pin. I do not doubt
But that my noble maſter will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.
Bru. He is not doubted. Hear, a word, *Lucilius*——
How he receiv'd you let me be reſolv'd.
Luc. With courteſie, and with reſpect enough,
But not with ſuch familiar inſtances,
Nor with ſuch free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.
Bru. Thou haſt deſcrib'd
A hot friend, cooling; ever note, *Lucilius*,
When love begins to ſicken and decay,
It uſeth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and ſimple faith:
But hollow men, like horſes hot at hand,
Make gallant ſhew and promiſe of their mettle,
But when they ſhould endure the bloody ſpur,
They fall their creſt, and like deceitful jades
Sink in the tryal. Comes his army on?
Luc. They mean this night in *Sardis* to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horſe in general,
Are come with *Caſſius.* [*Low march within.*

Enter Caſſius *and Soldiers.*

Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd;
March gently on to meet him.
Caſ. Stand, ho!
Bru. Stand, ho! ſpeak the word along.
Within. Stand!
Within. Stand!
Within. Stand!
Caſ. Moſt noble brother! you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you Gods! wrong I mine enemies?
And if not ſo, how ſhould I wrong a brother?
Caſ. *Brutus*, this ſober form of yours hides wrongs,
And when you do them ——
Bru. *Caſſius*, be content,
Speak your griefs ſoftly, I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
(Which ſhould perceive nothing but love from us)
Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away;
Then in my tent, *Caſſius*, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.
Caſ. *Pindarus*,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.
Bru. *Lucilius*, do the like, and let no man
Come to our tent, 'till we have done our conference.
Let *Lucius* and *Titinius* guard the door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Brutus's *Tent*.

Re-enter Brutus *and* Caſſius.

Caſ. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this,
You have condemn'd and noted *Lucius Pella*,
For taking bribes here of the *Sardians*;
Wherein my letter (praying on his ſide
Becauſe I knew the man) was ſlighted of.
Bru. You wrong'd your ſelf to write in ſuch a caſe.
Caſ. In ſuch a time as this, it is not meet
That ev'ry nice offence ſhould bear its comment.
Bru. Yet let me tell you, *Caſſius*, you your ſelf
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm,
To ſell, and mart your offices for gold
To undeſervers.
Caſ. I an itching palm?
You know that you are *Brutus* that ſpeak this,
Or, by the Gods, this ſpeech were elſe your laſt.
Bru. The name of *Caſſius* honours this corruption,
And chaſtiſement doth therefore hide its head.
Caſ. Chaſtiſement! ——
Bru. Remember *March*, the Ides of *March* remember!
Did not great *Julius* bleed for juſtice ſake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did ſtab,

And

And not for juſtice? what, ſhall one of us,
That ſtruck the foremoſt man of all this world,
But for ſupporting robbers; ſhall we now
Contaminate our fingers with baſe bribes?
And ſell the mighty ſpace of our large honours
For ſo much traſh, as may be graſped thus?——
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than ſuch a *Roman*.

Caſ. *Brutus*, bait not me,
I'll not endure it; you forget your ſelf,
To hedge me in; I am a ſoldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than your ſelf
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not, *Caſſius*.

Caſ. I am.

Bru. I ſay, you are not.

Caſ. Urge me no more, I ſhall forget my ſelf——
Have mind upon your health——tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away, ſlight man.

Caſ. Is't poſſible?——

Bru. Hear me, for I will ſpeak.
Muſt I give way and room to your raſh choler?
Shall I be frighted, when a madman ſtares?

Caſ. O Gods! ye Gods! muſt I endure all this?

Bru. All this! ay, more, Fret 'till your proud heart break;
Go ſhew your ſlaves how cholerick you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Muſt I budge?
Muſt I obſerve you? muſt I ſtand and crouch
Under your teſty humour? by the Gods,
You ſhall digeſt the venom of your ſpleen,
Tho' it do ſplit you. For from this day forth,
I'll uſe you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waſpiſh.

Caſ. Is it come to this?

Bru. You ſay, you are a better ſoldier;
Let it appear ſo; make your vaunting true,
And it ſhall pleaſe me well. For mine own part,
I ſhall be glad to learn of noble men.

Caſ. You wrong me every way—you wrong me, *Brutus*;
I ſaid, an elder ſoldier, not a better.

Did

Did I ſay better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Caſ. When *Cæſar* liv'd he durſt not thus have mov'd me.

Bru. Peace, peace, you durſt not ſo have tempted him.

Caſ. I durſt not!——

Bru. No.

Caſ. What? durſt not tempt him!

Bru. For your life you durſt not.

Caſ. Do not preſume too much upon my love,
I may do that I ſhall be ſorry for.

Bru. You have done that you ſhould be ſorry for.
There is no terror, *Caſſius*, in your threats;
For I am arm'd ſo ſtrong in honeſty,
That they paſs by me, as the idle wind,
Which I reſpect not. I did ſend to you
For certain ſums of gold, which you deny'd me;
For I can raiſe no mony by vile means.
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachma's, than to wring
From the hard hands of peaſants their vile traſh,
By any indirection. I did ſend
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me; was that done like *Caſſius?*
Should I have anſwer'd *Caius Caſſius* ſo?
When *Marcus Brutus* grows ſo covetous,
To lock ſuch raſcal counters from his friends,
Be ready, Gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Daſh him to pieces!

Caſ. I deny'd you not.

Bru. You did.

Caſ. I did not—he was but a fool
That brought my anſwer back—*Brutus* hath riv'd my heart.
A friend ſhould bear a friend's infirmities,
But *Brutus* makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not: will you practiſe that on me?

Caſ. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Caſ. A friendly eye could never ſee ſuch faults.

Bru. A flatt'rer's would not, tho' they do appear
As huge as high *Olympus*.

Caſ.

Caſ. Come, *Antony*, and young *Octavius*, come!
Revenge your ſelves alone on *Caſſius*,
For *Caſſius* is a weary of the world;
Hated by one he loves, brav'd by his brother,
Check'd like a bondman, all his faults obſerv'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To caſt into my teeth. O I could weep
My ſpirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breaſt—within, a heart
Dearer than *Plutus'* mine, richer than gold;
If that thou beeſt a *Roman*, take it forth.
I that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart;
Strike as thou didſt at *Cæſar*; for I know,
When thou didſt hate him worſt, thou lov'dſt him better
Than ever thou lov'dſt *Caſſius*.

Bru. Sheath your dagger;
Be angry when you will, it ſhall have ſcope;
Do what you will, diſhonour ſhall be humour.
O *Caſſius*, you are yoaked with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire,
Which much enforced, ſhews a haſty ſpark,
And ſtraight is cold again.

Caſ. Hath *Caſſius* liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his *Brutus*,
When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him?

Bru. When I ſpoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Caſ. Do you confeſs ſo much? give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too. [*Embracing.*

Caſ. O *Brutus!*

Bru. What's the matter?

Caſ. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that raſh humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, *Caſſius*, and from henceforth
When you are over-earneſt with your *Brutus*,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you ſo.*

* ---- and leave you ſo.

Enter Lucius *and* Titinius, *and a Poet.*

Poet. Let me go in to ſee the Generals,
There is ſome grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Luc.

SCENE IV.

Enter Lucilius *and* Titinius.

Bru. Lucilius and *Titinius*, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.
Caſ. And come your ſelves, and bring *Meſſala* with you
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt* Lucilius *and* Titinius.
Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine.
Caſ. I did not think you could have been ſo angry.
Bru. O *Caſſius*, I am ſick of many griefs.
Caſ. Of your philoſophy you make no uſe,
If you give place to accidental evils.
Bru. No man bears ſorrow better—*Portia*'s dead.
Caſ. Ha! *Portia!*——
Bru. She is dead.
Caſ. How 'ſcap'd I killing, when I croſt you ſo?
O inſupportable and touching loſs!
Upon what ſickneſs?
Bru. Impatience of my abſence,
And grief, that young *Octavius* with *Mark Antony*
Have made themſelves ſo ſtrong; (for with her death
That tidings came) with this ſhe fell diſtract,
And (her attendants abſent) ſwallow'd fire.
Caſ. And dy'd ſo?
Bru. Even ſo.
Caſ. O ye immortal Gods!

Enter Lucius *with Wine and Tapers.*

Bru. Speak no more of her: give me a bowl of wine.
In this I bury all unkindneſs, *Caſſius*. [*Drinks.*
Caſ. My heart is thirſty for that noble pledge.

Luc. You ſhall not come to them.
Poet. Nothing but death ſhall ſtay me,
Caſ. How now? what's the matter?
Poet. For ſhame, you Generals; what do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two ſuch men ſhould be,
For I have ſeen more years I'm ſure than ye,
Caſ. Ha, ha----how vilely doth this Cynick rhime!
Bru. Get you hence, ſirrah; ſawcy fellow, hence.
Caſ. Bear with him, *Brutus*, 'tis his faſhion.
Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time;
What ſhould the wars do with theſe jingling fools?
Companion, hence.
Caſ. Away, away, be gone. [*Exit Poet.*
Bru. Lucilius and *Titinius*, &c.

Fill,

Fill, *Lucius*, 'till the wine o'er-ſwell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of *Brutus*' love.

SCENE V.

Enter Titinius *and* Meſſala.

Bru. Come in, *Titinius*; welcome, good *Meſſala!*
Now ſit we cloſe about this taper here,
And call in queſtion our neceſſities.
Caſ. Oh *Portia!* art thou gone?
Bru. No more, I pray you.
Meſſala, I have here received letters,
That young *Octavius*, and *Mark Antony*,
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition tow'rd *Philippi*.
Meſ. My ſelf have letters of the ſelf-ſame tenour.
Bru. With what addition?
Meſ. That by proſcriptions, and bills of outlawry
Octavius, *Antony*, and *Lepidus*
Have put to death an hundred Senators.
Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine ſpeak of ſev'nty Senators, that dy'd
By their proſcriptions, *Cicero* being one.
Caſ. *Cicero* one? ——
Meſ. *Cicero* is dead; and by that order of proſcription.
Had you your letters from your wife, my Lord?
Bru. No, *Meſſala*.
Meſ. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?
Bru. Nothing, *Meſſala*.
Meſ. That, methinks, is ſtrange.
Bru. Why aſk you? hear you ought of her in yours?
Meſ. No, my Lord.
Bru. Now, as you are a *Roman*, tell me true.
Meſ. Then like a *Roman* bear the truth I tell;
For certain ſhe is dead, and by ſtrange manner.
Bru. Why, farewel *Portia*—we muſt die, *Meſſala*.
With meditating that ſhe muſt die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.
Meſ. Ev'n ſo great men great loſſes ſhould endure.
Caſ. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it ſo.
Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think

Of

Of marching to *Philippi* preſently?
Caſ. I do not think it good.
Bru. Your reaſon?
Caſ. This it is:
'Tis better that the enemy ſeek us,
So ſhall he waſte his means, weary his ſoldiers,
Doing himſelf offence; whilſt we lying ſtill,
Are full of reſt, defence and nimbleneſs.
Bru. Good reaſons muſt of force give place to better.
The people 'twixt *Philippi* and this ground,
Do ſtand but in a forc'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution.
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them ſhall make a fuller number up,
Come on refreſh'd, new added, and encourag'd;
From which advantage ſhall we cut him off,
If at *Philippi* we do face him there,
Theſe people at our back.
Caſ. Hear me, good brother——
Bru. Under your pardon.—You muſt note beſide,
That we have try'd the utmoſt of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cauſe is ripe;
The enemy encreaſeth every day,
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in ſhallows, and in miſeries.
On ſuch a full ſea are we now a-float,
And we muſt take the current when it ſerves,
Or loſe our ventures.
Caſ. Then with your will, go on; we will along
Our ſelves, and meet them at *Philippi*.
Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature muſt obey neceſſity,
Which we will niggard with a little reſt.
There is no more to ſay.
Caſ. No more; good night;——
Early to-morrow we will riſe, and hence.

Enter

Enter Lucius.

Bru. Lucius, my gown; now farewel, good *Meſſala*.
[*Exit* Lucius.

Good-night, *Titinius*: noble, noble *Caſſius*,
Good-night, and good repoſe.

Caſ. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come ſuch diviſion 'tween our ſouls!
Let it not, *Brutus*.

Re-enter Lucius *with the Gown*.

Bru. Ev'ry thing is well.

Tit. Meſ. Good-night, Lord *Brutus!*

Bru. Farewel, every one. [*Exeunt.*
Give me the gown. Where is thy inſtrument?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou ſpeak'ſt drowſily?
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd.
Call *Claudius*, and ſome other of my men?
I'll have them ſleep on cuſhions in my tent.

Luc. Varro and *Claudius!*

SCENE VI.

Enter Varro *and* Claudius.

Var. Calls my Lord?

Bru. I pray you, Sirs, lye in my tent, and ſleep;
It may be, I ſhall raiſe you by and by,
On buſineſs to my brother *Caſſius*.

Var. So pleaſe you, we will ſtand, and watch your pleaſure.

Bru. I will not have it ſo; lye down, good Sirs:
It may be I ſhall otherwiſe bethink me.
Look, *Lucius*, here's the book I ſought for ſo;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

Luc. I was ſure your Lordſhip did not give it me,

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canſt thou hold up thy heavy eyes a while,
And touch thy inſtrument, a ſtrain or two?

Luc. Ay, my Lord, an't pleaſe you.

Bru. It does, my boy;
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, Sir.

Bru. I ſhould not urge thy duty paſt thy might;

I know young bloods look for a time of reſt.

Luc. I have ſlept, my Lord, already.

Bru. It was well done, and thou ſhalt ſleep again;
I will not hold thee long. If I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Muſick and a Song.*
This is a ſleepy tune—O murd'rous ſlumber!
Lay'ſt thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee muſick? gentle knave, good night;
I will not do thee ſo much wrong to wake thee.
If thou doſt nod, thou break'ſt thy inſtrument,
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.
But let me ſee, is not the leaf turn'd down
Where I left reading? here it is, I think.
[*He ſits down to read.*

SCENE VII.

Enter the Ghoſt of Cæſar.

How ill this taper burns!—ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakneſs of mine eyes,
That ſhapes this monſtrous apparition—
It comes upon me—Art thou any thing?
Art thou ſome God, ſome angel, or ſome devil,
That mak'ſt my blood cold, and my hair to ſtare?
Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghoſt. Thy evil ſpirit, *Brutus.*

Bru. Why com'ſt thou?

Ghoſt. To tell thee thou ſhalt ſee me at *Philippi.*

Bru. Then I ſhall ſee thee again?

Ghoſt. Ay, at *Philippi.* [*Exit Ghoſt.*

Bru. Why, I will ſee thee at *Philippi* then.——
Now I have taken heart, thou vaniſheſt,
Ill ſpirit; I would hold more talk with thee.
Boy! *Lucius! Varro! Claudius!* Sirs! awake.
Claudius!

Luc. The ſtrings, my Lord, are falſe.

Bru. He thinks he ſtill is at his inſtrument.
Lucius! awake.

Luc. My Lord!

Bru. Didſt thou dream, *Lucius,* that thou ſo criedſt out!

Luc. My Lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didſt; didſt thou ſee any thing?

Luc.

Luc. Nothing, my Lord.

Bru. Sleep again, *Lucius*; ſirrah, *Claudius*, fellow! *Varro!* awake.

Var. My Lord!

Clau. My Lord!

Bru. Why did you ſo cry out, Sirs, in your ſleep?

Both. Did we, my Lord?

Bru. Ay, ſaw you any thing?

Var. No, my Lord, I ſaw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my Lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother *Caſſius*; Bid him ſet on his pow'rs betimes before, And we will follow.

Both. It ſhall be done, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Fields of Philippi, *with the two Camps.*

Enter Octavius, Antony, *and their Army.*

Oct. NOW *Antony*, our hopes are anſwer'd.
You ſaid the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not ſo; their battels are at hand,
They mean to wage us at *Philippi* here,
Anſw'ring before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their boſoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it; they could be content
To viſit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face
To faſten in our thoughts that they have courage.
But 'tis not ſo.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Prepare you, Generals;
The enemy comes on in gallant ſhew;
Their bloody ſign of battel is hung out,
And ſomething's to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battel ſoftly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you croſs me in this exigent?

Oct. I do not croſs you; but I will do ſo. [*March.*

SCENE II.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Caſſius, *and their Army.*

Bru. They ſtand, and would have parley.

Caſ. Stand faſt, *Titinius*, we muſt out and talk.

Oct. *Mark Antony*, ſhall we give ſign of battel?

Ant. No, *Cæſar*, we will anſwer on their charge.
Make forth, the Generals would have ſome words.

Oct. Stir not until the ſignal.

Bru. Words before blows: is it ſo, countrymen?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad ſtrokes, *Octavius*.

Ant. In your bad ſtrokes, *Brutus*, you give good words.
Witneſs the hole you made in *Cæſar*'s heart,
Crying, *Long live, hail*, Cæſar!

Caſ. *Antony*,
The poſture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the *Hybla* bees,
And leave them honeyleſs.

Ant. Not ſtingleſs too.*

Bru. You threat before you ſting.

Ant. Villains! you did not ſo, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the ſides of *Cæſar*:
You ſhew'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kiſſing *Cæſar*'s feet;
Whilſt damned *Caſca*, like a cur, behind
Struck *Cæſar* on the neck. O flatterers!

Caſ. Flatterers! now, *Brutus*, thank your ſelf;
This tongue had not offended ſo to-day.
If *Caſſius* might have rul'd.

Oct. Come, come, the cauſe. If arguing make us ſweat
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Behold, I draw a ſword againſt conſpirators;
When think you that the ſword goes up again?
Never, 'till *Cæſar*'s three and twenty wounds
Be well aveng'd; or 'till another *Cæſar*

* -- -ſtingleſs too.
Bru O yes, and ſoundleſs too.
For you have ſtol'n their buzzing, *Antony*
And very wiſely threat before you ſting.
Ant. Villains, &c.

Have

Have added ſlaughter to the ſword of traitors.
Bru. *Cæſar*, thou canſt not die by traitors hands,
Unleſs thou bring'ſt them with thee.
Oct. So I hope;
I was not born to die on *Brutus'* ſword.
Bru. O if thou wert the nobleſt of thy ſtrain,
Young man, thou couldſt not die more honourable.
Caſ. A peeviſh ſchool-boy, worthleſs of ſuch honour,
Join'd with a maſker and a reveller.
Ant. Old *Caſſius* ſtill.
Oct. Come, *Antony*, away;
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have ſtomachs.
[*Exe.* Octavius, Antony *and Army.*

SCENE III.

Caſ. Why, now blow wind, ſwell billow, and ſwim bark:
The ſtorm is up, and all is on the hazard.
Bru. *Lucilius*, — hark, a word with you.
[Lucilius *and* Meſſala *ſtand forth.*
Luc. My Lord. [Brutus *ſpeaks apart to* Lucilius.
Caſ. *Meſſala!*
Meſ. What ſays my General?
Caſ. *Meſſala*,
This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was *Caſſius* born. Give me thy hand, *Meſſala*;
Be thou my witneſs, that againſt my will,
As *Pompey* was, am I compell'd to ſet
Upon one battel all our liberties.
You know that I held *Epicurus* ſtrong,
And his opinion; now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do preſage.
Coming from *Sardis*, on our foremoſt enſign
Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our ſoldiers hands,
Who to *Philippi* here conſorted us:
This morning are they fled away and gone,
And in their ſteads do ravens, crows and kites
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us
As we were ſickly prey; their ſhadows ſeem

A canopy moſt fatal, under which
Our army lyes ready to give the ghoſt.
Meſ. Believe not ſo.
Caſ. I but believe it partly;
For I am freſh of ſpirit, and reſolv'd
To meet all peril very conſtantly.
Bru. Even ſo, *Lucilius.*
Caſ. Now, moſt noble *Brutus*,
The Gods to-day ſtand friendly, that we may
Lovers in peace lead on our days to age!
But ſince th' affairs of men reſt ſtill incertain,
Let's reaſon with the worſt that may befall.
If we do loſe this battel, then is this
The very laſt time we ſhall ſpeak together.
What are you then determined to do?
Bru. Ev'n by the rule of that philoſophy,
By which I did blame *Cato* for the death
Which he did give himſelf; I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly, and vile,
For fear of what might fall, ſo to prevent
The time of life; arming my ſelf with patience,
To ſtay the providence of ſome high powers,
That govern us below.
Caſ. Then if we loſe this battel,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Along the ſtreets of *Rome.*
Bru. No, *Caſſius*, no; think not, thou noble *Roman*,
That ever *Brutus* will go bound to *Rome*;
He bears too great a mind. But this ſame day
Muſt end that work the Ides of *March* begun.
And whether we ſhall meet again, I know not;
Therefore our everlaſting farewel take;
For ever, and for ever, farewel, *Caſſius!*
If we do meet again, why, we ſhall ſmile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.
Caſ. For ever, and for ever, farewel, *Brutus!*
If we do meet again, we'll ſmile indeed;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.
Bru. Why then lead on. O that a man might know
The end of this day's buſineſs ere it come!

But it ſufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is known. Come, ho, away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Alarum. Enter Brutus *and* Meſſala.

Bru. Ride, ride, *Meſſala*, ride and give theſe bills
Unto the legions on the other ſide. [*Loud alarum.*
Let them ſet on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanour in *Octavius*' wing;
One ſudden puſh gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, *Meſſala*, let them all come down. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter Caſſius *and* Titinius.

Caſ. O look, *Titinius*, look, the villains fly!
My ſelf have to mine own turn'd enemy;
This enſign here of mine was turning back,
I ſlew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O *Caſſius*, *Brutus* gave the word too early,
Who having ſome advantage on *Octavius*
Took it too eagerly; his ſoldiers fell to ſpoil,
Whilſt we by *Antony* were all inclos'd.

Enter Pindarus.

Pin. Fly further off, my Lord, fly further off,
Mark Antony is in your tents, my Lord;
Fly therefore, noble *Caſſius*, fly far off.

Caſ. This hill is far enough. Look, look, *Titinius*,
Are thoſe my tents where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my Lord.

Caſ. *Titinius*, if thou lov'ſt me,
Mount thou my horſe, and hide thy ſpurs in him,
'Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops
And here again; that I may reſt aſſur'd,
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, ev'n with a thought. [*Exit.*

Caſ. Go, *Pindarus*, get higher on that hill,
My ſight was ever thick; regard *Titinius*,
And tell me what thou not'ſt about the field. [*Exit* Pin.
This day I breathed firſt; time is come round.
And where I did begin, there ſhall I end;
My life is run its compaſs. Now, what news?

Pin. Within. Oh, my Lord!

Caſ.

Caſ. What news?

Pin. Within. *Titinius* is incloſed round about
With horſemen, that make to him on the ſpur,
Yet he ſpurs on. Now they are almoſt on him;
Titinius! now ſome light —— oh, he lights too ——
He's ta'en —— and hark, they ſhout for joy. [*Shout.*

Caſ. Come down, behold no more;
Oh coward that I am, to live ſo long,
To ſee my beſt friend ta'en before my face.

Enter Pindarus.

Come hither, ſirrah;
In *Parthia* did I take thee priſoner,
And then I ſwore thee, ſaving of thy life,
That whatſoever I did bid thee do,
Thou ſhouldſt attempt it. Come, now keep thine oath,
Now be a freeman, and with this good ſword
That ran through *Cæſar*'s bowels, ſearch this boſom.
Stand not to anſwer; here take thou the hilt,
And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the ſword —— *Cæſar*, thou art reveng'd
Ev'n with the ſword that kill'd thee. [*Kills himſelf.*

Pin. So I am free, yet would not ſo have been,
Durſt I have done my will. *O Caſſius*,
Far from this country *Pindarus* ſhall run,
Where never *Roman* ſhall take note of him. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *Enter* Titinius, *and* Meſſala.

Meſ. It is but change, *Titinius*; for *Octavius*
Is overthrown by noble *Brutus*' power,
As *Caſſius*' legions are by *Antony*.

Tit. Theſe tidings will well comfort *Caſſius*.

Meſ. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All diſconſolate,
With *Pindarus* his bondman, on this hill.

Meſ. Is not that he, that lyes upon the ground?

Tit. He lyes not like the living. Oh my heart!

Meſ. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, *Meſſala*,
But *Caſſius* is no more! Oh ſetting ſun,
As in thy red rays thou doſt ſink to night,
So in his red blood *Caſſius*' day is ſet;

The

The ſun of *Rome* is ſet! our day is gone,
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done;
Miſtruſt of my ſucceſs hath done this deed.
Meſ. Miſtruſt of good ſucceſs hath done this deed.
Oh hateful Error, Melancholy's child!
Why doſt thou ſhew to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? Error, ſoon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'ſt unto a happy birth,
But kill'ſt the mother that engender'd thee.
Tit. What, *Pindarus!* where art thou, *Pindarus?*
Meſ. Seek him, *Titinius*, whilſt I go to meet
The noble *Brutus*, thruſting this report
Into his ears; I may ſay, thruſting it;
For piercing ſteel and darts invenomed
Shall be as welcome to the ears of *Brutus*,
As tidings of this ſight.
Tit. Hye you, *Meſſala*,
And I will ſeek for *Pindarus* the while. [*Exit* Meſſala.
Why didſt thou ſend me forth, brave *Caſſius?*
Did I not meet thy friends, and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? didſt thou not hear their ſhouts?
Alas, thou haſt miſconſtru'd ev'ry thing.
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow.
Thy *Brutus* bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. *Brutus*, come apace
And ſee how I regarded *Caius Caſſius*.
By your leave, Gods—This is a *Roman*'s part [*Stabs himſelf.*
Come, *Caſſius*' ſword, and find *Titinius*' heart. [*Dies.*

SCENE VI.

Alarum. *Enter* Brutus, Meſſala, *young* Cato, Strato, Volumnius, *and* Lucilius.

Bru. Where, where, *Meſſala*, doth his body lye?
Meſ. Lo, yonder, and *Titinius* mourning it.
Bru. *Titinius*' face is upward.
Cato. He is ſlain.
Bru. Oh *Julius Cæſar*, thou art mighty yet!
Thy ſpirit walks abroad, and turns our ſwords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low alaruns.*
Cato. Brave *Titinius!*

Look,

Look, if he have not crown'd dead *Caſſius!*
Bru. Are yet two *Romans* living ſuch as theſe?
Thou laſt of all the *Romans!* fare thee well;
It is impoſſible that ever *Rome*
Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man, than you ſhall ſee me pay.
I ſhall find time, *Caſſius*, I ſhall find time——
Come therefore, and to *Thaſſos* ſend his body;
His funeral ſhall not be in our camp,
Leſt it diſcomfort us. *Lucilius*, come,
And come, young *Cato*, let us to the field.
Labeo and *Flavius* ſet our battels on.
'Tis three o'clock, and, *Romans*, yet ere night
We ſhall try fortune in a ſecond fight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *The Field of Battel.*

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Meſſala, Cato, Lucilius, *and* Flavius.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, oh yet, hold up your heads.
Cato. What baſtard doth not? who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field.
I am the ſon of *Marcus Cato*, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend.
I am the ſon of *Marcus Cato*, ho!

Enter Soldiers and fight.

Bru. And I am *Brutus*, *Marcus Brutus*, I
Brutus my country's friend; know me for *Brutus*. [*Exit.*
Luc. Oh young and noble *Cato*, art thou down?
Why, now thou dieſt as bravely as *Titinius*,
And may'ſt be honour'd, being *Cato*'s ſon.
Sold. Yield, or thou dieſt.
Luc. I only yield, to die;
There is ſo much, that thou wilt kill me ſtraight;
[*Giving him money.*
Kill *Brutus*, and be honour'd in his death.
Sold. We muſt not. A noble priſoner!

Enter Antony.

2 *Sold.* Room, ho! tell *Antony*, *Brutus* is ta'en.
1 *Sold.* I'll tell the news, here comes the General:
Brutus is ta'en, *Brutus* is ta'en, my Lord.
Ant. Where is he?
Luc. Safe, *Antony*; *Brutus* is ſafe enough.

I dare assure thee, that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble *Brutus:*
The Gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him or alive, or dead,
He will be found like *Brutus*, like himself.
Ant. This is not *Brutus*, friend, but I assure you,
A prize no less in worth; keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness. I had rather have
Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,
And see if *Brutus* be alive or dead,
And bring us word unto *Octavius'* tent
How every thing is chanc'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *Another part of the Field.*

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, *and* Volumnius.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.
Cli. Statilius shew'd the torch-light, but, my Lord,
He came not back, he is or ta'en, or slain.
Bru. Sit thee down, *Clitus*; slaying is the word,
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, *Clitus* — [*Whispering.*
Cli. What I, my Lord? no, not for all the world.
Bru. Peace then, no words.
Cli. I'll rather kill my self.
Bru. Hark thee, *Dardanius!*
Dar. I do such a deed?
Cli. Oh *Dardanius!*
Dar. Oh *Clitus!*
Cli. What ill request did *Brutus* make to thee?
Dar. To kill him, *Clitus:* look, he meditates.
Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.
Bru. Come hither, good *Volumnius*, list a word.
Vol. What says my Lord?
Bru. Why this, *Volumnius*;
The Ghost of *Cæsar* hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night; at *Sardis*, once;
And this last night, here in *Philippi-Fields.*
I know my hour is come.
Vol. Not so, my Lord.
Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, *Volumnius.*
Thou seest the world, *Volumnius*, how it goes;

Our

Our enemies have beat us to the pit: [*Alarum.*
It is more worthy to leap in our ſelves,
Than tarry 'till they puſh us. Good *Volumnius*,
Thou know'ſt that we two went to ſchool together;
Even for that, our love of old, I pr'ythee
Hold thou my ſword's hilt, while I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my Lord.
[*Alarum ſtill.*

Cli. Fly, fly, my Lord, there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewel to you, and you; and you, *Volumnius*.
Strato, thou haſt been all this while aſleep;
Farewel to thee too, *Strato*; countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet in all my life,
I found no man, but he was true to me.
I ſhall have glory by this loſing day,
More than *Octavius* and *Mark Antony*
By this vile conqueſt ſhall attain unto.
So fare you well at once, for *Brutus*' tongue
Hath almoſt ended his life's hiſtory.
Night hangs upon mine eyes, my bones would reſt,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.
[*Alarum. Cry within*, Fly, fly, fly.

Cli. Fly, my Lord, fly ——

Bru. Hence; I will follow thee.
I pr'ythee, *Strato*, ſtay thou by thy Lord;
Thou art a fellow of a good reſpect,
Thy life hath had ſome ſmatch of honour in't.
Hold then my ſword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon't. Wilt thou, *Strato?*

Stra. Give me your hand firſt—fare you well, my Lord!

Bru. Farewel, good *Strato*——*Cæſar*, now be ſtill;
I kill'd not thee with half ſo good a will.
[*He runs on his ſword and dies.*

SCENE IX.

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Antony, Octavius, Meſſala. Lucilius, *and the Army.*

Oct. What man is that?

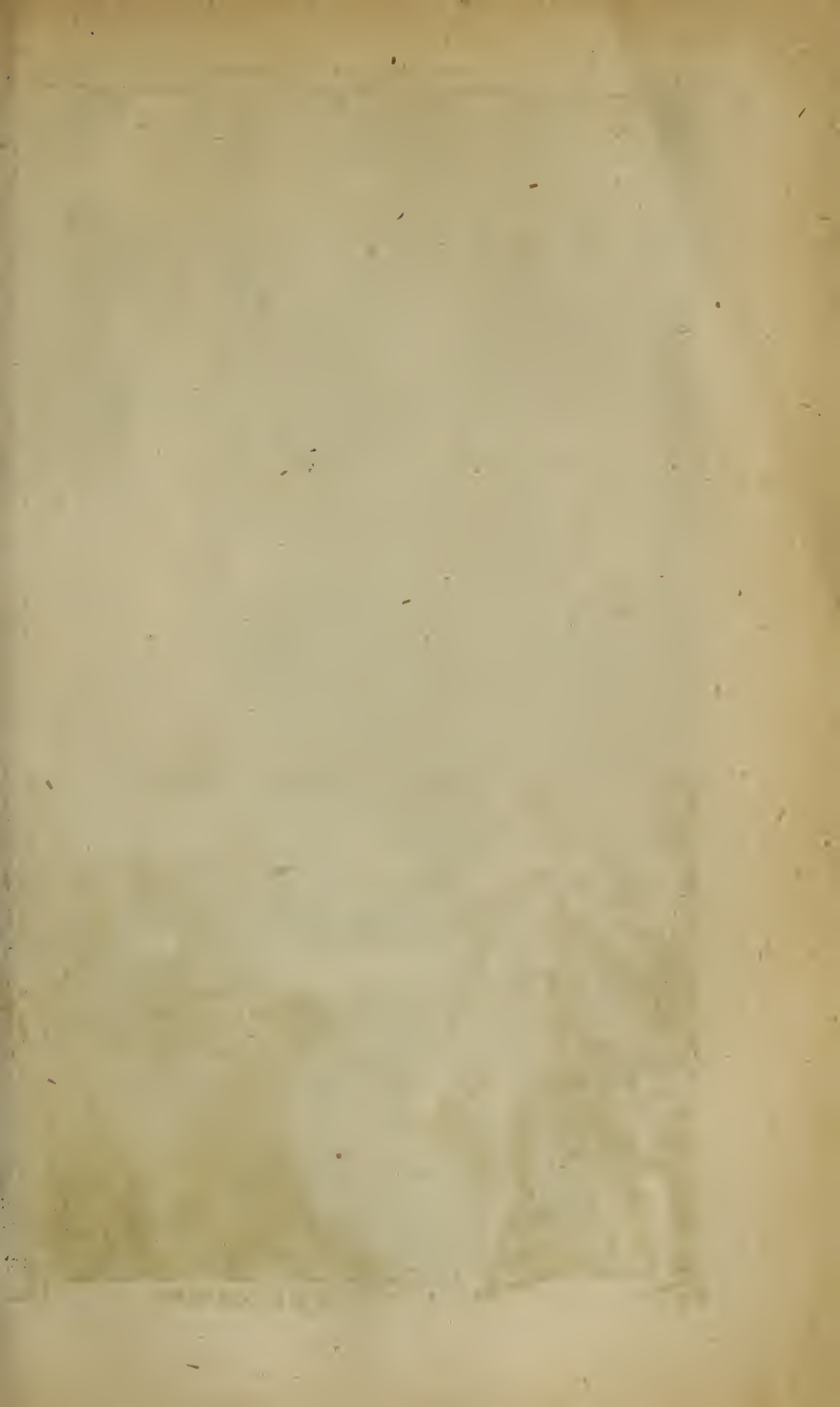
Meſ. My maſter's man. *Strato*, where is thy maſter?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, *Meſſala*;
The conqu'rors can but make a fire of him;

For

For *Brutus* only overcame himſelf,
And no man elſe hath honour by his death.
Luc. So *Brutus* ſhould be found. I thank thee, *Brutus*,
That thou haſt prov'd *Lucilius'* ſaying true.
Oct. All that ſerv'd *Brutus* I will entertain them.
Fellow, wilt thou beſtow thy time with me?
Stra. Ay, if *Meſſala* will prefer me to you.
Oct. Do ſo, good *Meſſala*.
Meſ. How died my Lord, *Strato?*
Stra. I held the ſword, and he did run on it.
Meſ. *Octavius*, take him then to follow thee,
That did the lateſt ſervice to my maſter.
Ant. This was the nobleſt *Roman* of them all:
All the conſpirators, ſave only he,
Did that they did in envy of great *Cæſar:*
He only, in a general honeſt thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixt in him, that nature might ſtand up,
And ſay to all the world, *This was a man!*
Oct. According to his virtue let us uſe him,
With all reſpect, and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night ſhall lye,
Moſt like a ſoldier, order'd honourably.
So call the field to reſt, and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day.

[*Exeunt omnes.*



ANTONY

AND

CLEOPATRA.

Dramatis Personæ.

M. Antony.
Octavius Cæsar.
Æmilius Lepidus.
Sex. Pompeius.
Domitius Ænobarbus,
Ventidius,
Canidius,
Eros,
Scarus,
Dercetas,
Demetrius,
Philo,
Silius,
} *Friends and Followers of* Antony.

Mecænas,
Agrippa,
Dolabella,
Proculeius,
Thyreus,
Taurus,
Gallus,
} *Friends to* Cæsar.

Menas,
Menecrates,
Varrius,
} *Friends to* Pompey.

Alexas,
Mardian,
Seleucus,
Diomedes,
} *Servants to* Cleopatra.

A Soothsayer.
Clown.

Cleopatra, *Queen of* Ægypt.
Octavia, *Sister to* Cæsar, *and Wife to* Antony.

Charmian,
Iras,
} *Ladies attending on* Cleopatra.

Ambassadors from Antony *to* Cæsar, *Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.*

The Scene *is dispers'd in several Parts of the* Roman *Empire.*

Antony

Antony *and* Cleopatra.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Palace at Alexandria *in* Ægypt.

Enter Demetrius *and* Philo.

Phil. NAY, but this dotage of our General
O'er-flows the measure; these his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated *Mars*, now bend, now turn
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front. His captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper,
And is become the bellows and the fan
To cool a gypsy's lust. Look where they come!

Enter Antony, *and* Cleopatra, *her Ladies in the Train, Eunuchs fanning her.*

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool. Behold and see.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much?

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

Cleo. I'll set a borne how far to be belov'd.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heav'n, new earth.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. News, my good Lord, from *Rome*.

Ant. It grates me. Tell the sum.

Cleo. Nay, hear it, *Antony*.

Fulvia perchance is angry ; or who knows,
If the ſcarce-bearded *Cæſar* have not ſent
His pow'rful mandate to you ; *Do this, or this* ;
Take in that kingdom, and infranchiſe that ;
Perform't, or elſe we damn thee.
Ant. How, my love ?
Cleo. Perchance, (nay, and moſt like,)
You muſt not ſtay here longer, your diſmiſſion
Is come from *Cæſar* ; therefore hear it, *Antony.*
Where's *Fulvia*'s proceſs ? *Cæſar*'s ? I would ſay ; both ?
Call in the meſſengers ; as I'm *Ægypt*'s Queen,
Thou bluſheſt, *Antony,* and that blood of thine
Is *Cæſar*'s homager : ſo thy cheeks pay ſhame,
When ſhrill-tongu'd *Fulvia* ſcolds. The meſſengers.
Ant. Let *Rome* in *Tyber* melt, and the wide arch
Of the rais'd empire fall ! here is my ſpace,
Kingdoms are clay ; our dungy earth alike
Feeds beaſt as man ; the nobleneſs of life
Is to do thus ; when ſuch a mutual pair, [*Embracing.*
And ſuch a twain can do't ; in which, I bind
(On pain of puniſhment) the world to weet
We ſtand up peerleſs.
Cleo. Excellent falſhood !
Why did he marry *Fulvia*, and not love her ?
I'll ſeem the fool I am not ; *Antony*
Will be himſelf.
Ant. But ſtirr'd by *Cleopatra :*
Now for the love of love, and his ſoft hours,
Let's not confound the time with conference harſh ;
There's not a minute of our lives ſhould ſtretch
Without ſome pleaſure now : what ſport to-night ?
Cleo. Hear the ambaſſadors.
Ant. Fie, wrangling Queen !
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep ; whoſe every paſſion fully ſtrives
To make it ſelf in thee fair and admir'd.
No meſſenger but thine ; and all alone
To-night we'll wander through the ſtreets, and note
The qualities of people. Come, my Queen,

Laſt

Laſt night you did deſire it. Speak not to us.
[*Exeunt with their train.*

Dem. Is *Cæſar* with *Antonius* priz'd ſo ſlight?

Phil. Sir, ſometimes, when he is not *Antony*,
He comes too ſhort of that great property
Which ſtill ſhould go with *Antony*.

Dem. I'm ſorry,
That he approves the common liar Fame,
Who ſpeaks him thus at *Rome*; but I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Reſt you happy! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Ænobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, *and a Soothſayer.*

Char. *Alexas*, ſweet *Alexas*, moſt any thing *Alexas*, almoſt moſt abſolute *Alexas*, where's the Soothſayer that you prais'd to th' Queen? Oh! that I knew this huſband which, you ſay, muſt change for horns his garlands.

Alex. Soothſayer!

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man? Is't you, Sir, that know things?

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of ſecrecy,
A little I can read.

Alex. Shew him your hand.

Æno. Bring in the banquet quickly: wine enough,
Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good Sir, give me
Good fortune.

Sooth. Madam, I make not, but foreſee.

Char. Pray then, foreſee me one.

Sooth. You ſhall be yet
Far fairer than you are.

Char. He means in fleſh.

Iras. No, you ſhall paint when old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his preſcience, be attentive.

Char. Huſh!

Sooth. You ſhall be more beloving, than beloved.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with much drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, ſome excellent fortune! Let me be married to three Kings in a forenoon, and widow them all; let

let me have a child at fifty, to whom *Herod* of *Jewry* may do homage. Find me, to marry me with, *Octavius Cæsar*; and companion me with my mistress.

Sooth. You shall out-live the Lady whom you serve.

Char. Oh excellent, I love long life better than figs.

Sooth. You have seen and proved a fairer former fortune, than that which is to approach.

Char. Then belike my children shall have no names; Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertile every wish, a million.

Char. Out, out, fool, I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think none but your sheets are privy to Your wishes.

Char. Nay come, and tell *Iras* hers.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Æno. Mine, and most of our fortunes to-night, shall be to go drunk to bed.

Iras. There is a palm presages chastity,
If nothing else.

Char. Ev'n as th' o'erflowing *Nile* presageth famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear. Pr'ythee, tell her but a workyday fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how? give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you chuse it?

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worser thoughts heav'ns mend! — *Alexas* — Come, his fortune, his fortune. —— Oh let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet *Isis*, I beseech thee, and let her die too, and give him a worse, and let worse follow worse, 'till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold. Good *Isis*, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good *Isis*, I beseech thee!

Iras.

Iras. *Amen*, dear Goddeſs, hear that prayer of the people! For, as it is a heart-breaking to ſee a handſome man looſe-wiv'd, ſo it is a deadly ſorrow, to behold a foul knave uncuckolded; therefore, dear *Iſis*, keep *decorum*, and fortune him accordingly.

Char. *Amen.*

Alex. Lo now! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themſelves whores but they'd do't.

SCENE III. *Enter* Cleopatra.

Æno. Huſh, here comes *Antony*.

Char. Not he, the Queen.

Cleo. Saw you my Lord?

Æno. No, Lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, Madam.

Cleo. He was diſpos'd to mirth, but on the ſudden
A *Roman* thought had ſtruck him. *Ænobarbus!*

Æno. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither; where's *Alexas?*

Alex. Here at your ſervice; ſee, my Lord approaches.

Enter Antony *with a Meſſenger and Attendants.*

Cleo. We will not look upon him; go with us. [*Exeunt.*

Meſ. *Fulvia* thy wife firſt came into the field.

Ant. Againſt my brother *Lucius?*

Meſ. Ay, but ſoon
That war had end, and the time's ſtate made friends
Of them, jointing their forces againſt *Cæſar*,
Whoſe better iſſue in the war, from *Italy*
Upon the firſt encounter, drave them.

Ant. Well,
What worſe?

Meſ. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool or coward: on.
Things that are paſt, are done, with me: 'Tis thus——
Who tells me true, though in the tale lye death,
I hear as if he flatter'd.

Meſ. *Labienus*
Hath, with his *Parthian* force, thro' extended *Aſia*,
His conqu'ring banner from *Euphrates* ſhook

And

And *Syria*, to *Lydia* and *Ionia*;
Whilſt——
Ant. *Antony* thou wouldſt ſay.
Meſ. Oh, my Lord!
Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the gen'ral tongue,
Name *Cleopatra* as ſhe's call'd in *Rome*.
Rail thou in *Fulvia*'s phraſe, and taunt my faults
With ſuch full licence, as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. Oh then we bring forth weeds,
When our quick minds lye ſtill; and our ill, told us,
Is as our earing; fare thee well a while.
Meſ. At your noble pleaſure.
Ant. From *Sicyon* how the news? ſpeak there.
Meſ. The man from *Sicyon*, is there ſuch an one? [*Exit.*
Attend. He ſtays upon your will.
Ant. Let him appear;
Theſe ſtrong *Ægyptian* fetters I muſt break,
Or loſe my ſelf in dotage. What are you?
Enter another Meſſenger with a letter.
2 *Meſ.* *Fulvia* thy wife is dead.
Ant. Where died ſhe?
2 *Meſ.* In *Sicyon*.
Her length of ſickneſs with what elſe more ſerious
Importeth thee to know, this bears.
Ant. Forbear me.—— [*Exit Meſſenger.*
There's a great ſpirit gone! thus I deſir'd it.
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wiſh it ours again; the preſent pleaſure,
By revolution lowring, does become
The oppoſite of itſelf; ſhe's good, being gone;
The hand could pluck her back, that ſhov'd her on.
I muſt from this enchanting Queen break off.
Ten thouſand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleneſs doth hatch. How now, *Ænobarbus?*
Enter Ænobarbus.
Æno. What's your pleaſure, Sir?
Ant. I muſt with haſte from hence.
Æno. Why then we kill all our women. We ſee how mortal an unkindneſs is to them; if they ſuffer our depar-ture, death's the word.
Ant. I muſt be gone. *Æno.*

Æno. Under a compelling occaſion, let women die. It were pity to caſt them away for nothing, though between them and a great cauſe, they ſhould be eſteem'd nothing. *Cleopatra* catching but the leaſt noiſe of this dies inſtantly; I have ſeen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment: I do think there is mettle in death, which commits ſome loving act upon her, ſhe hath ſuch alacrity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning paſt man's thought.

Æno. Alack, Sir, no; her paſſions are made of nothing but the fineſt part of pure love. We cannot call her winds and waters, ſighs and tears: they are greater ſtorms and tempeſts than almanacks can report. This cannot be cunning in her: if it be, ſhe makes a ſhow'r of rain as well as *Jove*.

Ant. Would I had never ſeen her!

Æno. Oh Sir, you had then left unſeen a wonderful piece of work, which not to have been bleſt withal, would have diſcredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Æno. Sir!

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Æno. Fulvia?

Ant. Dead.

Æno. Why, Sir, give the Gods a thankful ſacrifice; when it pleaſeth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, they ſhew to man the tailors of the earth; comforting him therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are numbers to make new. If there were no more women but *Fulvia*, then had you indeed a cut, and the caſe were to be lamented: this grief is crowned with conſolation, your old ſmock brings forth a new petticoat, and indeed the tears live in an onion that ſhould water this ſorrow.

Ant. The buſineſs ſhe hath broached in the ſtate,
Cannot endure my abſence.

Æno. And the buſineſs you have broach'd here cannot be without you, eſpecially that of *Cleopatra*, which wholly depends on your aboad.

Ant. No more light anſwers: let our officers
Have notice what we purpoſe. I ſhall break
The cauſe of our expedience to the Queen,

And

And get her leave to part. For not alone
The death of *Fulvia*, with more urgent touches,
Doth ſtrongly ſpeak t'us; but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends in *Rome*
Petition us at home. *Sextus Pompeius*
Hath giv'n the dare to *Cæſar*, and commands
The empire of the ſea. Our ſlipp'ry people,
(Whoſe love is never link'd to the deſerver,
'Till his deſerts are paſt,) begin to throw
Pompey the Great and all his dignities
Upon his ſon; who high in name and pow'r,
Higher than both in blood and life, ſtands up
For the main ſoldier; whoſe quality going on
The ſides o' th' world may danger. Much is breeding,
Which, like the * courſer's hair, hath yet but life
And not a ſerpent's poiſon. Say, our pleaſure,
To ſuch whoſe place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.

Æno. I'll do't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Alexas, *and* Iras.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not ſee him ſince.

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he do's.
I did not ſend you; if you find him ſad,
Say I am dancing: if in mirth, report
That I am ſudden ſick. Quick, and return.

Char. Madam, methinks if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What ſhould I do, I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way, croſs him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teacheſt like a fool: the way to loſe him.

Char. Tempt him not ſo, too far. I wiſh, forbear;
In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter Antony.

But here comes *Antony*.

Cleo. I'm ſick, and ſullen.

* Alludes to an old idle notion that the hair of a horſe dropt into corrupted water, will turn to an animal.

Ant.

Ant. I am ſorry to give breathing to my purpoſe.
Cleo. Help me away, dear *Charmian*, I ſhall fall,
It cannot be thus long, the ſides of nature [*Seeming to faint.*
Will not ſuſtain it.
Ant. Now, my deareſt Queen,——
Cleo. Pray you ſtand farther from me.
Ant. What's the matter?
Cleo. I know by that ſame eye there's ſome good news.
What ſays the marry'd woman? you may go;
Would ſhe had never given you leave to come;
Let her not ſay 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no pow'r upon you: hers you are.
Ant. The Gods beſt know——
Cleo. Oh never was there Queen
So mightily betray'd; yet at the firſt
I ſaw the treaſons planted.
Ant. Cleopatra,——
Cleo. Why ſhould I think you can be mine, and true,
Though you with ſwearing ſhake the throned Gods,
Who have been falſe to *Fulvia?* riotous madneſs!
To be entangled with theſe mouth-made vows,
Which break themſelves in ſwearing.
Ant. Moſt ſweet Queen,——
Cleo. Nay, pray you ſeek no colour for your going,
But bid farewel, and go: when you ſued ſtaying,
Then was the time for words: no going then;
Eternity was in our lips, and eyes,
Bliſs in our brows, none of our parts ſo poor,
But was a ray of heav'n. They are ſo ſtill,
Or thou the greateſt ſoldier of the world
Are turn'd the greateſt liar.
Ant. How now, Lady?
Cleo. I would I had thy inches, thou ſhouldſt know
There was a heart in *Ægypt.*
Ant. Hear me, Queen;
The ſtrong neceſſity of time commands
Our ſervices awhile; but my full heart
Remains in uſe with you. Our *Italy*
Shines o'er with civil ſwords; *Sextus Pompeius*
Makes his approaches to the port of *Rome.*

Equality of two domeſtick pow'rs
Breeds ſcrupulous faction; the hated, grown to ſtrength,
Are newly grown to love; the condemn'd *Pompey*,
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of ſuch, as have not thriv'n
Upon the preſent ſtate, whoſe numbers threaten;
And quietneſs, grown ſick of reſt, would purge
By any deſperate change. My more particular,
And that which moſt with you ſhould ſalve my going,
Is *Fulvia*'s death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childiſhneſs. Can *Fulvia* die?

Ant. She's dead, my Queen.
Look here, and at thy ſovereign leiſure read
The garboils ſhe awak'd; at the laſt, beſt.
See when, and where ſhe died.

Cleo. O moſt falſe love!
Where be the ſacred vials thou ſhou'dſt fill
With ſorrowful water? now I ſee, I ſee,
In *Fulvia*'s death, how mine ſhall be receiv'd.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purpoſes I bear; which are, or ceaſe,
As you ſhall give th' advices: by the fire
That quickens *Nilus*' ſlime, I go from hence
Thy ſoldier, ſervant, making peace or war,
As thou affect'ſt.

Cleo. Cut my lace, *Charmian*, come;
But let it be, I'm quickly ill, and well,
So *Antony* loves.

Ant. My precious Queen, forbear,
And give true evidence to his love, which ſtands
An honourable tryal.

Cleo. So *Fulvia* told me.
I pr'ythee turn aſide, and weep for her,
Then bid adieu to me, and ſay the tears
Belong to *Ægypt*. Good now, play one ſcene
Of excellent diſſembling, let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood; no more.

Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

Ant.

Ant. Now by my ſword ——
Cleo. And target. Still he mends.
But this is not the beſt. Look pr'ythee, *Charmian*,
How this *Herculean Roman* does become
The carriage of his chafe.
Ant. I'll leave you, Lady.
Cleo. Courteous Lord, one word:
Sir, you and I muſt part, but that's not it,
Sir, you and I have lov'd, but there's not it,
That you know well; ſomething it is I would:
Oh, my oblivion is a very *Antony*,
And I am all forgotten.*
Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleneſs your ſubject, I ſhould take you
For idleneſs it ſelf.
Cleo. 'Tis ſweating labour,
To bear ſuch idleneſs ſo near the heart,
As *Cleopatra* this. But, Sir, forgive me,
Since my becomings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you. Your honour calls you hence,
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the Gods go with you! On your ſword
Sit lawrell'd victory, and ſmooth ſucceſs
Be ſtrew'd before your feet!
Ant. Let us go: come,
Our ſeparation ſo abides and flies,
That thou reſiding here, goeſt yet with me,
And I hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Cæſar's *Palace in* Rome.

Enter Octavius Cæſar *reading a letter*, Lepidus, *and Attendants.*

Cæſ. You may ſee, *Lepidus*, and henceforth know,
It is not *Cæſar*'s natural vice, to hate
A great competitor. From *Alexandria*
This is the news; he fiſhes, drinks, and waſtes
The lamps of night in revels; not more manly
Than *Cleopatra*; nor the Queen of *Ptolemy*

* *All forgotten*, is an old way of ſpeaking for, *apt to forget every thing.*

More womanly than he; hardly gave audience,
Or did vouchſafe to think that he had partners.
You ſhall find there a man, who is the abſtract
Of all faults all men follow.

Lep. I muſt not think
They're evils enough to darken all his goodneſs;
His faults in him ſeem as the ſpots of ermine,
Or fires by night's blackneſs: hereditary,
Rather than purchaſt; what he cannot change,
Than what he chuſes.

Cæſ. You're too indulgent. Let us grant it is not
Amiſs to tumble on the bed of *Ptolemy*,
To give a kingdom for a mirth, to ſit
And keep the turn of tipling with a ſlave,
To reel the ſtreets at noon, and ſtand the buffet
With knaves that ſmell of ſweat; ſay this becomes him;
(As his compoſure muſt be rare indeed
Whom theſe things cannot blemiſh) yet muſt *Antony*
No way excuſe his foils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightneſs. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuouſneſs;
Full ſurfeits, and the dryneſs of his bones,
Call on him for't. But to confound ſuch time,
That drums him from his ſport, and ſpeaks as loud
As his own ſtate, and ours; 'tis to be chid,
As we rate boys, who immature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their preſent pleaſure,
And ſo rebel to judgment.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Meſ. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
Moſt noble *Cæſar*, ſhalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. *Pompey* is ſtrong at ſea,
And it appears, he is belov'd of thoſe
That only have fear'd *Cæſar*: to the ports
The diſcontents repair, and mens reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæſ. I ſhould have known no leſs;
It hath been taught us from the primal ſtate,
That he which is, was wiſh'd until he were:

And

And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd 'till ne'er worth love,
'Comes 'dear'd by being lack'd. The common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the ſtream,
Goes to, and back, lacquying the varying tide
To rot it ſelf with motion.
Meſ. *Cæſar*, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and *Menas*, famous pirates,
Make the ſea ſerve them, which they ear and wound
With keels of every kind. Many hot inroads
They make in *Italy*, the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on't, and fluſh youth revolt.
No veſſel can peep forth, but 'tis as ſoon
Taken as ſeen: for *Pompey*'s name ſtrikes more
Than could his war reſiſted.
Cæſ. *Antony*,
Leave thy laſcivious waſſails. When thou once
From *Mutina* wert beaten, where thou ſlew'ſt
Hirtius and *Panſa* conſuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow, which thou fought'ſt againſt
(Though daintily brought up) with patience more
Than ſavages could ſuffer. Thou didſt drink
The ſtale of horſes, and the gilded puddle
Which beaſts would cough at. Thy palate then did deign
The rougheſt berry on the rudeſt hedge:
Yea, like the ſtag, when ſnow the paſture ſheets,
The barks of trees thou browſed'ſt. On the *Alps*,
It is reported thou didſt eat ſtrange fleſh,
Which ſome did die to look on; and all this,
(It wounds thine honour that I ſpeak it now,)
Was born ſo like a ſoldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.
Lep. It is pity of him.
Cæſ. Let his ſhames quickly
Drive him to *Rome*; 'tis time that we twain
Did ſhew ourſelves i' th' field, and to that end
Aſſemble we immediate council; *Pompey*
Thrives in our idleneſs.
Lep. To-morrow, *Cæſar*,
I ſhall be furniſh'd to inform you rightly,
Both what by ſea and land I can be able,

To front this preſent time.
Cæſ. 'Till which encounter,
It is my buſineſs too.
Lep. Farewel, my Lord;
What you ſhall know mean time of ſtirs abroad,
I ſhall beſeech you, let me be partaker.
Cæſ. Doubt it not, Sir, I knew it for my bond.
Farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The Palace in* Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, *and* Mardian.

Cleo. Charmian!
Char. Madam.
Cleo. Ha, ha,—give me to drink *Mandragoras.*
Char. Why, Madam?
Cleo. That I might ſleep out this great gap of time,
My *Antony* is away.
Char. You think of him too much.
Cleo. O, that is treaſon.
Char. Madam, I truſt not ſo.
Cleo. Thou eunuch, *Mardian!*
Mar. What is your Highneſs' pleaſure?
Cleo. Not now to hear thee ſing. I take no pleaſure
In ought an eunuch has; 'tis well for thee,
That being unſeminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of *Ægypt.* Haſt thou affections?
Mar. Yes, gracious Madam.
Cleo. Indeed?
Mar. Not in deed, Madam, for I can do nothing
But what indeed is honeſt to be done:
Yet have I fierce affections, and think
What *Venus* did with *Mars.*
Cleo. Oh *Charmian!*
Where think'ſt thou he is now? ſtands he, or ſits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horſe?
Oh happy horſe to bear the weight of *Antony!*
Do bravely, horſe, for wot'ſt thou whom thou mov'ſt?
The demy *Atlas* of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of man. He's ſpeaking now,
Or murmuring, *Where's my ſerpent of old* Nile?
For ſo he calls me; now I feed my ſelf

With

With moſt delicious poiſon: Think on me,
That am with *Phœbus'* amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time. Broad-fronted *Cæſar*,
When thou waſt here above the ground, I was
A morſel for a Monarch; and great *Pompey*
Would ſtand and make his eyes grow in my brow,
There would he anchor his aſpect, and die
With looking on his life.

Enter Alexas.

Alex. Sovereign of *Ægypt*, hail!

Cleo. How much art thou unlike *Mark Antony?*
Yet coming from him, that great med'cin hath
With his tinct gilded thee. How goes it with
My brave *Mark Antony?*

Alex. Laſt thing he did, dear Queen,
He kiſt, the laſt of many doubled kiſſes,
This orient pearl. His ſpeech ſticks in my heart.

Cleo. Mine ear muſt pluck it thence.

Alex. Good friend, quoth he,
Say the firm *Roman* to great *Ægypt* ſends
This treaſure of an oyſter; at whoſe foot,
To mend the petty preſent, I will pace
Her opulent throne with kingdoms. All the Eaſt,
Say thou, ſhall call her miſtreſs. So he nodded,
And ſoberly did mount an arm-girt ſteed,
Who neigh'd ſo high, that what I would have ſpoke,
Was beaſt-like dumb'd by him.

Cleo. What, was he ſad
Or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o' th' year, between
Th' extreams of hot and cold, he was not ſad
Nor merry.

Cleo. Oh well divided diſpoſition!
Note him, good *Charmian*, 'tis the man; but note him,
He was not ſad, for he would ſhine on thoſe
That make their looks by his. He was not merry,
Which ſeem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In *Ægypt* with his joy; but between both.
Oh heav'nly mingle! be'ſt thou ſad, or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes,

So

So do's it no man elſe. Met'ſt thou my poſts?
Alex. Ay, Madam, twenty ſeveral meſſengers.
Why do you ſend ſo thick?
Cleo. Who's born that day
When I forget to ſend to *Antony*,
Shall die a beggar. Ink and paper, *Charmian.*
Welcome, my good *Alexas.* Did I, *Charmian*,
Ever love *Cæſar* ſo?
Char. Oh, that brave *Cæſar!*
Cleo. Be choak'd with ſuch another emphaſis!
Say, the brave *Antony.*
Char. The valiant *Cæſar.*
Cleo. By *Iſis*, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with *Cæſar* paragon again
My man of men.
Char. By your moſt gracious pardon,
I ſing but after you.
Cleo. My ſallad days!
When I was green in judgment, cold in blood!
To ſay, as I ſaid then!——But come away,
Get me ink and paper; he ſhall have every day
A ſeveral greeting, or I'll unpeople *Ægypt.* [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

SICILY.

Enter Pompey, Menecrates, *and* Menas.

Pom. IF the great Gods be juſt, they ſhall aſſiſt
The deeds of juſteſt men.
Mene. Know, worthy *Pompey*,
That what they do delay, they not deny.
Pom. While we are ſuitors to their throne, decays
The thing we ſue for.
Men. We, ignorant of our ſelves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wiſe powers
Deny us for our good; ſo find we profit
By loſing of our prayers.
Pom. I ſhall do well:
The people love me, and the ſea is mine;
My power's a creſcent, and my auguring hope
Says it will come to th' full. *Mark Antony*

In

In *Ægypt* ſits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors. *Cæſar* gets mony where
He loſes hearts; *Lepidus* flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

Mene. *Cæſar* and *Lepidus*
Are in the field, a mighty ſtrength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this? 'tis falſe.

Mene. From *Silvius*, Sir.

Pom. He dreams; they are in *Rome* together looking
For *Antony:* but all the charms of love,
Salt *Cleopatra*, ſoften thy wan lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty, luſt with both;
Tie up the libertine in a field of feaſts,
Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks,
Sharpen with cloyleſs ſawce his appetite;
That ſleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,
Even to a *Lethe'd* dulneſs!

Enter Varrius.

How now, *Varrius?*

Var. This is moſt certain, that I ſhall deliver:
Mark Antony is every hour in *Rome*
Expected. Since he went from *Ægypt*, 'tis
A ſpace for farther travel.

Pom. I could have given leſs matter
A better ear. *Menas*, I did not think
This am'rous ſurfeiter would have donn'd his helm
For ſuch a petty war; his ſoldierſhip
Is twice the other twain; but let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our ſtirring
Can from the lap of *Ægypt*'s widow pluck
The ne'er luſt-wearied *Antony*.

Men. I cannot hope,
Cæſar and *Antony* ſhall well greet together.
His wife, who's dead, did treſpaſſes to *Cæſar*,
His brother warr'd upon him, although I think
Not mov'd by *Antony*.

Pom. I know not, *Menas*,
How leſſer enmities may give way to greater.
Were't not that we ſtand up againſt them all,

'Twere

'Twere pregnant they ſhould ſquare between themſelves;
For they have entertained cauſe enough
To draw their ſwords; but how the fear of us
May cement their diviſions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be't as our Gods will have't; it only ſtands
Our lives upon, to uſe our ſtrongeſt hands.
Come, *Menas*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *ROME.*

Enter Ænorbarbus *and* Lepidus.

Lep. Good *Ænobarbus*, 'tis a worthy deed,
And ſhall become you well, t'entreat your captain
To ſoft and gentle ſpeech.

Æno. I ſhall entreat him
To anſwer like himſelf; if *Cæſar* move him,
Let *Antony* look over *Cæſar*'s head,
And ſpeak as loud as *Mars*. By *Jupiter*,
Were I the wearer of *Antonio*'s beard,
I would not ſhave't to-day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time
For private ſtomaching.

Æno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in't.

Lep. But ſmall to greater matters muſt give way.

Æno. Not if the ſmall come firſt.

Lep. Your ſpeech is paſſion;
But pray you ſtir no embers up. Here comes
The noble *Antony*.

Enter Antony *and* Ventidius.

Æno. And yonder *Cæſar*.

Enter Cæſar, Mecænas, *and* Agrippa.

Ant. If we compoſe well here, to *Parthia*. —
Hark thee, *Ventidius*.

Cæſ. I do not know, *Mecænas*; aſk *Agrippa*.

Lep. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was moſt great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiſs,
May it be gently heard! when we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murther in healing wounds. Then, noble partners,

(The

(The rather for I earneſtly beſeech)
Touch you the ſowreſt points with ſweeteſt terms,
No curſtneſs grow to th' matter.
Ant. 'Tis ſpoken well;
Were we before our armies and to fight,
I ſhould do thus.
Cæſ. Welcome to *Rome*.
Ant. Thank you.
Cæſ. Sit.
Ant. Sit, Sir.
Cæſ. Nay, then ——
Ant. I learn you take things ill, which are not ſo:
Or being, concern you not.
Cæſ. I muſt be laught at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should ſay my-ſelf offended, and with you
Chiefly i' th' world: more laught at, that I ſhould
Once name you derogately; when to ſound
Your name it not concern'd me.
Ant. My being in *Ægypt*, *Cæſar*, what was't to you?
Cæſ. No more than my reſiding here at *Rome*
Might be to you in *Ægypt*: if you there
Did practiſe on my ſtate, your being in *Ægypt*
Might be my queſtion.
Ant. How intend you, practis'd?
Cæſ. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befall. Your wife and brother
Made wars upon me, and their conteſtation
Was theam'd for you, you were the word of war.
Ant. You do miſtake the buſineſs: my brother never
Did urge me in this act: I did inquire it,
And have my learning from ſome true reporters
That drew their ſwords with you. Did he not rather
Diſcredit my authority with yours,
And make the wars alike againſt my ſtomach,
Having alike your cauſe? of this my letters
Before did ſatisfie you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
(As matter whole you've not to make it with,)
It muſt not be with this.
Cæſ. You praiſe your ſelf,

By laying defects of Judgment to me: but
You patch up your excuſes.

Ant. Not ſo, not ſo;
I know you could not lack, I'm certain on't,
Very neceſſity of this thought, that I
Your partner in the cauſe 'gainſt which he fought
Could not with grateful eyes attend thoſe wars
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her ſpirit in ſuch another;
The third o' th' world is yours, which with a ſnaffle
You may pace eaſie, but not ſuch a wife.

Æno. Would we had all ſuch wives, that the men might go to wars with the women.

Ant. So much uncurbable her garboils, *Cæſar*,
Made out of her impatience, which not wanted
Shrewdneſs of policy too, I grieving grant,
Did you too much diſquiet; for that you muſt
But ſay, I could not help it.

Cæſ. I wrote to you,
When rioting in *Alexandria* you
Did pocket up my letters; and with taunts
Did gibe my miſſive out of audience.

Ant. Sir, he fell on me, ere admitted: then
Three Kings I had newly feaſted, and did want
Of what I was i' th' morning: but next day
I told him of my ſelf, which was as much
As to have aſkt him pardon. Let this fellow
Be nothing of our ſtrife: if we contend,
Out of our queſtion wipe him.

Cæſ. You have broken
The article of your oath, which you ſhall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, *Cæſar*.

Ant. No,
Lepidus, let him ſpeak,
The honour's ſacred which he talks on now,
Suppoſing that I lackt it: but on, *Cæſar*,
The article of my oath.

Cæſ. To lend me arms and aid, when I requir'd them,
The which you both deny'd.

Ant.

Ant. Neglected rather;
And then when poiſon'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you; but mine honeſty
Shall not make poor my greatneſs, nor my power
Work without it. Truth is, that *Fulvia*,
To have me out of *Ægypt*, made wars here;
For which my ſelf, the ignorant motive, do
So far aſk pardon, as befits mine honour
To ſtoop in ſuch a caſe.

Lep. 'Tis nobly ſpoken.

Mec. If it might pleaſe you, to enforce no further
The griefs between ye: to forget them quite,
Were to remember, that the preſent need
Speaks to attone you.

Lep. Worthily ſpoken, *Mecænas.*

Æno. Or if you borrow one another's love for the inſtant, you may when you hear no more words of *Pompey* return it again: you ſhall have time to wrangle in, when you have nothing elſe to do.

Ant. Thou art a ſoldier only; ſpeak no more.

Æno. That truth ſhould be ſilent, I had almoſt forgot.

Ant. You wrong this preſence, therefore ſpeak no more.

Æno. Go to then: your conſiderate ſtone.

Cæſ. I do not much diſlike the matter, but
The manner of his ſpeech: for't cannot be
We ſhall remain in friendſhip, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet if I knew
What hoop would hold us ſtaunch, from edge to edge
O' th' world I would purſue it.

Agr. Give me leave, *Cæſar.*

Cæſ. Speak, *Agrippa.*

Agr. Thou haſt a ſiſter by the mother's ſide,
Admir'd *Octavia:* great *Mark Antony*
Is now a widower.

Cæſ. Say not ſo, *Agrippa*;
If *Cleopatra* heard you, your reproof
Were well deſerv'd for raſhneſs.

Ant. I am not married, *Cæſar*; let me hear
Agrippa further ſpeak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unſlipping knot, take *Antony*
Octavia to his wife; whoſe beauty claims
No worſe a huſband than the beſt of men;
Whoſe virtue, and whoſe general graces ſpeak
That which none elſe can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealouſies, which now ſeem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing. Truths would be but tales,
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both
Would each to other, and all loves to both
Draw after her. Pardon what I have ſpoke,
For 'tis a ſtudied, not a preſent thought,
By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will *Cæſar* ſpeak?

Cæſ. Not till he hears how *Antony* is touch'd
With what is ſpoke.

Ant. What power is in *Agrippa*
(If I would ſay, *Agrippa*, be it ſo,)
To make this good?

Cæſ. The power of *Cæſar*, and
His power unto *Octavia*.

Ant. May I never
To this good purpoſe, that ſo fairly ſhews,
Dream of impediment! let me have thy hand;
Further this act of grace: and from this hour,
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And ſway our great deſigns!

Cæſ. There is my hand:
A ſiſter I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love ſo dearly. Let her live
To join our kingdoms, and our hearts, and never
Fly off our loves again!

Lep. Happily, amen!

Ant. I did not think to draw my ſword 'gainſt *Pompey*,
For he hath laid ſtrange courteſies and great
Of late upon me. I muſt thank him only,
Leſt my remembrance ſuffer ill report;
At heel of that defie him.

Lep.

Lep. Time calls on's:
Of us muſt *Pompey* preſently be ſought,
Or elſe he ſeeks out us.
Ant. And where lyes he?
Cæſ. About the mount *Miſenum.*
Ant. What's his ſtrength?
Cæſ. By land great and increaſing, but by ſea
He is an abſolute maſter.
Ant. So's the fame.
Would we had ſpoke together! Haſte we for it,
Yet ere we put ourſelves in arms, diſpatch we
The buſineſs we have talk'd of.
Cæſ. With moſt gladneſs;
And do invite you to my ſiſter's view,
Whither ſtraight I'll lead you.
Ant. Let us, *Lepidus*,
Not lack your company.
Lep. Noble *Antony*,
Not ſickneſs ſhould detain me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Manent Ænobarbus, Agrippa, Mecænas.

Mec. Welcome from *Ægypt*, Sir.

Æno. Half the heart of *Cæſar*, worthy *Mecænas!* my honourable friend *Agrippa!*

Agr. Good *Ænobarbus!*

Mec. We have cauſe to be glad, that matters are ſo well digeſted: you ſtay'd well by't in *Ægypt.*

Æno. Ay, Sir, we did ſleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild boars roaſted whole at a breakfaſt, and but twelve perſons there; — Is this true?

Æno. This was but as a flie by an eagle: we had much more monſtrous matter of feaſt, which worthily deſerved noting.

Mec. She's a moſt triumphant Lady, if report be ſquare to her.

Æno. When ſhe firſt met *Mark Antony*, ſhe purs'd up his heart upon the river of *Cydnus.*

Agr. There ſhe appear'd indeed: or my reporter devis'd well for her.

Æno. I will tell you ;
The barge ſhe ſat in, like a burniſh'd throne
Burnt on the water ; the poop was beaten gold,
Purple the ſails, and ſo perfumed, that
The winds were love-ſick with 'em ; the oars were ſilver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept ſtroke, and made
The water which they beat, to follow faſter,
As amorous of their ſtrokes. For her own perſon,
It beggar'd all deſcription ; ſhe did lye
In her pavilion, cloth of gold, of tiſſue,
O'er-picturing that *Venus*, where we ſee
The fancy out-work nature. On each ſide her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like ſmiling *Cupids*,
With divers-colour'd fans, whoſe wind did ſeem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid did.

Agr. Oh rare for *Antony !*

Æno. Her gentlewomen, like the *Nereids*, or
So many mermaids, tended her i' th' eyes,
And made their bends adorings. At the helm,
A ſeeming mermaid ſteers ; the ſilken tackles
Swell with the touches of thoſe flower-ſoft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A ſtrange inviſible perfume hits the ſenſe
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city caſt
Her people out upon her ; and *Antony*
Enthron'd i' th' market-place, did ſit alone,
Whiſtling to th' air ; which but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on *Cleopatra* too,
And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare *Ægyptian !*

Æno. Upon her landing, *Antony* ſent to her,
Invited her to ſupper : ſhe reply'd,
It ſhould be better he became her gueſt ;
Which ſhe entreated. Courteous *Antony*,
Whom ne'er the word of *No* woman heard ſpeak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feaſt ;
And for his ordinary pays his heart,
For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal wench !

She made great *Cæsar* lay his sword to bed,
He plough'd her, and she cropt.
Æno. I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the publick street:
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect, perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.
Mec. Now *Antony*
Must leave her utterly.
Æno. Never, he will not.
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies. For vilest things
Become themselves in her, that the holy priests
Bless her, when she is riggish.
Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of *Antony*, *Octavia* is
A blest'd allot'ry to him.
Agr. Let us go.
Good *Ænobarbus*, make your self my guest,
Whilst you abide here.
Æno. Humbly, Sir, I thank you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Antony, Cæsar, Octavia *between them.*

Ant. The world, and my great office, will sometimes
Divide me from your bosom.
Oct. All which time,
Before the Gods my knee shall bow in prayers
To them for you.
Ant. Good-night, Sir. My *Octavia*,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:
I have not kept my square, but that to come
Shall all be done by th' rule; good-night, dear Lady.
Oct. Good-night, Sir.
Cæs. Good-night. [*Exeunt* Cæsar *and* Octavia.

SCENE IV. *Enter* Soothsayer.

Ant. Now, sirrah! do you wish your self in *Ægypt?*
Sooth. Would I had ne'er come from thence, or you thither.
Ant. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. I ſee it in my notion, have it not in my tongue; but yet hie you to *Ægypt* again.

Ant. Say to me, whoſe fortune ſhall riſe higher, *Cæſar*'s or mine?

Sooth. Cæſar's.

Therefore, O *Antony*, ſtay not by his ſide.
Thy *Dæmon*, that's thy ſpirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, couragious, high, unmatchable,
Where *Cæſar*'s is not. But near him thy angel
Becomes a fear, as being over power'd;
And therefore make thou ſpace enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee; no more but when to thee;—
If thou doſt play with him at any game,
Thou'rt ſure to loſe: he's of that natural luck
He beats thee 'gainſt the odds. Thy luſtre thickens,
When he ſhines by: I ſay again, thy ſpirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him:
But, he away, 'tis noble.

Ant. Get thee gone:
Say to *Ventidius*, I would ſpeak with him. [*Exit* Sooth.
He ſhall to *Parthia*.—Be it art, or hap,
He hath ſpoke true: The very dice obey him,
And in our ſports my better cunning faints
Under his chance; if we draw lots, he ſpeeds;
His cocks do win the battel ſtill of mine,
When it is all to nought: and his quails * ever
Beat mine, in-coop'd at odds. I will to *Ægypt*;
And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I' th' Eaſt my pleaſure lyes. Oh come, *Ventidius*,

Enter Ventidius.

You muſt to *Parthia*, your commiſſion's ready:
Follow me and receive't. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lepidus, Mecænas, *and* Agrippa.

Lep. Trouble your ſelves no farther: pray you haſten
Your Generals after.

Agr. Sir, *Mark Antony*

* *Lucian* relates that at *Athens* Quail-fighting was exhibited at ſhews: and many other ancient Authors mention it as a ſport much in uſe.

Will

Will e'en but kiſs *Octavia*, and will follow.
Lep. 'Till I ſhall ſee you in your ſoldier's dreſs,
Which will become you both, farewel.
Mec. We ſhall
As I conceive the journey, be at th' mount
Before you, *Lepidus*.
Lep. Your way is ſhorter,
My purpoſes do draw me much about;
You'll win two days upon me.
Both. Good ſucceſs!
Lep. Farewel! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The Palace in* Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras *and* Alexas.

Cleo. Give me ſome muſick: muſick, moody food
Of us that trade in love.
Omnes. The muſick, hoa!

Enter Mardian *the Eunuch.*

Cleo. Let it alone, let us to billiards: come,
Charmian.
Char. My arm is ſore, beſt play with *Mardian.*
Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,
As with a woman. Come, you'll play with me, Sir?
Mar. As well as I can, Madam.
Cleo. And when good-will is ſhew'd, tho't come too ſhort,
The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now.
Give me mine angle, we'll to the river, there
My muſick playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-fin fiſh; my bended hook ſhall pierce
Their ſlimy jaws: and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an *Antony*,
And ſay, ah ha; you're caught.
Char. 'Twas merry when
You wager'd on your angling, when your diver
Did hang a ſalt fiſh on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.
Cleo. That time!——oh times!——
I laught him out of patience, and that night
I laught him into patience, and next morn
Ere the ninth hour I drunk him to his bed;

Then

Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilſt
I wore his ſword *Philippine*. Oh from *Italy*,——
Enter a Meſſenger.
Rain thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.
Meſ. Madam! madam!——
Cleo. *Antony*'s dead?
If thou ſay'ſt ſo, villain, thou kill'ſt thy miſtreſs:
But well and free,
If thou ſo yield him, there is gold, and here
My blueſt veins to kiſs: a hand that Kings
Have lipt, and trembled kiſſing.
Meſ. Firſt, Madam, he is well.
Cleo. Why, there's more gold. But, ſirrah, mark, we uſe
To ſay, the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold I give thee will I melt and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.
Meſ. Good Madam, hear me.
Cleo. Well, go to, I will:
But there's no goodneſs in thy face. If *Antony*
Be free and healthful; why ſo tart a favour
To trumpet ſuch good tidings? if not well,
Thou ſhould'ſt come like a Fury crown'd with ſnakes,
Not like a formal man.
Meſ. Will't pleaſe you hear me?
Cleo. I have a mind to ſtrike thee ere thou ſpeak'ſt;
Yet if thou ſay *Antony* lives, 'tis well,
Or friends with *Cæſar*, or not captive to him,
I'll ſet thee in a ſhower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.*

* *It was a ceremony among the* Eaſtern *nations at coronations, triumphs, and great feſtivals, that their Kings ſitting in ſtate had ſhowers of gold and pearl and precious ſtones pour'd down upon them: to which cuſtom* Milton *alſo alludes:*

Or where the gorgeous Eaſt with richeſt hand
Show'rs on her Kings *Barbarick* Pearl and Gold. *B.* ii. *v.* 3.

This fact is verified by Hiſtorians. In the Life of Timur-bec *or* Tamerlain *written by a* Perſian *a cotemporary Author, are the following words as they are tranſlated by Monſ.* Pe'tis de la Croix *in the account there given of his Coronation.. B.* ii. *chap.* 1.

Les Princes du ſang royal & les Emirs repandirent à pleines mains ſur ſa tête quantité d'Or & de pierreries ſelon la coûtume.

And

Meſ. Madam, he's well.
Cleo. Well ſaid.
Meſ. And friends with *Cæſar.*
Cleo. Thou'rt an honeſt man.
Meſ. *Cæſar* and he are greater friends than ever.
Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me!
Meſ. But yet, Madam——
Cleo. I do not like *but yet*, it do's allay
The good precedent; fie upon *but yet*;
But yet is as a jaylor to bring forth
Some monſtrous malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,
Pour out thy pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together: he's friends with *Cæſar*,
In ſtate of health thou ſay'ſt, and thou ſay'ſt, free.
Meſ. Free, Madam! no: I made no ſuch report,
He's bound unto *Octavia.*
Cleo. For what good turn?
Meſ. For the beſt turn i' th' bed.
Cleo. I am pale, *Charmian.*
Meſ. Madam, he's married to *Octavia.*
Cleo. The moſt infectious peſtilence upon thee!
[*Strikes him down.*
Meſ. Good Madam, have but patience.
Cleo. What ſay you? [*Strikes him.*
Hence, horrible villain, or I'll ſpurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head:
[*She hales him up and down.*
Thou ſhalt be whipt with wire, and ſtew'd in brine,
Smarting in lingring pickle.
Meſ. Gracious Madam,
I, that do bring the news, made not the match.
Cleo. Say 'tis not ſo, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadſt
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage,
And I will boot thee with what gift beſide
Thy modeſty can beg.

And at the bottom of the page is this note;
Cette coûtume ſubſiſte encore aujourd'hui non ſeulement au couronnement des Princes mais encore aux marriages des Particuliers.

Meſ.

Meſ. He's married, Madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou haſt liv'd too long. [*Draws a dagger.*

Meſ. Nay then I'll run:
What mean you, Madam? I have made no fault. [*Exit.*

Char. Good Madam, keep your ſelf within your ſelf,
The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents 'ſcape not the thunderbolt.
Melt *Ægypt* into *Nile*; and kindly creatures
Turn all to ſerpents! Call the ſlave again;
Though I am mad, I will not bite him; call.

Char. He is afraid to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him.
Theſe hands do lack nobility, that they ſtrike
A meaner than my ſelf: ſince I my ſelf
Have given my ſelf the cauſe. Come hither, Sir,

Re-enter the Meſſenger.

Though it be honeſt, it is never good
To bring bad news: give to a gracious meſſage
An hoſt of tongues, but let ill tidings tell
Themſelves, when they be felt.

Meſ. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worſer than I do,
If you again ſay yes.

Meſ. He's married, Madam.

Cleo. The Gods confound thee, doſt thou hold there ſtill?

Meſ. Should I lie, Madam?

Cleo. Oh, I would thou didſt;
So half my *Ægypt* were ſubmerg'd, and made
A ciſtern for ſcal'd ſnakes! Go get thee hence,
Hadſt thou *Narciſſus* in thy face, to me
Thou wouldſt appear moſt ugly: he is married?

Meſ. I crave your Highneſs' pardon.

Cleo. He is married?

Meſ. Take no offence, for I would not offend you;
To puniſh me for what you make me do,
Seems much unequal: he's married to *Octavia.*

Cleo. Oh, that his fault ſhould make a knave of thee,
That ſay'ſt but what thou'rt ſure of! Get thee hence,
The merchandiſes thou haſt brought from *Rome*

Are

Are all too dear for me:
Lye they upon thy hand, and be undone by 'em!
[*Exit Meſ.*

Char. Good your Highneſs, patience.
Cleo. In praiſing *Antony*, I have diſprais'd *Cæſar*.
Char. Many times, Madam.
Cleo. I am paid for it now: lead me from hence,
I faint; oh *Iras*, *Charmian* —— 'tis no matter. ——
Go to the fellow, good *Alexas*, bid him
Report the feature of *Octavia*, her years,
Her inclination, let him not leave out
The colour of her hair. Bring me word quickly, ——
Let him for ever go —— let him not, *Charmian*, ——
Though he be painted one way like a *Gorgon*,
Th' other way he's a *Mars*. —— Bid you *Alexas*
Bring word, how tall ſhe is: pity me, *Charmian*,
But ſpeak not to me. Lead me to my chamber. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The Coaſt of Italy *near* Miſenum.

Enter Pompey *and* Menas *at one door with drum and trumpet: At another* Cæſar, Lepidus, Antony, Ænobarbus, Mecænas, Agrippa, *with Soldiers marching.*

Pom. Your hoſtages I have, ſo have you mine;
And we ſhall talk before we fight.
Cæſ. Moſt meet
That firſt we come to words, and therefore have we
Our written purpoſes before us ſent,
Which if thou haſt conſider'd, let us know
If 'twill tie up thy diſcontented ſword,
And carry back to *Sicily* much tall youth,
That elſe muſt periſh here.
Pom. To you all three,
The ſenators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the Gods. —— I do not know,
Wherefore my father ſhould revengers want,
Having a ſon and friends; ſince *Julius Cæſar*,
Who at *Philippi* the good *Brutus* ghoſted,
There ſaw you labouring for *him*. What was it
That mov'd pale *Caſſius* to conſpire? and what
Made the all-honour'd, honeſt *Roman Brutus*,

With

With the arm'd reſt, courters of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol, but that they would
Have one man but a man? and that is it
Hath made me rig my navy: at whoſe burthen
The anger'd ocean foams, with which I meant
To ſcourge th' ingratitude that deſpiteful *Rome*
Caſt on my noble father.

Cæſ. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canſt not fear us, *Pompey*, with thy ſails,
We'll ſpeak with thee at ſea. At land thou know'ſt
How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pom. At land indeed
Thou doſt o'er-count me of my father's houſe.
But ſince the cuckow builds not for himſelf,
Remain in't as thou may'ſt.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us,
(For this is from the preſent) how you take
The offer we have ſent you——

Cæſ. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be intreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.

Cæſ. And what may follow
To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You've made me offer
Of *Sicily*, *Sardinia*; and I muſt
Rid all the ſea of pirates; then to ſend
Meaſures of wheat to *Rome*: this 'greed upon,
To part with unhackt edges, and bear back
Our targe undinted.

Omnes. That's our offer.

Pom. Know then
I came before you here, a man prepar'd
To take this offer. But *Mark Antony*
Puts me to ſome impatience: though I loſe
The praiſe of it by telling; you muſt know
When *Cæſar* and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to *Sicily*, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, *Pompey*,

And am well ſtudied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.
Pom. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, Sir, to have met you here.
Ant. The beds i' th' eaſt are ſoft, and thanks to you,
That call'd me timelier than my purpoſe hither:
For I've gain'd by it.
Cæſ. Since I ſaw you laſt,
There is a change upon you.
Pom. Well I know not
What counts hard fortune caſts upon my face,
But in my boſom ſhe ſhall never come,
To make my heart a vaſſal.
Lep. Well met here!
Pom. I hope ſo, *Lepidus*, thus we are agreed:
I crave our compoſition may be written
And ſeal'd between us.
Cæſ. That's the next to do.
Pom. We'll feaſt each other ere we part, and let's
Draw lots who ſhall begin.
Ant. That will I, *Pompey*.
Pom. No, *Antony*, take the lot:
But firſt or laſt, your fine *Ægyptian* cookery
Shall have the fame. I've heard that *Julius Cæſar*
Grew fat with feaſting there.
Ant. You have heard much.
Pom. I have fair meaning, Sir.
Ant. And fair words to it.
Pom. Then ſo much have I heard.
And I have heard *Apollodorus* carried ——
Æno. No more of that: he did ſo.
Pom. What, I pray you?
Æno. A certain Queen to *Cæſar* in a mattreſs.
Pom. I know thee now, how far'ſt thou, ſoldier?
[To Ænobarbus.
Æno. Well, and well am like to do, for I perceive
Four feaſts are toward.
Pom. Let me ſhake thy hand,
I never hated thee: I have ſeen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour,

Æno. Sir,
I never lov'd you much, but I ha' prais'd ye,
When you have well deſerv'd ten times as much,
As I have ſaid you did.
Pom. Enjoy thy plainneſs,
It nothing ill becomes thee;
Aboard my galley I invite you all.
Will you lead, Lords?
All. Shew us the way, Sir.
Pom. Come. [*Exeunt.* *Manent* Ænob. *and* Menas.
Men. Thy father, *Pompey*, would ne'er have made this treaty.
You and I have known, Sir. [*To* Ænobarbus.
Æno. At ſea, I think.
Men. We have, Sir.
Æno. You have done well by water.
Men. And you by land.
Æno. I will praiſe any man that will praiſe me, though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.
Men. Nor what I have done by water.
Æno. Yes, ſomething you can deny for your own ſafety: you have been a great thief by ſea.
Men. And you by land.
Æno. There I deny my land-ſervice; but give me your hand, *Menas*, if our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kiſſing.
Men. All mens faces are true, whatſoe'er their hands are.
Æno. But there is ne'er a fair woman, has a true face.
Men. No ſlander, they ſteal hearts.
Æno. We came hither to fight with you.
Men. For my part, I am ſorry it is turn'd to a drinking. *Pompey* doth this day laugh away his fortune.
Æno. If he do, ſure he cannot weep't back again.
Men. You've ſaid, Sir; we look'd not for *Mark Antony* here; pray you, is he married to *Cleopatra?*
Æno. *Cæſar*'s ſiſter is call'd *Octavia.*
Men. True, Sir, ſhe was the wife of *Caius Marcellus.*
Æno. But now ſhe is the wife of *Marcus Antonius.*
Men. Pray ye, Sir.
Æno. 'Tis true.

Men.

Men. Then is *Cæſar* and he for ever knit together.

Æno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not propheſie ſo.

Men. I think the policy of that purpoſe made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

Æno. I think ſo too. But you ſhall find the band that ſeems to tie their friendſhip together, will be the very ſtrangler of their amity: *Octavia* is of a holy, cold, and ſtill converſation.

Men. Who would not have his wife ſo?

Æno. Not he that himſelf is not ſo; which is *Mark Antony*. He will to his *Ægyptian* diſh again; then ſhall the ſighs of *Octavia* blow the fire up in *Cæſar*, and, as I ſaid before, that which is the ſtrength of their amity, ſhall prove the immediate author of their variance. *Antony* will uſe his affection where it is: he married but his occaſion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, Sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Æno. I ſhall take it, Sir: we have us'd our throats in *Ægypt*.

Men. Come, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. Pompey's *Galley*.

Muſick plays. Enter two or three ſervants with a banquet.

1 *Ser.* Here they'll be, man: ſome o' their plants are ill rooted already, the leaſt wind i' th' world will blow them down.

2 *Ser.* *Lepidus* is high-colour'd.

1 *Ser.* They have made him drink alms-drink.

2 *Ser.* As they pinch one another by the diſpoſition, he cries out, *No more*; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himſelf to th' drink.

1 *Ser.* But it raiſes the greater war between him and his diſcretion.

2 *Ser.* Why, this it is to have a name in great mens fellowſhip: I had as lieve have a reed that will do me no ſervice, as a partizan I could not heave.

1 *Ser.* To be call'd into a huge ſphere, and not to be ſeen to move in't, are the holes where eyes ſhould be, which pitifully diſaſter the cheeks.

Trumpets. Enter Cæſar, Antony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Mecænas, Ænobarbus, Menas, *with other Captains.*

Ant. Thus do they, Sir: they take the flow o' th' *Nile*
By certain ſcale, i' th' pyramid; they know
By th' height, the lowneſs, or the mean, if dearth
Or foizon follow. The higher *Nilus* ſwells,
The more it promiſes; as it ebbs, the ſeedſman
Upon the ſlime and ooze ſcatters his grain,
And ſhortly comes to harveſt.

Lep. You've ſtrange ſerpents there.

Ant. Ay, *Lepidus.*

Lep. Your ſerpent of *Ægypt* is bred now of your mud by the operation of your ſun; ſo is your crocodile.

Ant. They are ſo.

Pom. Sirrah, ſome wine! a health to *Lepidus.*

Lep. I am not ſo well as I ſhould be: but I'll ne'er out.

Æno. Not 'till you have ſlept; I fear me, you'll be in, 'till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard the *Ptolemy*'s pyramiſis are very goodly things; without contradiction I have heard that.

Men. Pompey, a word. [*Aſide.*

Pom. Say in mine ear, what is't?

Men. Forſake thy ſeat, I do beſeech thee, captain,
And hear me ſpeak a word.

Pom. Forbear me 'till anon. [*Whiſpers.*
This wine for *Lepidus.*

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is ſhap'd, Sir, like it ſelf, and it is as broad as it hath breadth; it is juſt ſo high as it is, and moves with its own organs. It lives by that which nouriſheth it, and the elements once out of it, it tranſmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of its own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a ſtrange ſerpent.

Ant. 'Tis ſo, and the tears of it are wet.

Cæſ. Will this deſcription ſatisfie him?

Ant. With the healths that *Pompey* gives him, elſe he is a very Epicure.

Pom. Go hang, Sir, hang! tell me of that? away!

Do

Do as I bid you. Where's the cup I call'd for?
Men. If for the ſake of merit thou wilt hear me,
Riſe from thy ſtool.
Pom. I think thou'rt mad; the matter?
Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.
Pom. Thou haſt ſerv'd me with much faith: what's elſe
Be jolly, Lords. [to ſay?
Ant. Theſe quick-ſands, *Lepidus*,
Keep off them, for you ſink.
Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?
Pom. What ſay'ſt thou?
Men. Wilt thou be Lord of the whole world? that's twice.
Pom. How ſhall that be?
Men. But entertain it, and
Although thou think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.
Pom. Haſt thou drunk well?
Men. No, *Pompey*, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou dar'ſt be, the earthly *Jove:*
Whate'er the ocean pales, or ſky inclips,
Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.
Pom. Shew me which way.
Men. Theſe three world-ſharers, theſe competitors,
Are in thy veſſel. Let me cut the cable,
And when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All then is thine.
Pom. Ah, this thou ſhouldſt have done,
And not have ſpoken on't. In me 'tis villainy,
In thee 't had been good ſervice: thou muſt know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour it: repent that e'er thy tongue
Hath ſo betray'd thine act. Being done unknown,
I ſhould have found it afterwards well done;
But muſt condemn it now. Deſiſt, and drink.
Men. For this
I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more;
Who ſeeks, and will not take when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.
Pom. This health to *Lepidus*.
Ant. Bear him aſhore, I'll pledge it for him, *Pompey*.

Æno. Here's to thee, *Menas.*

Men. *Ænobarbus*, welcome.

Pom. Fill 'till the cup be hid.

Æno. There's a ſtrong fellow, *Menas.* [*Pointing to* Lep.

Men. Why?

Æno. He bears the third part of the world, man! ſeeſt not?

Men. The third part then is drunk; would it were all,
That it might go on wheels.

Æno. Drink thou, encreaſe the reels.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an *Alexandrian* feaſt.

Ant. It ripens towards it; ſtrike the veſſels, hoa.
Here is to *Cæſar.*

Cæſ. I could well forbear it;
It's monſtrous labour when I waſh my brain
And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o' th' time.

Cæſ. Poſſeſs't, I'll anſwer; but I had rather faſt
From all, four days, than drink ſo much in one.

Æno. Ha, my brave Emperor, ſhall we dance now
Th' *Ægyptian* bacchanals, and celebrate our drink?

Pom. Let's ha't, good ſoldier.

Ant. Come let's all take hands,
'Till that the conquering wine hath ſteept our ſenſe
In ſoft and delicate *Lethe.*

Æno. All take hands:
Make battery to our ears with the loud muſick,
The while I'll place you, then the boy ſhall ſing.
The holding every man ſhall bear as loud,
As his ſtrong ſides can volly.

[*Muſick plays.* Ænobarbus *places them hand in hand.*

The SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus *with pink eyne,*
In thy vats our cares be drown'd:
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd!
Cup us 'till the world go round,
Cup us 'till the world go round.

Cæſ.

Cæſ. What would you more? *Pompey*, good-night.
Good brother,
Let me requeſt you off; our graver buſineſs
Frowns at this levity. Gentle Lords, let's part,
You ſee we have burnt our cheek. Strong *Ænobarbus*
Is weaker than the wind; and mine own tongue
Splits what it ſpeaks; the wild diſguiſe hath almoſt
Antickt us all. What needs more words? good night.
Good *Antony*, your hand.
Pom. I'll try you on the ſhore.
Ant. And ſhall, Sir; give's your hand.
Pom. Oh, *Antony*, you have my father's houſe.
But what? we're friends: come down into the boat.
Æno. Take heed you fall not, *Menas*.
Men. I'll not on ſhore:
No, to my cabin —— theſe drums! theſe trumpets! what!
Let *Neptune* hear we bid a loud farewel
To theſe great fellows. Sound and be hang'd ſound out!
[*Sound a flouriſh, with drums.*
Æno. Hoo ſays a! there's my cap.
Men. Hoa, noble captain, come. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Camp in Syria.

Enter Ventidius *as in triumph, the dead body of* Pacorus *born before him*, Silius, Roman *Soldiers and Attendants.*

Ven. NOW, darting *Parthia*, art thou ſtruck, and now
Pleas'd fortune does of *Marcus Craſſus'* death
Make me revenger. Bear the King's ſon's body
Before our hoſt; thy *Pacorus*, *Orodes*,
Pays this for *Marcus Craſſus*.
Sil. Noble *Ventidius*,
Whilſt yet with *Parthian* blood thy ſword is warm,
The fugitive *Parthians* follow. Spur through *Media*,
Meſopotamia, and the ſhelters whither
The routed fly. So thy grand captain *Antony*
Shall ſet thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.
Ven. Silius, I've done
Enough. A lower place, note well, may make

Too

Too great an act: for learn this, *Silius*, better
To leave undone, than by our deed acquire
Too high a fame, when he we serve's away.
Cæsar and *Antony* have ever won
More in their officer, than person. *Sosius*,
One of my place in *Syria*, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he atchiev'd by th' minute, lost his favour.
Who does i' th' wars more than his captain can,
Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,
(The soldier's virtue) rather makes choice of loss,
Than gain which darkens him. I could do more
To do *Antonius* good, but 'twould offend him;
And in his offence should my performance perish.

Sil. Thou hast, *Ventidius*, that, without the which
A soldier and his sword grant scarce distinction:
Thou wilt write to *Antony*.

Ven. I'll humbly signifie what in his name,
(That magical word of war) we have effected;
How with his banners, and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of *Parthia*
We've jaded out o' th' field.

Sil. Where is he now?

Ven. He purposeth to *Athens*; with what haste
The weight we must convey with's will permit,
We shall appear before him. Pass along. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *ROME.*

Enter Agrippa *at one door*, Ænobarbus *at another.*

Agr. What, are the brothers parted?

Æno. They have dispatcht with *Pompey*, he is gone,
The other three are sealing. *Octavia* weeps
To part from *Rome*: *Cæsar* is sad, and *Lepidus*,
Since *Pompey*'s feast, as *Menas* says, is troubled
With the green-sickness.

Agr. 'Tis a noble *Lepidus*.

Æno. A very fine one; oh, how he loves *Cæsar*!

Agr. Nay but how dearly he adores *Mark Antony*!

Æno. *Cæsar*? why, he's the *Jupiter* of men.

Agr. What's *Antony*, the God of *Jupiter*?

Æno. Speak you of *Cæsar*? oh the non-pareil!

Agr.

Agr. Of *Antony?* oh the *Arabian* bird!
Æno. Would you praiſe *Cæſar?* ſay, *Cæſar!* go no further.
Agr. Indeed he plied them both with excellent praiſes.
Æno. But he loves *Cæſar* beſt, yet he loves *Antony:*
Hoo! hearts, tongues, figures, ſcribes, bards, poets, cannot
Think, ſpeak, caſt, write, ſing, hoo! his love to *Antony.*
But as for *Cæſar*, kneel, kneel down, and wonder.
Agr. Both he loves.
Æno. They are his ſhards, and he their beetle. So —
This is to horſe; adieu, noble *Agrippa.* [*Trumpets.*
Agr. Good fortune, worthy ſoldier, and farewel.

Enter Cæſar, Antony, Lepidus, *and* Octavia.

Ant. No farther, Sir.
Cæſ. You take from me a great part of my ſelf:
Uſe me well in't. Siſter, prove ſuch a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and my fartheſt bond
Shall paſs on thy approof. Moſt noble *Antony*
Let not the piece of virtue which is ſet
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram to batter
The fortreſs of it; for much better might we
Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cheriſht.
Ant. Make me not offended
In your diſtruſt.
Cæſ. I have ſaid.
Ant. You ſhall not find,
Though you be therein curious, the leaſt cauſe
For what you ſeem to fear; ſo the Gods keep you,
And make the hearts of *Romans* ſerve your ends!
We will here part.
Cæſ. Farewel, my deareſt ſiſter, fare thee well;
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy ſpirits all of comfort; fare thee well!
Oct. My noble brother!
Ant. The *April*'s in her eyes, it is love's ſpring,
And theſe the ſhowers to bring it on; be chearful.
Oct. Sir, look well to my huſband's houſe; and ——
Cæſ. What,
Octavia?

Oct.

Oct. I'll tell you in your ear.
Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue; the ſwan's down-feather,
That ſtands upon the ſwell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines.
Æno. Will *Cæſar* weep?
Agr. He has a cloud in's face.
Æno. He were the worſe for that, were he a horſe;
So is he, being a man.
Agr. Why, *Ænobarbus?*
When *Antony* found *Julius Cæſar* dead,
He cryed almoſt to roaring: and he wept,
When at *Philippi* he found *Brutus* ſlain.
Æno. That year indeed he was troubled with a rheum,
What willingly he did confound, he wail'd;
Believe't 'till I weep too.
Cæſ. No, ſweet *Octavia*,
You ſhall hear from me ſtill; the time ſhall not
Out-go my thinking on you.
Ant. Come, Sir, come,
I'll wreſtle with you in my ſtrength of love.
Look, here I have you; [*Embracing him.*] thus I let you go,
And give you to the Gods.
Cæſ. Adieu, be happy!
Lep. Let all the number of the ſtars give light
To thy fair way!
Cæſ. Farewel, farewel! [*Kiſſes* Octavia.
Ant. Farewel! [*Trumpets ſound. Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Palace in* Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, *and* Alexas.

Cleo. Where is the fellow?
Alex. Half afraid to come.
Cleo. Go to, go to: come hither, Sir.

Enter the Meſſenger as before.

Alex. Good Majeſty,
Herod of *Jewry* dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleas'd.
Cleo. That *Herod*'s head
I'll have; but how? when *Antony* is gone,
Through whom I might command it:——come thou near.

Meſ.

Meſ. Moſt gracious Majeſty!
Cleo. Didſt thou behold *Octavia?*
Meſ. Ay, dread Queen.
Cleo. Where?
Meſ. Madam, in *Rome*, I lookt her in the face:
And ſaw her led between her brother and
Mark Antony.
Cleo. Is ſhe as tall as me?
Meſ. She is not, Madam.
Cleo. Didſt hear her ſpeak? is ſhe ſhrill-tongu'd or low?
Meſ. Madam, I heard her ſpeak, ſhe is low-voic'd.
Cleo. That's not ſo good; he cannot like her long.
Char. Like her? oh *Iſis!* 'tis impoſſible.
Cleo. I think ſo, *Charmian*; dull of tongue, and dwarfiſh.
What majeſty is in her gate? remember
If e'er thou look'dſt on majeſty.
Meſ. She creeps;
Her motion and her ſtation are as one:
She ſhews a body rather than a life,
A ſtatue than a breather.
Cleo. Is this certain?
Meſ. Or I have no obſervance.*
Char. Three in *Ægypt*
Cannot make better note.
Cleo. He's very knowing,
I do perceive't; there's nothing in her yet.
The fellow has good judgment.
Char. Excellent.
Cleo. Gueſs at her years, I pr'ythee.
Meſ. Madam, ſhe was a widow.
Cleo. Widow? *Charmian*, hark.
Meſ. And I do think ſhe's thirty.
Cleo. Bear'ſt thou her face in mind? is't long or round?
Meſ. Round even to faultineſs.
Cleo. For th' moſt part too,
They're fooliſh that are ſo. Her hair what colour?
Meſ. Brown, Madam; and her forehead
As low as ſhe would wiſh it.

* *Obſervance* is here uſed for *Obſervation*.

Cleo.

Cleo. There's gold for thee.
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill,
I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Most fit for business. Go, make thee ready,
Our letters are prepar'd. [*Exit Mes.*
Char. A proper man.
Cleo. Indeed he is so; I repent me much
That so I harried him. Methinks by him,
This creature's no such thing.
Char. O nothing, Madam.
Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.
Char. Hath he seen majesty? *Isis* else defend!
And serving you so long.
Cleo. I've one thing more to ask him yet, good *Charmian*:
But 'tis no matter, thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write: all may be well enough.
Char. I warrant you, Madam. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *ATHENS.*

Enter Antony *and* Octavia.

Ant. Nay, nay, *Octavia*, not only that,
That were excusable, that and thousands more
Of semblable import, but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainst *Pompey*; made his will, and read it
To publick ear, spoke scantily of me;
And when at any time perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me;
When the best hint was given him, he not took't,
Or did it from his teeth.
Oct. Oh, my good Lord,
Believe not all; or if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between
Praying for both parts: the good Gods will mock me,
When I shall pray, *O bless my Lord and husband!*
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
Oh bless my brother! Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extreams at all.
Ant. Gentle *Octavia*,

Let

Let your beſt love draw to that point which ſeeks
Beſt to preſerve it: if I loſe mine honour,
I loſe my ſelf; better I were not yours,
Than yours ſo branchleſs. But as you requeſted,
Your ſelf ſhall go between's; the mean time, Lady,
I'll raiſe the preparation of a war
Shall ſtrain your brother; make your ſooneſt haſte,
So your deſires are yours.

Oct. Thanks to my Lord,
The *Jove* of power make me, although moſt weak,
Your reconciler! wars 'twixt you twain would be
As if the world ſhould cleave, and that ſlain men
Should ſolder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your diſpleaſure that way; for our faults
Can never be ſo equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going,
Chuſe your own company, and command what coſt
Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Ænobarbus *and* Eros.

Æno. How now, friend *Eros?*

Eros. There's ſtrange news come, Sir.

Æno. What, man?

Eros. *Cæſar* and *Lepidus* have made war
On *Pompey.*

Æno. This is old; what's the ſucceſs?

Eros. *Cæſar* having made uſe of him i' th' wars
'Gainſt *Pompey*, preſently denied him rivalty:
Would not let him partake of the glory of them;
Not reſting here, accuſes him of letters
Which he had formerly written to *Pompey.*
Upon his own appeal he ſeizes him,
So the poor third is up, 'till death inlarge
His confine.

Æno. Then, World! thou haſt a pair of chaps, no more:
And throw between them all the food thou haſt,
They'll grind each other. Where is *Antony?*

Eros. He's walking in the garden thus; and ſpurns
The ruſh that lyes before him. Crys, *Fool* Lepidus!
And threats the throat of that his officer

That murder'd *Pompey*.

Æno. Our great navy's rigg'd.

Eros. For *Italy* and *Cæsar*; more, *Domitius*,
My Lord desires you presently; my news
I might have told hereafter.

Æno. 'Twill be naught,
But let it be; bring me to *Antony*.

Eros. Come, Sir. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE V. *The Palace in* Rome.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, *and* Mecænas.

Cæs. Contemning *Rome*, he has done all this, and more,
In *Alexandria*; here's the matter of it:
I' th' market-place on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publickly enthron'd; at the feet sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son,
And all the unlawful issue that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the 'stablishment of *Ægypt*, made her
Of lower *Syria*, *Cyprus*, *Lydia*,
Absolute Queen.

Mec. This in the publick eye?

Cæs. I' th' common shew-place where they exercise.
His sons were there proclaim'd the Kings of Kings;
Great *Media*, *Parthia*, and *Armenia*
He gave to *Alexander*; to *Ptolemy* assign'd
Syria, *Cilicia*, and *Phœnicia*: she
In the habiliments of the Goddess *Isis*
That day appear'd, and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, so.

Mec. Let *Rome* be thus
Inform'd; who, queasie with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæs. The people know it, and have now receiv'd
His accusations.

Agr. Whom does he accuse?

Cæs. *Cæsar*, for that having in *Sicily*
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' th' isle. Then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestor'd. Lastly he frets

That

That *Lepidus* of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd ; and being, that we detain
All his revenue.
Agr. Sir, this ſhould be anſwer'd.
Cæſ. 'Tis done already, and his meſſenger gone :
I told him *Lepidus* was grown too cruel,
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deſerve his change. For what I have conquer'd,
I grant him part ; but then in his *Armenia*,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.
Mec. He'll never yield to that.
Cæſ. Nor muſt he then be yielded to in this.
Enter Octavia *with Attendants.*
Oct. Hail, *Cæſar*, and my Lord ! hail, moſt dear *Cæſar !*
Cæſ. That ever I ſhould call thee caſt-away !
Oct. You have not call'd me ſo, nor have you cauſe.
Cæſ. Why haſt thou ſtol'n upon me thus ? you come not
Like *Cæſar*'s ſiſter ; the wife of *Antony*
Should have an army for an uſher, and
The neighs of horſe to tell of her approach,
Long ere ſhe did appear. The trees by th' way
Should have born men, and expectation fainted
Longing for what it had not. Nay, the duſt
Should have aſcended to the roof of heav'n,
Rais'd by your populous troops : but you are come
A market-maid to *Rome*, and have prevented
The oſtent of our love ; which left unſhewn,
Is often left unlov'd ; we ſhould have met you
By ſea, and land, ſupplying every ſtage
With an augmented greeting.
Oct. Good my Lord,
To come thus was I not conſtrain'd, but did it
On my free will. My Lord, *Mark Antony*,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My grieving ear withal ; whereon I begg'd
His pardon for return.
Cæſ. Which ſoon he granted,
Being an obſtruct 'tween his luſt and him.
Oct. Do not ſay ſo, my Lord.

Cæſ. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind:
Where is he now?
Oct. My Lord, he is in *Athens*.
Cæſ. No, my moſt wronged ſiſter; *Cleopatra*
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore, who now are levying
The Kings o' th' earth for war. He hath aſſembled
Bocchus the King of *Libya*, *Archelaus*
Of *Cappadocia*, *Philadelphos* King
Of *Paphlagonia*; the *Thracian* King *Adallas*,
King *Malchus* of *Arabia*, King of *Pont*,
Herod of *Jewry*, *Mithridates* King
Of *Comagene*, *Polemon* and *Amintas*,
The Kings of *Mede*, and *Lycaonia*,
With a larger liſt of ſcepters.
Oct. Ah me moſt wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other!
Cæſ. Welcome hither;
Your letters did with-hold our breaking forth,
'Till we perceiv'd both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger; cheer your heart.
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content theſe ſtrong neceſſities,
But let determin'd things to deſtiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to *Rome*:
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought; and the high Gods,
To do you juſtice, make their miniſters
Of us, and thoſe that love you. Be of comfort,
And ever welcome to us.
Agr. Welcome, Lady.
Mec. Welcome, dear Madam.
Each heart in *Rome* does love and pity you;
Only th' adulterous *Antony*, moſt large
In his abominations, turns you off,
And gives his potent regiment to a trull
That noſes it againſt us.
Oct. Is it ſo, Sir?

Cæſ.

Cæſ. It is moſt certain: ſiſter, welcome; pray you
Be ever known to patience. My dear'ſt ſiſter! [*Exe.*

SCENE VI. *ACTIUM.*

Enter Cleopatra *and* Ænobarbus.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Æno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou haſt foreſpoke my being in theſe wars;
And ſay'ſt it is not fit.

Æno. Well; is it, is it?

Cleo. Is't not denounc'd againſt us? why ſhould not we
Be there in perſon?

Æno. Well I could reply;
If we ſhould ſerve with horſe and mares together,
The horſe were meerly loſt; the mares would bear
A ſoldier and his horſe.

Cleo. What is't you ſay?

Æno. Your preſence needs muſt puzzle *Antony*;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from's time,
What ſhould not then be ſpar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity, and 'tis ſaid in *Rome*,
That *Photinus* an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink *Rome*, and their tongues rot
That ſpeak againſt us! A charge we bear i' th' war,
And as the preſident of my kingdom will I
Appear there for a man. Speak not againſt it,
I will not ſtay behind.

Enter Antony *and* Canidius.

Æno. Nay, I have done:
Here comes the Emperor.

Ant. Is't not ſtrange, *Canidius*,
That from *Tarentum*, and *Brunduſium*,
He could ſo quickly cut th' *Ionian* ſea,
And take in *Toryne?* You have heard on't, ſweet?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the beſt of men
To taunt at ſlackneſs. Come, *Canidius*, we
Will fight with him by ſea.

Cleo. By ſea, what elſe?
Can. Why will my Lord do ſo?
Ant. For that he dares us.
Æno. So hath my Lord dar'd him to ſingle fight.
Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at *Pharſalia*,
Where *Cæſar* fought with *Pompey*. But theſe offers,
Which ſerve not for his vantage, he ſhakes off,
And ſo ſhould you.
Æno. Your ſhips are not well mann'd,
Your mariners muleteers and reapers, people
Ingroſt by ſwift impreſs. In *Cæſar*'s fleet
Are thoſe, that often have 'gainſt *Pompey* fought;
Their ſhips are yare, your's heavy: no diſgrace
Shall 'fall you for refuſing him at ſea,
Being prepar'd for land.
Ant. By ſea, by ſea.
Æno. Moſt worthy Sir, you therein throw away
The abſolute ſoldierſhip you have by land,
Diſtract your army, which doth moſt conſiſt
Of war-mark'd footmen, leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge, quite forego
The way which promiſes aſſurance, and
Give up your ſelf meerly to chance and hazard,
From firm ſecurity.
Ant. I'll fight at ſea.
Cleo. Why, I have ſixty ſails, *Cæſar* none better.
Ant. Our overplus of ſhipping will we burn,
And with the reſt full-mann'd, from th' head of *Actium*
Beat the approaching *Cæſar*. If we fail,
We then can do't at land.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Thy buſineſs?
Meſ. The news is true, my Lord, he is deſcried,
Cæſar has taken *Toryne*.
Ant. Can he be there in perſon? 'tis impoſſible:
Strange that his power ſhould be. *Canidius*,
Our nineteen legions thou ſhalt hold by land,
And our twelve thouſand horſe. We'll to our ſhip.
Away, my *Thetis*.

Enter a Soldier.

How now, worthy ſoldier? *Sold.*

Sold. Oh noble Emperor, do not fight by ſea,
Truſt not to rotten planks: do you miſdoubt
This ſword, and theſe my wounds? let the *Ægyptians*
And the *Phœnicians* go a ducking: we
Have us'd to conquer ſtanding on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.
Ant. Well, well, away. [*Exeunt* Ant. Cleo. *and* Ænob.
Sold. By *Hercules*, I think I am i' th' right.
Can. Soldier, thou art: but his whole action grows
Not in the power on't: ſo our leader's led,
And we are womens men.
Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horſe whole, do you not?
Can. *Marcus Octavius*, *Marcus Juſteus*,
Publicola, and *Celius*, are for ſea:
But we keep whole by land. This ſpeed of *Cæſar's*
Carries beyond belief.
Sold. While yet in *Rome*,
His power went out in ſuch diſtractions as
Beguil'd all ſpies.
Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?
Sold. They ſay, one *Taurus*.
Can. Well I know the man.
Enter a Meſſenger.
Meſ. The Emperor calls for *Canidius*.
Can. With news the time's in labour, and throws forth,
Each minute, ſome. [*Exeunt.*
Enter Cæſar *with his Army, marching.*
Cæſ. *Taurus!*
Taur. My Lord.
Cæſ. Strike not by land. Keep whole, provoke not battle
'Till we have done at ſea. Do not exceed
The preſcript of this ſcroul: our fortune lyes
Upon this jump. [*Exeunt.*
Enter Antony *and* Ænobarbus.
Ant. Set we our ſquadrons on yon ſide o' th' hill,
In eye of *Cæſar*'s battle; from which place
We may the number of the ſhips behold,
And ſo proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Canidius *marching with his land Army one way over the ſtage, and* Taurus *the Lieutenant of* Cæſar *the other way: after their going in, is heard the noiſe of a Sea-fight. Alarum. Enter* Ænobarbus.

Æno. Naught, naught, all naught, I can behold no longer;
* Th' *Antonias* th' *Ægyptian* admiral,
With all their ſixty, flies and turns the rudder:
To ſee't mine eyes are blaſted.

Enter Scarus.

Scar. Gods, and Goddeſſes, all the whole ſynod of them!

Æno. What's thy paſſion?

Scar. The greater cantle of the world is loſt
With very ignorance; we have kiſs'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.

Æno. How appears the fight?

Scar. On our ſide like the token'd peſtilence,
Where death is ſure. Yond ribauld nag of *Ægypt*,
(Whom leproſie o'ertake!) i' th' midſt o' th' fight,
(When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd
Both as the ſame, or rather ours the elder;)
The brize upon her, like a cow in *June*,
Hoiſts ſails, and flies.

Æno. That I beheld:
Mine eyes did ſicken at the ſight, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being looſt,
The noble ruin of her magick, *Antony*,
Claps on his ſea-wing, like a doating mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:
I never ſaw an action of ſuch ſhame;
Experience, manhood, honour ne'er before
Did violate ſo it ſelf.

Æno. Alack, alack!

Enter Canidius.

Can. Our fortune on the ſea is out of breath,
And ſinks moſt lamentably. Had our General
Been what he knew himſelf, it had gone well:

* Th' *Antonias*, &c. (which *Plutarch* ſays was the name of *Cleopatra*'s ſhip.)

Oh

Oh he has given example for our flight,
Moſt groſly by his own.
Æno. Ay, are you thereabouts? why then good-night
Indeed.
Can. Toward *Peloponneſus* are they fled.
Scar. 'Tis eaſie to't. And there I will attend
What further comes.
Can. To *Cæſar* will I render
My legions and my horſe; ſix Kings already
Shew me the way of yielding.
Æno. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of *Antony*, though my reaſon
Sits in the wind againſt me. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter Antony, *with* Eros *and other Attendants.*

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon't,
It is aſham'd to bear me. Friends, come hither,
I am ſo lated in the world, that I
Have loſt my way for ever. I've a ſhip
Laden with gold, take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with *Cæſar.*
Omnes. Fly! not we.
Ant. I've fled my ſelf, and have inſtructed cowards
To run, and ſhew their ſhoulders. Friends, be gone.
I have my ſelf reſolv'd upon a courſe,
Which has no need of you. Be gone,
My treaſure's in the harbour. Take it——oh,
I follow'd that I bluſh to look upon;
My very hairs do mutiny, for the white
Reprove the brown for raſhneſs, and they them
For fear and doating. Friends, be gone; you ſhall
Have letters from me to ſome friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you look not ſad,
Nor make replies of lothneſs; take the hint
Which my deſpair proclaims. Let them be left
Which leave themſelves. To the ſea-ſide ſtraight-way:
I will poſſeſs you of that ſhip and treaſure.
Leave me, I pray, a little; pray you now——
Nay, do ſo; for indeed I've loſt command,
Therefore, I pray you—I'll ſee you by and by [*Sits down.*

Enter

Enter Cleopatra *led by* Charmian *and* Iras, *to* Antony.

Eros. Nay, gentle Madam, to him, comfort him.

Iras. Do, moſt dear Queen.

Cleo. 'Do? why, what elſe? let me
Sit down; oh *Juno!*

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, Sir?

Ant. Oh fie, fie, fie.

Char. Madam!

Iras. Madam, oh good Empreſs!

Eros. Sir, Sir, my Lord!

Ant. Yes, yes; he at *Philippi* kept
His ſword e'en like a dancer, while I ſtrook
The lean and wrinkled *Caſſius*, and 'twas I
That the ſad *Brutus* ended; he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had
In the brave ſquares of war; yet now — no matter —

Cleo. Ah ſtand by.

Eros. The Queen, my Lord, the Queen ——

Iras. Go to him, Madam, ſpeak to him,
He is unqualitied with very ſhame.

Cleo. Well then, ſuſtain me: oh!

Eros. Moſt noble Sir, ariſe, the Queen approaches;
Her head's declin'd, and death will ſeize her, but
Your comfort makes the reſcue.

Ant. I have offended reputation;
A moſt unnoble ſwerving ——

Eros. Sir, the Queen.

Ant. O whither haſt thou led me, *Ægypt?* ſee
How I convey my ſhame out of thine eyes,
By looking back on what I've left behind
'Stroy'd in diſhonour.

Cleo. Oh, my Lord; my Lord;
Forgive my fearful ſails; I little thought
You would have follow'd.

Ant. *Ægypt*, thou knew'ſt too well,
My heart was to thy rudder ty'd by th' ſtring,
And thou ſhould'ſt towe me after. O'er my ſpirit
Thy full ſupremacy thou knew'ſt, and that

Thy

Thy beck might from the bidding of the Gods
Command me.
Cleo. Oh, my pardon!
Ant. Now I muſt
To the young man ſend humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the ſhift of lowneſs, who
With half the bulk o' th' world play'd as I pleas'd,
Making and marring fortunes. You did know
How much you were my conqueror, and that
My ſword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cauſe.
Cleo. Oh! pardon, pardon!
Ant. Fall not a tear, I ſay; one of them rates
All that is won and loſt; give me a kiſs,
Even this repays me. We ſent our ſchoolmaſter,
Is he come back? Love, I am full of lead;
Some wine there, and our viands: fortune knows,
We ſcorn her moſt, when moſt ſhe offers blows. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. Cæſar's *Camp.*

Enter Cæſar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Thyrëus, *with others.*
Cæſ. Let him appear that's come from *Antony.*
Know you him?
Dol. Cæſar, 'tis his ſchoolmaſter,
An argument that he is pluckt, when hither
He ſends ſo poor a pinnion of his wing,
Which had ſuperfluous Kings for meſſengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter Ambaſſador from Antony.

Cæſ. Approach and ſpeak.
Amb. Such as I am, I come from *Antony:*
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf
To the grand ſea.
Cæſ. Be't ſo, declare thine office.
Amb. Lord of his fortunes he ſalutes thee, and
Requires to live in *Ægypt*; which not granted,
He leſſens his requeſts, and to thee ſues
To let him breathe between the heav'ns and earth
A private man in *Athens:* this for him.
Next, *Cleopatra* does confeſs thy greatneſs;

Submits

Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves
The circle of the *Ptolemies* for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæſ. For *Antony*,
I have no ears to his requeſt. The Queen
Of audience nor deſire ſhall fail, ſo ſhe
From *Ægypt* drive her all-diſgraced friend,
Or take his life there. This if ſhe perform,
She ſhall not ſue unheard. So to them both.

Amb. Fortune purſue thee!

Cæſ. Bring him through the bands. [*Exit Ambaſſador.*
To try thy eloquence now 'tis time, diſpatch,
From *Antony* win *Cleopatra*, promiſe, [*To* Thyrëus.
And in our name; when ſhe requires, add more
As thine invention offers. Women are not
In their beſt fortunes ſtrong; but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd veſtal. Try thy cunning, *Thyrëus*,
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will anſwer as a law.

Thyr. Cæſar, I go.

Cæſ. Obſerve how *Antony* becomes his flaw,
And what thou think'ſt his very action ſpeaks
In every power that moves.

Thyr. Cæſar, I ſhall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X. ALEXANDRIA.

Enter Cleopatra, Ænobarbus, Charmian, *and* Iras.

Cleo. What ſhall we do *Ænobarbus?*

Æno. Drink, and die. *

Cleo. Is *Antony*, or we, in fault for this?

Æno. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reaſon. What although you fled
From that great face of war, whoſe ſeveral ranges
Frighted each other; why ſhould he follow you?
The itch of his affection ſhould not then

* This reply of *Ænobarbus* ſeems grounded upon a particularity in the conduct of *Antony* and *Cleopatra* which is related by *Plutarch*: that after their defeat at *Actium* they inſtituted a ſociety of friends who enter'd into engagement to die with them, not abating in the mean time any part of that luxury, exceſs, and riot, in which they had lived before.

Have

Have nickt his captainſhip at ſuch a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
The meered queſtion. 'Twas a ſhame no leſs
Than was his loſs, to courſe your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Pr'ythee peace.

Enter Antony, *with the Ambaſſador.*

Ant. Is that his anſwer?

Amb. Ay, my Lord.

Ant. The Queen
Shall then have courteſie, ſo ſhe will yield
Us up.

Amb. My Lord, he ſays ſo.

Ant. Let her know't.
To the boy *Cæſar* ſend this grizled head,
And he will fill thy wiſhes to the brim
With principalities.

Cleo. That head, my Lord?

Ant. To him again, tell him he wears the roſe
Of youth upon him; from which, the world ſhould note
Something particular; his coin, ſhips, legions,
May be a coward's, whoſe miniſters would prevail
Under the ſervice of a child, as ſoon
As i' th' command of *Cæſar*. I dare him therefore
To lay his gay capariſons apart,
And anſwer me declin'd, ſword againſt ſword,
Ourſelves alone; I'll write it, follow me. [*Exit* Antony.

Æno. Yes, like enough: high-battled *Cæſar* will
Unſtate his happineſs, and be ſtag'd to th' ſhew
Againſt a ſworder. I ſee mens judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes, and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them
To ſuffer all alike. That he ſhould dream,
Knowing all meaſures, the full *Cæſar* will
Anſwer his emptineſs! *Cæſar*, thou haſt ſubdu'd
His judgment too.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. A meſſenger from *Cæſar*.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony? ſee, my women —
Againſt the blown roſe may they ſtop their noſe,

That kneel'd unto the buds. Admit him, Sir.
Æno. Mine honeſty and I begin to ſquare; [*Aſide.*
Tho' loyalty well held, to fools does make
Our faith meer folly; yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord,
Do's conquer him that did his maſter conquer,
And earns a place i' th' ſtory.
Enter Thyrëus.
Cleo. *Cæſar*'s will?
Thyr. Hear it apart.
Cleo. None here but friends; ſay boldly.
Thyr. So haply are they friends to *Antony*.
Æno. He needs as many, Sir, as *Cæſar* has;
Or needs not us. If *Cæſar* pleaſe, our maſter
Will leap to be his friend: for as you know,
Whoſe he is, we are, and that's *Cæſar*'s.
Thyr. So.
Thus then, thou moſt renown'd; *Cæſar* intreats
Not to conſider in what caſe thou ſtand'ſt
Further than he is *Cæſar*.
Cleo. Go on; right royal.
Thyr. He knows that you embrace not *Antony*
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.
Cleo. Oh! [*Aſide.*
Thyr. The ſcars upon your honour therefore he
Do's pity, as conſtrained blemiſhes,
Not as deſerv'd.
Cleo. He is a God, and knows
What is moſt right. Mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd meerly.
Æno. To be ſure of that,
I will aſk *Antony*. Sir, thou'rt ſo leaky [*Aſide.*
That we muſt leave thee to thy ſinking, for
Thy deareſt quit thee. [*Exit* Æno.
Thyr. Shall I ſay to *Cæſar*
What you require of him? he partly begs
To be deſir'd to give. It much would pleaſe him,
That of his fortunes you would make a ſtaff
To lean upon. But it would warm his ſpirits,
To hear from me you had left *Antony*,

And

And put yourſelf under his ſhrowd, the great,
The univerſal landlord.
Cleo. What's your name?
Thyr. My name is *Thyrëus.*
Cleo. Moſt kind meſſenger,
Say to great *Cæſar* this; in deputation
I kiſs his conqu'ring hand: tell him, I'm prompt
To lay my crown at's feet, and there to kneel.
Tell him, that from his all-obeying breath
I hear the doom of *Ægypt.*
Thyr. It is your nobleſt courſe:
Wiſdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may ſhake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.
Cleo. Your *Cæſar*'s father,
When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,
Beſtow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kiſſes.

SCENE XI.

Enter Antony *and* Ænobarbus.

Ant. Favours! by *Jove* that thunders——
[*Seeing* Thyrëus *kiſs her hand.*
What art thou, fellow?
Thyr. One that but performs
The bidding of the fulleſt man, and worthieſt
To have command obey'd.
Æno. You will be whipp'd.
Ant. Approach there——ah you kite! now, Gods and devils!
Authority melts from me of late. When I
Cry'd, *Hoa!* like boys unto a muſs, Kings would
Start forth, and cry, *Your will?* have you no ears?
I'm *Antony* yet. Take hence this jack and whip him.

Enter Servants.

Æno. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,
Than with an old one dying.
Ant. Moon and ſtars!
Whip him: were't twenty of the greateſt Tributaries
That do acknowledge *Cæſar*, ſhould I find them

So ſawcy with the hand of her here, (what's her name
Since ſhe was *Cleopatra ?*)—whip him, fellows——
'Till like a boy you ſee him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.
Thyr. Mark Antony——
Ant. Tug him away; being whipp'd
Bring him again, this jack of *Cæſar*'s ſhall
Bear us an errand to him. [*Exeunt with* Thyrëus.
You were half blaſted ere I knew you: ha! [*To* Cleopatra.
Have I my pillow left unpreſt in *Rome*,
Forborn the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd
By one that looks on feeders ?
Cleo. Good my Lord——
Ant. You have been a boggler ever.
But when we in our viciouſneſs grow hard,
(Oh miſery on't!) the wiſe Gods ſeal our eyes
In our own filth, drop our clear judgments, make us
Adore our errors, laugh at's while we ſtrut
To our confuſion.
Cleo. Oh, is't come to this ?
Ant. I found you as a morſel cold upon
Dead *Cæſar*'s trencher: nay, you were a fragment
Of *Cneus Pompey*, beſides what hotter hours
Unregiſtred in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriouſly pickt out. For I am ſure,
Though you can gueſs what temperance ſhould be,
You know not what it is.
Cleo. Wherefore is this ?
Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And ſay, *God quit you*, be familiar with
My play-fellow, your hand; this kingly ſeal,
And plighter of high hearts!——O that I were
Upon the hill of *Baſan*, to out-roar
The horned herd, for I have ſavage cauſe;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him. Is he whipp'd ?

Enter a Servant with Thyrëus.

Ser. Soundly, my Lord.

Ant.

Ant. Cry'd he? and begg'd a pardon?
Ser. He did aſk favour.
Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou waſt not made his daughter; and be thou ſorry
To follow *Cæſar* in his triumph, ſince
Thou haſt been whipp'd for following him. Henceforth
The white hand of a lady feaver thee,
Shake to look on't. Go get thee back to *Cæſar*,
Tell him thy entertainment: look thou ſay,
He makes me angry with him: for he ſeems
Proud and diſdainful, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry,
And at this time moſt eaſie 'tis to do't;
When my good ſtars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and ſhot their fires
Into the abyſm of hell. If he miſlike
My ſpeech, and what is done, tell him he has
Hipparchus my enfranchis'd bondman, whom
He may at pleaſure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he ſhall like, to quit me. Urge it thou:
Hence with thy ſtripes, be gone. [*Exit* Thyr.
Cleo. Have you done yet?
Ant. Alack, our terrene moon is now eclips'd,
And it portends alone the fall of *Antony*.
Cleo. I muſt ſtay his time.
Ant. To flatter *Cæſar*, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?
Cleo. Not know me yet?
Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?
Cleo. If I be ſo,
From my cold heart let heaven ingender hail,
And poiſon't in the ſource, and the firſt ſtone
Drop in my neck; as it determines, ſo
Diſſolve my life; the next *Ceſarion* ſmite!
'Till by degrees the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave *Ægyptians* all,
By the diſcandying of this pelletted ſtorm,
Lye graveleſs; 'till the flies and gnats of *Nile*
Have buried them for prey.
Ant. I'm ſatisfied;

Cæſar ſets down 'fore *Alexandria*, where
I will oppoſe his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our ſever'd navy too
Have knit again, and float, threatning moſt ſea-like.
Where haſt thou been, my heart? doſt thou hear, Lady?
If from the field I ſhall return once more
To kiſs theſe lips, I will appear in blood,
I and my ſword will earn my chronicle:
There is hope in it yet.

Cleo. That's my brave Lord.

Ant. I will be treble-ſinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciouſly: for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ranſom lives
Of me for jeſts; but now I'll ſet my teeth,
And ſend to darkneſs all that ſtop me. Come,
Let's have one other gawdy night: call to me
All my ſad captains, fill our bowls; once more
Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birth-day,
I had thought t'have held it poor. But ſince my Lord is
Antony again, I will be *Cleopatra*.

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my Lord.

Ant. Do ſo, we'll ſpeak to 'em, and to-night I'll force
The wine peep through their ſcars. Come on, my Queen;
There's ſap in't yet. The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me: for I will contend
Even with his peſtilent ſcythe. [*Exeunt.*

Æno. Now he'll out-ſtare the lightning; to be furious
Is to be frighted out of fear, and in that mood
The dove will peck the eſtridge. I ſee ſtill
A diminution in our captain's brain
Reſtores his heart; when valour preys on reaſon,
It eats the ſword it fights with: I will ſeek
Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Cæsar's *Camp*.

Enter Cæsar, *with* Agrippa, Mecænas, *and his Army*, Cæsar *reading a letter*.

Cæs. HE calls me boy, and chides as he had power
To beat me out of *Ægypt*. My messenger
He hath whipt with rods, dares me to personal combat,
Cæsar to *Antony*. Let the old ruffian know,
He hath many other ways to die: mean time
I at this challenge laugh.

Mec. *Cæsar* must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his distraction: never anger
Made good guard for it self.

Cæs. Let our best heads
Know that to-morrow the last of many battels
We mean to fight. Within our files there are,
Of those that serv'd *Mark Antony* but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it be done,
And feast the army; we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor *Antony!* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Palace in Alexandria.

Enter Antony *and* Cleopatra, Ænobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, *with others*.

Ant. He will not fight with me, *Domitius?*

Æno. No.

Ant. Why should he not?

Æno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He's twenty men to one.

Ant. To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?

Æno. I'll strike, and cry, *Take all.*

Ant. Well said, come on:
Call forth my household servants, let's to-night

Enter

Enter Servants.

Be bounteous at our meal. Give me thy hand,
Thou haſt been rightly honeſt; ſo haſt thou,
And thou, and thou, and thou: you've ſerv'd me well,
And Kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. What means this?

Æno. 'Tis one of thoſe odd freaks which ſorrow ſhoots
Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honeſt too:
I wiſh I could be made ſo many men,
And all of you clapt up together in
An *Antony*, that I might do you ſervice,
So good as you have done.

Omnes. The Gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night;
Scant not my cups, and make as much of me
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And ſuffer'd my command.

Cleo. What does he mean?

Æno. To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night;
May be it is the period of your duty,
Haply you ſhall not ſee me more, or if,
A mangled ſhadow. It may chance to-morrow,
You'll ſerve another maſter. I look on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honeſt friends,
I turn you not away, but like a maſter
Married to your good ſervice, ſtay till death:
Tend me to-night two hours, I aſk no more,
And the Gods yield you for't!

Æno. What mean you, Sir,
To give them this diſcomfort? look, they weep.
And I, an aſs, am onion-ey'd; for ſhame,
Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho:
Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus.
Grace grow where thoſe drops fall! my hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous a ſenſe;
I ſpake t' you for your comfort, did deſire you
To burn this night with torches: know, my hearts,

I hope well of to-morrow, and will lead you,
Where rather I'll expect victorious life,
Than death and honour. Let's to ſupper, come,
And drown conſideration. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Court of Guard before the Palace.

Enter a Company of Soldiers.

1 *Sold.* Brother, good-night: to-morrow is the day.
2 *Sold.* It will determine one way: Fare you well.
Heard you of nothing ſtrange about the ſtreets?
1 *Sold.* Nothing: what news?
2 *Sold.* Belike 'tis but a rumour; good-night to you.
1 *Sold.* Well, Sir, good-night.
[*They meet with other Soldiers.*
2 *Sold.* Soldiers, have careful watch.
1 *Sold.* And you; good-night, good-night.
[*They place themſelves in every corner of the ſtage.*
2 *Sold.* Here we; and if to-morrow
Our navy thrive, I have an abſolute hope
Our landmen will ſtand up.
1 *Sold.* 'Tis a brave army, and full of purpoſe.
[*Muſick of the hautboys is under the ſtage.*
2 *Sold.* Peace, what noiſe?
1 *Sold.* Liſt, liſt!
2 *Sold.* Hark!
1 *Sold.* Muſick i' th' air.
3 *Sold.* Under the earth.
It ſigns well, do's it not?
2 *Sold.* No.
1 *Sold.* Peace I ſay: what ſhould this mean?
2 *Sold.* 'Tis the God *Hercules*, who loved *Antony*,
Now leaves him.
1 *Sold.* Walk, let's ſee if other watchmen
Do hear what we do.
2 *Sold.* How now, maſters?
Omnes. How now? how now? do you hear this?
1 *Sold.* Is't not ſtrange?
3 *Sold.* Do you hear, maſters? do you hear?
1 *Sold.* Follow the noiſe ſo far as we have quarter,
Let's ſee how 'twill give off.

Omnes.

Omnes. Content: 'tis ſtrange. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Cleopatra's *Palace.*

Enter Antony *and* Cleopatra, *with others.*

Ant. *Eros,* mine armour, *Eros.*

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my chuck: *Eros,* come, mine armour, *Eros.*

Enter Eros.

Come, my good fellow, put mine iron on;
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Becauſe we brave her. Come.

Cleo. Nay, I'll help too.

Ant. What's this for? ah, let be, let be, thou art
The armourer of my heart; falſe, falſe; this, this.

Cleo. Sooth-la I'll help: thus it muſt be.

Ant. Well, well,
We ſhall thrive now. Seeſt thou, my good fellow?
Go put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefly, Sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Oh! rarely, rarely:
He that unbuckles this, 'till we do pleaſe
To doff 't for our repoſe, ſhall hear a ſtorm.
Thou fumbleſt, *Eros,* and my Queen's a Squire
More tight at this than thou; diſpatch. O love!
That thou could'ſt ſee my wars to-day, and knew'ſt
The royal occupation; thou ſhould'ſt ſee
A workman in't.

Enter an armed Soldier.

Good-morrow to thee, welcome;
Thou look'ſt like him that knows a warlike charge:
To buſineſs that we love we riſe betime,
And go to't with delight.

Sold. A thouſand, Sir,
Early though't be, have on their riveted trim,
And at the port expect you. [*Shout. Trumpets flouriſh.*

Enter Captains and Soldiers.

Cap. The morn is fair; good-morrow, General.

All. Good-morrow, General.

Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads!
This morning, like the ſpirit of a youth

That

That means to be of note, begins betimes.
So, ſo; come, give me that,—this way—well ſaid.
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me,
This is a ſoldier's kiſs: rebukeable,
And worthy ſhameful check it were, to ſtand
On more mechanick compliment; I'll leave thee
Now, like a man of ſteel. You that will fight,
Follow me cloſe, I'll bring you to't: adieu. [*Exeunt.*

Char. Pleaſe you retire to your chamber?

Cleo. Lead me:
He goes forth gallantly: That he and *Cæſar* might
Determine this great war in ſingle fight!
Then *Antony*—but now—well, on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *A Camp.*

Trumpets ſound. Enter Antony *and* Eros: *an old Soldier meeting them.*

Sold. The Gods make this a happy day to *Antony!*

Ant. Would thou and thoſe thy ſcars had once prevail'd
To make me fight at land!

Eros. Hadſt thou done ſo,
The kings that have revolted, and the ſoldier
That has this morning left thee, would have ſtill
Follow'd thy heels.

Ant. Who's gone this morning?

Eros. Who?
One ever near thee. Call for *Ænobarbus*,
He ſhall not hear thee, or from *Cæſar*'s camp
Say, *I am none of thine.*

Ant. What ſay'ſt thou?

Sold. Sir,
He is with *Cæſar.*

Eros. Sir, his cheſts and treaſure
He has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sold. Moſt certain.

Ant. Go, *Eros*, ſend his treaſure after, do it,
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him,
I will ſubſcribe gentle adieus, and greetings:
Say, that I wiſh he never find more cauſe

To change a master. Oh, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men! dispatch, my *Eros*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. Cæsar's *Camp*.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, *with* Ænobarbus, *and* Dolabella.

Cæs. Go forth, *Agrippa*, and begin the fight:
Our will is, *Antony* be took alive;
Make it so known.

Agr. *Cæsar*, I shall.

Cæs. The time of universal peace is near;
Prove this a prosp'rous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. *Mark Antony* is come into the field.

Cæs. Go, charge, *Agrippa*;
Plant those that have revolted in the van,
That *Antony* may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. [*Exeunt.*

Æno. *Alexas* did revolt, and went to *Jewry* on
Affairs of *Antony*; there did perswade
Great *Herod* to incline himself to *Cæsar*,
And leave his master *Antony*. For his pains
Cæsar hath hang'd him: *Canidius* and the rest
That fell away have entertainment, but
No honourable trust: I have done ill,
Of which I do accuse my self so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Cæsar.

Sold. *Ænobarbus*, *Antony*
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty over-plus. The messenger
Came on my guard, and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules.

Æno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock me not, *Ænobarbus*,
I tell you true: best you see safe the bringer
Out of the host: I must attend mine office,
Or would have don't my self: Your Emperor
Continues still a *Jove*. [*Exit.*

Æno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. Oh *Antony*,

Thou

Thou mine of bounty, how wouldſt thou have paid
My better ſervice, when my turpitude
Thou doſt ſo crown with gold! This bows my heart;
If ſwift thought break it not, a ſwifter mean
Shall out-ſtrike thought; but thought will do't, I feel.
I fight againſt thee!----no, I will go ſeek
Some ditch, where I may die; the foul'ſt beſt fits
My latter part of life. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Before the Walls of Alexandria.

Alarum. Drums and Trumpets. Enter Agrippa.

Agr. Retire, we have engag'd our ſelves too far:
Cæſar himſelf has work, our oppoſition
Exceeds what we expected. [*Exit.*

Alarum. Enter Antony, *and* Scarus *wounded.*

Scar. O my brave Emperor, this is fought indeed;
Had we done ſo at firſt, we had droven them home
With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleed'ſt apace.

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes; I have yet
Room for ſix ſcotches more.

Enter Eros.

Eros. They're beaten, Sir, and our advantage ſerves
For a fair victory.

Scar. Let us ſcore their backs,
And ſnatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind;
'Tis ſport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee,
Once for thy ſprightly comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come on.

Scar. I'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter Antony *again in a March,*
Scarus *with others.*

Ant. We've beat him to his camp; run one before,
And let the Queen know of our geſts; to-morrow
Before the ſun ſhall ſee's, we'll ſpill the blood
That has to-day eſcap'd. I thank you all;

For doughty-handed are you, and have fought
Not as you ſerv'd my cauſe, but as't had been
Each man's like mine; you've ſhewn your ſelves all *Hectors*.
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats, whilſt they with joyful tears
Waſh the congealment from your wounds, and kiſs
The honour'd gaſhes whole. Give me thy hand, [*To* Scarus.

Enter Cleopatra.

To this great * faiery I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bleſs thee. O thou day o' th' world,
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harneſs to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.

Cleo. Lord of lords,
Oh infinite virtue, com'ſt thou ſmiling from
The world's great ſnare, uncaught?

Ant. My nightingale,
We've beat them to their beds. What! girl, though grey
Do ſomething mingle with our brown, yet have we
A brain that nouriſhes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man,
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand;
Kiſs it, my warrior: he hath fought to-day,
As if a God in hate of mankind had
Deſtroyed in ſuch a ſhape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a King's.

Ant. He has deſerv'd it, were it carbuncled
Like holy *Phœbus'* car. Give me thy hand;
Through *Alexandria* make a jolly march,
Bear our hackt targets, like the men that owe them.
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this hoſt, we all would ſup together,
And drink carowſes to the next day's fate
Which promiſes royal peril. Trumpeters,
With brazen din blaſt you the city's ear,
Make mingle with our ratling tabourines,

* The word *Faiery* here is to be underſtood in the ſenſe of *inchantreſs* which it often carries in the old Romances.

That

That heav'n and earth may ſtrike their ſounds together,
Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. Cæſar's *Camp.*

Enter a Centry, and his Company. Ænobarbus *follows.*

Cent. If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We muſt return to th' court of guard; the night
Is ſhiny, and they ſay, we ſhall embattel
By th' ſecond hour i' th' morn.

1 *Watch.* This laſt day was
A ſhrewd one to's.

Æno. O bear me witneſs, night!

2 *Watch.* What man is this?

1 *Watch.* Stand cloſe, and liſten to him.

Æno. Be witneſs to me, O thou bleſſed moon,
When men revolted ſhall upon record
Bear hateful memory; poor *Ænobarbus* did
Before thy face repent.

Cent. Ænobarbus?

3 *Watch.* Peace;
Hark further.

Æno. Oh ſovereign miſtreſs of true melancholy,
The poiſonous damp of night diſperge upon me!
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me. Throw my heart
Againſt the flint and hardneſs of my fault,
Which being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finiſh all foul thoughts. O *Antony*,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular,
But let the world rank me in regiſter
A maſter-leaver, and a fugitive:
Oh *Antony!* oh *Antony!* [*Dies.*

1 *Watch.* Let's ſpeak to him.

Cent. Let's hear him, for the things he ſpeaks
May concern *Cæſar.*

2 *Watch.* Let's do ſo, but he ſleeps.

Cent. Swoons rather, for ſo bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for ſleep.

1 *Watch.* Go we to him.

2 *Watch.* Awake, Sir, awake, ſpeak to us.

1 *Watch.* Hear, you Sir!
Cent. The hand of death hath caught him.
[*Drums afar off.*
Hark how the drums din early wakes the ſleepers:
Let's bear him to the court of guard; he is
Of note. Our hour is fully out.
2 *Watch.* Come on,
He may recover yet. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. *Between the two Camps.*

Enter Antony, *and* Scarus, *with their Army.*

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by ſea,
We pleaſe them not by land.
Scar. For both, my Lord.
Ant. I would they'd fight i'th' fire, or in the air,
We'd fight there too. But this it is; our foot
Upon the hills adjoyning to the city
Shall ſtay with us. Order for ſea is given,
They have put forth the haven: further on,
Where their appointment we may beſt diſcover,
And look on their endeavour. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cæſar, *and his Army.*

Cæſ. Not being charg'd, we will be ſtill by land,
Which as I take't we ſhall not; for his beſt force
Is forth to man his gallies. To the vales,
And hold our beſt advantage. [*Exeunt.*

[*Alarum afar off, as at a ſea-fight.*

Enter Antony *and* Scarus.

Ant. Yet they're not join'd:
Where yond pine ſtands, I ſhall diſcover all.
I'll bring thee word ſtraight, how 'tis like to go. [*Exit.*
Scar. Swallows have built
In *Cleopatra*'s ſails their neſts. The augurs
Say, they know not----they cannot tell----look grimly,
And dare not ſpeak their knowledge. *Antony*
Is valiant, and dejected, and by ſtarts
His fretted fortunes give him hope and fear
Of what he has, and has not. [*Exit.*

SCENE X. ALEXANDRIA.

Enter Antony.

Ant. All is loſt!

This

This foul *Ægyptian* hath betrayed me,
My fleet hath yielded to the foe, and yonder
They caſt their caps up, and carouſe together
Like friends long loſt. Triple-turn'd whore! 'tis thou
Haſt ſold me to this novice, and my heart
Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly:
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
I have done all. Bid them all fly, be gone.
Oh ſun, thy upriſe ſhall I ſee no more:
Fortune and *Antony* part here, even here
Do we ſhake hands----all come to this! ----the hearts
That ſpaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wiſhes, do diſcandy, melt their ſweets
On bloſſoming *Cæſar*: and this pine is bark'd,
That over-topt them all. Betray'd I am.
Oh this falſe ſoul of *Ægypt!* this gay charm,
Whoſe eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home
Whoſe boſom was my crownet, my chief end,
Like a right gipſie, hath at faſt and looſe
Beguil'd me to the very heart of loſs.
What, *Eros, Eros!*

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah, thou ſpell! avant.

Cleo. Why is my Lord enrag'd againſt his love?

Ant. Vaniſh, or I ſhall give thee thy deſerving,
And blemiſh *Cæſar*'s triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoiſt thee up to the ſhouting *Plebeians*;
Follow his chariot, like the greateſt ſpot
Of all thy ſex. Monſter-like be the ſhew
For poor'ſt diminutives, for dolts; and let
Patient *Octavia* plough thy viſage up
With her prepared nails. 'Tis well thou'rt gone.

[*Exit* Cleopatra.

If it be well to live. But better 'twere
Thou fell'ſt into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many. *Eros*, hoa!
The ſhirt of *Neſſus* is upon me; teach me,
Alcides, thou mine anceſtor, thy rage,
Led thee lodge *Lichas* on the horns o' th' moon,
And with thoſe hands that graſpt the heavieſt club,

Subdue thy worthieſt ſelf. The witch ſhall die;
To th' *Roman* boy ſhe hath ſold me, and I fall
Under her plot: ſhe dies for't. *Eros*, hoa! [*Exit.*

Re-enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, *and* Mardian.

Cleo. Help me, my women! oh he is more mad
Than *Telamon* for his ſhield; the boar of *Theſſaly*
Was never ſo imboſt.

Char. To th' monument,
There lock your ſelf, and ſend him word you're dead:
The ſoul and body rive not more in parting,
Than greatneſs going off.

Cleo. To th' monument:
Mardian, go tell him I have ſlain myſelf,
Say, that the laſt I ſpoke was *Antony*,
And word it, pr'ythee, piteouſly. Hence, *Mardian*,
And bring me, how he takes my death, to th' monument.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI. *Enter* Antony *and* Eros.

Ant. *Eros*, thou yet behold'ſt me.

Eros. Ay, noble Lord.

Ant. Sometime we ſee a cloud that's dragoniſh,
A vapour ſometime like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air. Thou'ſt ſeen theſe ſigns,
They are black veſper's pageants.

Eros. Ay, my Lord.

Ant. That which is now a horſe, even with a thought
The rack diſſimns, and makes it indiſtinct
As water is in water.

Eros. It do's, my Lord.

Ant. My good knave, *Eros*, now thy captain is
Even ſuch a body; here I'm *Antony*,
Yet cannot hold this viſible ſhape, my knave.
I made theſe wars for *Ægypt*; and the Queen,
Whoſe heart I thought I had, for ſhe had mine,
Which whilſt it was mine, had annext unto't
A million more, now loſt! ſhe, *Eros*, has
Packt cards with *Cæſar*, and falſe play'd my glory

Unto

Unto an enemy's triumph----
Nay, weep not, gentle *Eros*, there is left us
Our ſelves to end our ſelves.

Enter Mardian.

Oh thy vile lady!
Sh' has robb'd me of my ſword.

Mar. No, *Antony*,
My miſtreſs lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine intirely.

Ant. Hence, ſawcy eunuch, peace,
She hath betray'd me, and ſhall die the death.

Mar. Death of one perſon can be paid but once,
And that ſhe has diſcharg'd. What thou wouldſt do
Is done unto thy hand; the laſt ſhe ſpake
Was *Antony!* moſt noble *Antony!*
Then in the midſt a tearing groan did break
The name of *Antony*; it was divided
Between her heart and lips; ſhe rendred life,
Thy name ſo buried in her.

Ant. Dead then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarm me, *Eros*, the long day's taſk is done,
And we muſt ſleep; that thou depart'ſt hence ſafe
[*To* Mardian.
Does pay thy labour richly; go. Pluck off; [*Ex.* Mardian.
The ſeven-fold ſhield of *Ajax* cannot keep
The battery from my heart. Oh cleave, my ſides!
Heart, once be ſtronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail caſe! apace, *Eros*, apace,
No more a ſoldier---bruiſed pieces, go; [*Unarming himſelf.*
You have been nobly born,---from me a while,--[*Ex.* Eros.
I will o'er-take thee, *Cleopatra*, and
Weep for my pardon. So't muſt be, for now
All length is torture; ſince thy torch is out,
Lye down and ſtray no further. Now all labour
Marrs what it does, yea, very force entangles
It ſelf with ſtrength; ſleep then and all is done.
Eros!---I come, my Queen---*Eros!*---ſtay for me,
Where ſouls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our ſprightly port make the ghoſts gaze;

Dido

Dido and her *Sichæus* * ſhall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours. Come, *Eros*, *Eros!*

Enter Eros.

Eros. What would my Lord?

Ant. Since *Cleopatra* died,
I live in ſuch diſhonour, that the Gods
Deteſt my baſeneſs. I, that with my ſword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green *Neptune*'s back
With ſhips, made cities; condemn my ſelf, to lack
The courage of a woman; leſs noble-minded
Than ſhe which, by her death, our *Cæſar* tells,
I'm conqueror of my ſelf. Thou art ſworn, *Eros*,
That when the exigent ſhould come, which now
Is come indeed, when I ſhould ſee behind me
Th' inevitable proſecution of diſgrace
And horrour; that on my command thou then
Wouldſt kill me. Do it, for the time is come:
Thou ſtrik'ſt not me, 'tis *Cæſar* thou defeat'ſt.
Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The Gods with-hold me!
Shall I do that which all the *Parthian* darts,
Though enemy, loſt aim, and could not?

Ant. Eros,
Wouldſt thou be window'd in great *Rome*, and ſee
Thy maſter thus with pleacht arms, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face ſubdu'd
To penetrative ſhame, whilſt the wheel'd ſeat
Of fortunate *Cæſar* drawn before him branded
His baſeneſs that enſued?

Eros. I would not ſee't.

Ant. Come then; for with a wound I muſt be cur'd.
Draw that thy honeſt ſword, which thou haſt worn
Moſt uſeful for thy country.

Eros. Oh, Sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, ſwor'ſt thou not then
To do this when I bad thee? do it at once,

* ----- Conjux ubi priſtinus illi
Reſpondet curis, æquatque *Sichæus* amorem.
Virg. Æn. lib. vi. *v.* 473.

Or

Or thy precedent ſervices are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.
Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance
Wherein the worſhip of the whole world lyes.
Ant. Lo thee. [*Turning from him.*
Eros. My ſword is drawn.
Ant. Then let it do
The thing why thou haſt drawn it.
Eros. My dear maſter,
My captain, and my Emp'ror! Let me ſay,
Before I ſtrike this bloody ſtroke, *Farewel!*
Ant. 'Tis ſaid, man, and farewel!
Eros. Farewel, great chief! Shall I ſtrike now?
Ant. Now, *Eros.*
Eros. Why, there then----thus I do eſcape the ſorrow
Of *Antony*'s death. [Eros *kills himſelf.*
Ant. Thrice nobler than my ſelf!
Thou teacheſt me, oh valiant *Eros*, what
I ſhould, and thou could'ſt not; my Queen and *Eros*
Have by their brave inſtruction got upon me
A nobleneſs in record. But I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't
As to a lover's bed. Come then, and, *Eros*,
Thy maſter dies thy ſcholar; to do thus
[*Falling on his ſword.*
I learnt of thee.---How, not yet dead? not dead?----
The guard----how!----oh diſpatch me!

SCENE XII. *Enter* Dercetas *and Guard.*

1 *Guard.* What's the noiſe?
Ant. I've done my work ill, friends: O make an end
Of what I have begun.
2 *Guard.* The ſtar is fall'n.
1 *Guard.* And time is at his period.
All. Alas, and woe!
Ant. Let him that loves me, ſtrike me dead.
1 *Guard.* Not I.
2 *Guard.* Not I.
3 *Guard.* Nor any one. [*Exeunt.*
Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This ſword but ſhewn to *Cæſar*, with theſe tidings,

Shall

Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Where's *Antony?*

Der. There, *Diomed*, there.

Dio. Lives he? wilt thou not anſwer?

Ant. Art thou there, *Diomed?* draw thy ſword, and give
Sufficing ſtrokes for death. [me

Dio. Moſt abſolute Lord,
My miſtreſs *Cleopatra* ſent me to thee.

Ant. When did ſhe ſend thee?

Dio. Now, my Lord.

Ant. Where is ſhe?

Dio. Lockt in her monument.
She had, alas! a propheſying fear
Of what hath come to paſs; for when ſhe ſaw
(Which never ſhall be found) you did ſuſpect
She had diſpos'd with *Cæſar*, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, ſhe ſent word ſhe was dead:
But fearing ſince how it might work, hath ſent
Me to proclaim the truth, and I am come,
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good *Diomed*; call my guard I pr'ythee.

Dio. What, ho! the Emperor's guard. The guard, what,
Come, your Lord calls. [hoa!

Enter the Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where *Cleopatra* bides,
'Tis the laſt ſervice that I ſhall command you.

Guard. Woe are we, Sir, you may not live to wear
All your true followers out!

All. Moſt heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not pleaſe ſharp fate
To grace it with your ſorrows. Bid that welcome
Which comes to puniſh us, and we puniſh it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up,
I have led you oft, carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all. [*Exeunt, bearing* Antony.

SCENE XIII. *A magnificent Monument.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, *and* Iras, *above.*

Cleo. Oh *Charmian*, I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted, dear Madam.

Cleo.

Cleo. No, I will not:
All ſtrange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we deſpiſe; our ſize of ſorrow
Proportion'd to our cauſe, muſt be as great
As that which makes it.

Enter Diomedes.

How now? is he dead?

Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead. Look out
O' th' other ſide, his guard have brought him hither.

Enter Antony *born by the Guard.*

Cleo. O thou ſun,
Turn from the ſphere thou mov'ſt in! darkling ſtand
The varying ſhore o' th' world! O *Antony!*
Help, *Charmian*, help, *Iras*, help; help, friends,
Below there, let us draw him hither.

Ant. Peace.
Not *Cæſar*'s valour hath o'er-thrown *Antony*
But *Antony* hath triumpht on himſelf.

Cleo. So it ſhould be, that none but *Antony*
Should conquer *Antony*, but woe 'tis ſo!

Ant. I am dying, *Ægypt*, dying; only yet
I here importune death a while, until
Of many thouſand kiſſes the poor laſt
I lay upon thy lips.----Come down.

Cleo. I dare not,
Dear, dear my Lord, your pardon that I dare not,
Leſt I be taken; not th' imperious ſhew
Of the full-fortun'd *Cæſar* ever ſhall
Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, ſerpents have
Edge, operation, or ſting, I am ſafe:
Your wife *Octavia*, with her modeſt eyes
And ſtill concluſion, ſhall acquire no honour,
Demuring upon me. But come, come, *Antony*,
(Help me, my women.) we muſt draw thee up----
Aſſiſt, good friends.

Ant. Oh quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here's ſport indeed; how heavy weighs my Lord!
Our ſtrength is all gone into heavineſs,
That makes the weight. Had I great *Juno*'s power,
The ſtrong-wing'd *Mercury* ſhould fetch thee up,

And

And ſet thee by *Jove*'s ſide. Yet come a little,
Wiſhers were ever fools. Oh come, come, come----
[*They draw* Antony *up to* Cleopatra.
And welcome, welcome! Die where thou haſt liv'd,
Quicken with kiſſing; had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.
All. Oh heavy ſight!
Ant. I am dying, *Ægypt*, dying.
Give me ſome wine, and let me ſpeak a little.
Cleo. No, let me ſpeak, and let me rail ſo high,
That the falſe huſwife Fortune break her wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.
Ant. One word, ſweet Queen.
Of *Cæſar* ſeek your honour, with your ſafety.
Cleo. They do not go together.
Ant. Gentle, hear me;
None about *Cæſar* truſt, but *Proculeius.*
Cleo. My reſolution and my hands I'll truſt,
None about *Cæſar.*
Ant. The miſerable change now at my end,
Lament nor ſorrow at: but pleaſe your thoughts
In feeding them with thoſe my former fortunes,
Wherein I liv'd; the greateſt Prince o'th' world,
The nobleſt once; and now not baſely die,
Nor cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman; a *Roman*, by a *Roman*
Valiantly vanquiſh'd. Now my ſpirit is going;
I can no more ---- [Antony *dies.*
Cleo. Nobleſt of men!----woo't die?
Haſt thou no care of me? ſhall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy abſence is
No better than a ſtye? O ſee, my women!
The crown o'th' earth doth melt-----my Lord!——
Oh, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The ſoldier's pole is fall'n: young boys and girls
Are level now with men; the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable,
Beneath the viſiting moon. [*She faints.*
Char. Oh quietneſs, Lady.
Iras. She is dead too, our Sovereign.

Char. Lady!
Iras. Madam!
Char. Oh Madam, Madam!
Iras. Royal *Ægypt!* Empreſs!
Cleo. Peace, peace, *Iras.*
No more but a meer woman, and commanded
By ſuch poor paſſion as the maid that milks,
And does the meaneſt chares. It were for me
To throw my ſceptre at th' injurious Gods,
To tell them that this world did equal theirs,
'Till they had ſtoll'n our jewel. All's but nought:
Patience is ſottiſh, and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad: then is it ſin,
To ruſh into the ſecret houſe of death,
Ere death dare come to us? how do you, women?
What? what? good cheer! why, how now, *Charmian?*
My noble girls?----ah, women, women! look,
Our lamp is ſpent, it's out----good Sirs, take heart,
We'll bury him: and then what's brave, what's noble,
Let's do it after the high *Roman* faſhion,
And make death proud to take us. Come away,
This caſe of that huge ſpirit now is cold.
Ah, women, women! come, we have no friend,
But reſolution, and the briefeſt end.
[*Exeunt bearing off* Antony's *body.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Cæſar's *Camp.*

Enter Cæſar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Mecænas, Proculeius, Gallus, *and Train.*

Cæſ. GO to him, *Dolabella*, bid him yield,
Being ſo fruſtrate, tell him, he but mocks
The pauſes that he makes.
Dol. Cæſar, I ſhall. [*Exit* Dolabella.

Enter Dercetas *with the ſword of* Antony.

Cæſ. Wherefore is that? and what art thou that dar'ſt
Appear thus to us?
Der. I am call'd *Dercetas*,
Mark Antony I ſerv'd, who beſt was worthy
Beſt to be ſerv'd; whilſt he ſtood up, and ſpoke,

He was my maſter, and I wore my life
To ſpend upon his haters. If thou pleaſe
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to *Cæſar*: If thou pleaſeſt not,
I yield thee up my life.
Cæſ. What is't thou ſay'ſt?
Der. I ſay, oh *Cæſar*, *Antony* is dead.
Cæſ. The breaking of ſo great a thing ſhould make
A greater crack in nature. The round world
Should have ſhook lions into civil ſtreets,
And citizens to their dens. The death of *Antony*
Is not a ſingle doom, in that name lay
A moiety of the world.
Der. He is dead, *Cæſar*,
Not by a publick miniſter of juſtice,
Nor by a hir'd knife: but that ſelf-hand
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath with the courage which the heart did lend it
Splitted the heart it ſelf. This is his ſword,
I robb'd his wound of it: behold it ſtain'd
With his moſt noble blood.
Cæſ. Look you ſad, friends?
The Gods rebuke me but it is a tiding
To waſh the eyes of Kings.
Agr. And ſtrange it is,
That nature muſt compel us to lament
Our moſt perſiſted deeds.
Mec. His taints and honours
Weigh'd equal in him.
Agr. A rarer ſpirit never
Did ſteer humanity; but you, Gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men. *Cæſar* is touch'd.
Mec. When ſuch a ſpacious mirror's ſet before him,
He needs muſt ſee himſelf.
Cæſ. O *Antony!*
I've follow'd thee to this --- but we do launce
Diſeaſes in our bodies. I muſt perforce
Have ſhewn to thee ſuch a declining day,
Or look'd on thine; we could not ſtall together
In the whole world. But yet let me lament

With tears as ſovereign as the blood of hearts.
That thou my brother, my competitor,
In top of all deſign, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine its thoughts did kindle; that our ſtars
Unreconciliable ſhould divide
Our equalneſs to this. Hear me, good friends-----
But I will tell you at ſome meeter ſeaſon.
The buſineſs of this man looks out of him,
We'll hear him what he ſays. Now whence are you?

Enter an Ægyptian.

Ægypt. A poor *Ægyptian* yet; the Queen my miſtreſs
Confin'd in all ſhe has (her monument)
Of thy intents deſires inſtruction,
That ſhe preparedly may frame her ſelf
To th' way ſhe's forc'd to.

Cæſ. Bid her have good heart;
She ſoon ſhall know of us, by ſome of ours,
How honourably and how kindly we
Determine for her. For *Cæſar* cannot live
To be ungentle.

Ægypt. May the Gods preſerve thee! [*Exit.*

Cæſ. Come hither, *Proculeius*, go and ſay
We purpoſe her no ſhame; give her what comforts
The quality of her paſſion ſhall require;
Leſt in her greatneſs by ſome mortal ſtroke
She do defeat us: for her life in *Rome*
Would be eternaling our triumph. Go,
And with your ſpeedieſt bring us what ſhe ſays,
And how you find of her.

Pro. Cæſar, I ſhall. [*Exit* Pro.

Cæſ. Gallus, go you along; where's *Dolabella*, [*Exit* Gal.
To ſecond *Proculeius?*

All. Dolabella!

Cæſ. Let him alone; for I remember now
How he's employ'd: he ſhall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent, where you ſhall ſee
How hardly I was drawn into this war,
How calm and gentle I proceeded ſtill

In all my writings. Go with me, and ſee
What I can ſhew in this. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Monument.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, Mardian, *and* Seleucus, *above.*

Cleo. My deſolation does begin to make
A better life; 'tis paltry to be *Cæſar:*
Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave,
A miniſter of her will; and it is great,
To do that thing that ends all other deeds,
Which ſhackles accidents, and bolts up change,
Which makes us ſleep, nor palate more the dug
O' th' beggar's nurſe and *Cæſar*'s.

Enter Proculeius, *and* Gallus, *below.*

Pro. *Cæſar* ſends greeting to the Queen of *Ægypt*,
And bids thee ſtudy on what fair demands
Thou mean'ſt to have him grant thee.

Cleo. What's thy name?

Pro. My name is *Proculeius.*

Cleo. *Antony*
Did tell me of you, bad me truſt you, but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no uſe for truſting. If your maſter
Would have a Queen his beggar, you muſt tell him,
That majeſty, to keep *decorum*, muſt
No leſs beg than a kingdom: if he pleaſe
To give me conquer'd *Ægypt* for my ſon,
He gives me ſo much of mine own, as I
Will kneel for to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer:
You're fall'n into a princely hand, fear nothing;
Make your full ref'rence freely to my Lord,
Who is ſo full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need. Let me report to him
Your ſweet dependency, and you ſhall find
A conqu'ror that will pray in aid * for kindneſs,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

* *Praying in aid* is a Law-term uſed for a petition made in a Court of Juſtice for the calling in of help from another that hath an intereſt in the cauſe in queſtion.

Cleo.

Cleo. Pray you tell him,
I am his fortunes vaſſal, and I bend to
The greatneſs he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience, and would gladly
Look him i' th' face.
Pro. This I'll report, dear Lady.
Have comfort, for I know your plight is pity'd
Of him that caus'd it.
Gall. You ſee how eaſily ſhe may be ſurpriz'd.
[*They enter the Monument by a ladder.*
Pro. Guard her 'till *Cæſar* come.
Iras. Oh royal Queen, ----
Char. Oh *Cleopatra*, thou art taken, Queen.
Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands. [*Drawing a dagger.*
Pro. Hold, worthy Lady, hold:
Do not your ſelf ſuch wrong, who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.
Cleo. What, of death too, that rids our dogs of languiſh?
Pro. Do not abuſe my maſter's bounty, by
Th' undoing of your ſelf: let the world ſee
His nobleneſs well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.
Cleo. Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come: oh come, and take a Queen
Worth many babes and beggars.
Pro. Oh, temperance, Lady!
Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, Sir:
If idle talk will once be acceſſary,
I'll not ſleep neither. This mortal houſe I'll ruin,
Do *Cæſar* what he can. Know, Sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your maſter's Court,
Nor once be chaſtis'd with the ſober eye
Of dull *Octavia*. Shall they hoiſt me up,
And ſhew me to the ſhouting varletry
Of cens'ring *Rome*? rather a ditch in *Ægypt*
Be gentle grave to me! rather on *Nilus*' mud
Lay me ſtark-naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country's higheſt *Pyramid* my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend
Theſe thoughts of horrour further than you ſhall
Find cauſe in *Cæſar*.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou haſt done my maſter *Cæſar* knows,
And he hath ſent for thee: as for the Queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, *Dolabella*,
It ſhall content me beſt; be gentle to her:
To *Cæſar* I will ſpeak what you ſhall pleaſe, [*To* Cleopatra.
If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die. [*Exeunt* Proculeius *and* Gallus.

Dol. Moſt noble Empreſs, you have heard of me.

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Aſſuredly you know me.

Cleo. No matter, Sir, what I have heard or known:
You laugh when boys or women tell their dreams;
Is't not your trick?

Dol. I underſtand not, Madam.

Cleo. I dreamt there was an Emp'ror *Antony*;
Oh ſuch another ſleep, that I might ſee
But ſuch another man!

Dol. If it might pleaſe ye——

Cleo. His face was as the heav'ns, and therein ſtuck
A ſun and moon, which kept their courſe, and lighted
The little orb o' th' earth.

Dol. Moſt ſovereign creature——

Cleo. His legs beſtrid the ocean, his rear'd arm
Creſted the world: his voice was propertied
As all the tuned ſpheres, and that to friends:
But when he meant to quail, and ſhake the orb,
He was as ratling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't: an Autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping: his delights
Were dolphin-like, they ſhew'd their back above
The element they liv'd in; in his livery
Walk'd crowns and coronets, realms and iſlands were
As plates dropt from his pocket.

Dol.

Dol. Cleopatra ——

Cleo. Think you there was, or might be ſuch a man
As this I dreamt of?

Dol. Gentle Madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the Gods;
But if there be, or ever were one ſuch,
It's paſt the ſize of dreaming: nature wants ſtuff
To vye ſtrange forms with fancy; yet to form
An *Antony*, were nature's prize 'gainſt fancy,
Condemning ſhadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good Madam:
Your loſs is as your ſelf, great; and you bear it
As anſw'ring to the weight: would I might never
O'er-take purſu'd ſucceſs, but I do feel
By the rebound of yours, a grief that ſhoots
My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, Sir.
Know you what *Cæſar* means to do with me?

Dol. I'm loth to tell you what I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, Sir.

Dol. Though he be honourable ——

Cleo. He'll lead me then in triumph?

Dol. Madam, he will,
I know't.

All. Make way there —— *Cæſar.*

SCENE III.

Enter Cæſar, Gallus, Mecænas, Proculeius, *and Attendants.*

Cæſ. Which is the Queen of *Ægypt?*

Dol. It is the Emperor, Madam. [Cleo. *kneels.*

Cæſ. Ariſe, you ſhall not kneel:
I pray you riſe, riſe, *Ægypt.*

Cleo. Sir, the Gods
Will have it thus; my maſter and my lord
I muſt obey.

Cæſ. Take to you no hard thoughts:
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our fleſh, we ſhall remember
As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole Sir o' th' world,

I cannot parget mine own cauſe ſo well
To make it clear, but do confeſs I have
Been laden with like frailties which before
Have often ſham'd our ſex.
Cæſ. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than inforce:
If you apply your ſelf to our intents,
(Which tow'rds you are moſt gentle) you ſhall find
A benefit in this change; but if you ſeek
To lay on me a cruelty by taking
Antony's courſe, you ſhall bereave your ſelf
Of my good purpoſes, and put your children
To that deſtruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.
Cleo. And may through all the world: 'tis yours; and we,
Your ſcutcheons, and your ſigns of conqueſt, ſhall
Hang in what place you pleaſe. Here, my good Lord.
Cæſ. You ſhall adviſe me in all for *Cleopatra.*
Cleo. This is the brief of mony, plate, and jewels
I am poſſeſt of --- 'tis exactly valued,
Not petty things omitted --- where's *Seleucus?*
Sel. Here, Madam.
Cleo. This is my treaſurer, let him ſpeak, my Lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reſerv'd
To my ſelf nothing. Speak the truth, *Seleucus.*
Sel. I had rather ſeal my lips, than to my peril
Speak that which is not.
Cleo. What have I kept back?
Sel. Enough to purchaſe what you have made known.
Cæſ. Nay, bluſh not, *Cleopatra*; I approve
Your wiſdom in the deed.
Cleo. Cæſar! behold
How pomp is follow'd: mine will now be yours,
And ſhould we ſhift eſtates, yours would be mine.
Th' ingratitude of this *Seleucus* do's
Ev'n make me wild. O ſlave, of no more truſt
Than love that's hir'd. What, goeſt thou back? thou ſhalt
Go back, I warrant thee: but I'll catch thine eyes
Though they had wings. Slave, ſoul-leſs villain, dog,
O rarely baſe!

Cæſ.

Cæſ. Good Queen, let us intreat you.
Cleo. O *Cæſar*, what a wounding ſhame is this,
That thou vouchſafing here to viſit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordlineſs
To one ſo weak, that mine own ſervant ſhould
Parcel the ſum of my diſgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good *Cæſar*,
That I ſome lady-trifles have reſerv'd,
Immoment toys, things of ſuch dignity
As we greet modern friends withal; and ſay
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For *Livia* and *Octavia*, to induce
Their mediation, muſt I be unfolded
By one that I have bred? the Gods! it ſmites me
Beneath the fall I have. Pr'ythee go hence,
Or I ſhall ſhew the cinders of my ſpirits
Through th' aſhes of miſchance: wert thou a man,
Thou would'ſt have mercy on me.
Cæſ. Forbear, *Seleucus*.
Cleo. Be't known, that we the greateſt are miſ-thought
For things that others do; and when we fall,
We pander others merits with our names,
Are therefore to be pitied.
Cæſ. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reſerv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
Put we i' th' roll of conqueſt, ſtill be't yours;
Beſtow it at your pleaſure, and believe
Cæſar's no merchant to make prize with you
Of things that merchants ſold. Therefore be cheer'd,
Make not your thoughts your poiſon; no, dear Queen,
For we intend ſo to diſpoſe you, as
Your ſelf ſhall give us counſel: feed, and ſleep.
Our care and pity is ſo much upon you,
That we remain your friend, and ſo adieu.
Cleo. My maſter, and my lord!
Cæſ. Not ſo: adieu. [*Exeunt* Cæſar, *and his Train.*

SCENE IV.

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I ſhould not
Be noble to my ſelf. But hark thee, *Charmian*. [*Whiſpers.*

Iras.

Iras. Finiſh, good Lady, the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.
Cleo. Hie thee again.
I've ſpoke already, and it is provided,
Go put it to the haſte.
Char. Madam, I will. [*Exit* Charmian.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Where is the Queen?
Iras. Behold, Sir.
Cleo. Dolabella!
Dol. Madam, as thereto ſworn, by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: *Cæſar* through *Syria*
Intends his journey, and within three days
You with your children will he ſend before;
Make your beſt uſe of this. I have perform'd
Your pleaſure and my promiſe.
Cleo. Dolabella,
I ſhall remain your debtor.
Dol. I your ſervant.
Adieu, good Queen, I muſt attend on *Cæſar.* [*Exit.*
Cleo. Farewel, and thanks. Now, *Iras,* what think'ſt thou?
Thou, an *Ægyptian* puppet, ſhalt be ſhewn
In *Rome* as well as I: mechanick ſlaves
With greaſie aprons, rules, and hammers, ſhall
Uplift us to the view. In their thick breaths,
Rank of groſs diet, ſhall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.
Iras. The Gods forbid!
Cleo. Nay, 'tis moſt certain, *Iras:* ſawcy lictors
Will catch at us like ſtrumpets, and ſtall'd rhymers
Ballad us out o' tune. The quick Comedians
Extemp'rally will ſtage us, and preſent
Our *Alexandrian* revels: *Antony*
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I ſhall ſee
Some ſqueaking *Cleopatra* boy * my greatneſs
I' th' poſture of a whore.

* Heretofore the parts of women were acted upon the ſtage by boys.

Iras.

Iras. O the good Gods!
Cleo. Nay, that's certain.
Iras. I'll never ſee it; for I'm ſure my nails
Are ſtronger than mine eyes.
Cleo. Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their moſt aſſur'd intents. Now, *Charmian*:

Enter Charmian.

Shew me, my women, like a Queen: go fetch
My beſt attires. I am again for *Cydnus*
To meet *Mark Antony*. Sirrah *Iras*, go ---
Now, noble *Charmian*, we'll diſpatch indeed,
And when thou'aſt done this chare, I'll give the leave
To play 'till dooms-day --- bring our crown, and all.
[*A noiſe within.*
Wherefore this noiſe?

Enter a Guardſman.

Guardſ. Here is a rural fellow,
That will not be deny'd your Highneſs' preſence;
He brings you figs.
Cleo. Let him come in. How poor an inſtrument
[*Exit Guardſman.*
May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My reſolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me; now from head to foot
I'm marble conſtant: now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Enter Guardſman, and Clown with a baſket.

Guardſ. This is the man.
Cleo. Avoid and leave him. [*Exit Guardſman.*
Haſt thou the pretty worm of *Nilus* there,
That kills and pains not?
Clown. Truly I have him: but I would not be the party that ſhould deſire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal: thoſe that do die of it, do ſeldom or never recover.
Cleo. Remember'ſt thou any that have dy'd on't?
Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yeſterday, a very honeſt woman,

man, but ſomething given to lie, as a woman ſhould not do, but in the way of honeſty. How ſhe dy'd of the biting of it, what pain ſhe felt! truly, ſhe makes a very good report o' th' worm: but he that will believe half that they ſay, ſhall never be ſaved by all that they do: but this is moſt fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence, farewel.

Clown. I wiſh you all joy of the worm.

Cleo. Farewel.

Clown. You muſt think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay, farewel.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be truſted but in the keeping of wiſe people; for indeed there is no goodneſs in the worm.

Cleo. Take no care, it ſhall be heeded.

Clown. Very good: give it nothing I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You muſt not think I am ſo ſimple, but I know the devil himſelf will not eat a woman: I know, that a woman is a diſh for the Gods, if the devil dreſs her not. But truly, theſe ſame whore-ſon devils do the Gods great harm in their women: for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone, farewel.

Clown. Yes forſooth, I wiſh you joy o' th' worm. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me. Now no more
The juice of *Ægypt*'s grape ſhall moiſt this lip.
Yare, yare, good *Iras*, quick ---- methinks I hear
Antony call, I ſee him rouſe himſelf
To praiſe my noble act. I hear him mock
The luck of *Cæſar*, which the Gods give men
T' excuſe their after-wrath. Huſband, I come;
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire, and air; my other elements
I give to baſer life. So---have you done?

Come

Come then, and take the laſt warmth of my lips.
Farewel, kind *Charmian*; *Iras*, long farewel. [*Kiſſing them.*
Have I the aſpick in my lips? doſt fail?
[*To* Iras, *who falls down.*
If thou and nature can ſo gently part,
The ſtroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is deſir'd. Doſt thou lye ſtill?
If thus thou vaniſheſt, thou tell'ſt the world
It is not worth leave-taking. [Iras *dies.*
Char. Diſſolve, thick cloud, and rain, that I may ſay,
The Gods themſelves do weep!
Cleo. This proves me baſe ---
If ſhe firſt meet the curled *Antony*,
He'll make demand of her, and ſpend that kiſs
Which is my heav'n to have. Come, mortal wretch,
With thy ſharp teeth this knot intrinſicate
[*To the Serpent, applying it to her breaſt.*
Of life at once untie: poor venemous fool,
Be angry and diſpatch. Oh, couldſt thou ſpeak,
That I might hear thee call great *Cæſar* aſs,
Unpolicied!
Char. Oh eaſtern ſtar!
Cleo. Peace, peace!
Doſt thou not ſee my baby at my breaſt,
That ſucks the nurſe aſleep?
Char. O break! O break!
Cleo. As ſweet as balm, as ſoft as air, as gentle.
O *Antony!* --- nay, I will take thee too.
[*Applying another Aſp to her arm.*
What ſhould I ſtay --- [*Dies.*
Char. In this wild world? ſo fare thee well:
Now boaſt thee, Death, in thy poſſeſſion lyes
A laſs unparallel'd. Downy windows cloſe,
And golden *Phœbus* never be beheld
Of eyes again ſo royal! your crown's awry,
I'll mend it, and then play ---
Enter the Guard ruſhing in.
1 *Guard.* Where is the Queen?
Char. Speak ſoftly, wake her not.
1 *Guard.* *Cæſar* hath ſent --- [Charmian *applies the Aſp.*

Char. Too ſlow a meſſenger.
Oh come, apace, diſpatch, I partly feel thee.
1 *Guard.* Approach, ho! all's not well: *Cæſar*'s beguil'd.
2 *Guard.* There's *Dolabella* ſent from *Cæſar*; call him.
1 *Guard.* What work is here, *Charmian?* is this well done?
Char. It is well done, and fitting for a Princeſs
Deſcended of ſo many royal Kings.
Ah, ſoldiers!---- [Charmian *dies.*

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it here?
2 *Guard.* All dead!
Dol. Cæſar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this; thy ſelf art coming
To ſee perform'd the dreaded act which thou
So ſought'ſt to hinder.

Enter Cæſar *and Attendants.*

All. Make way there, way for *Cæſar.*
Dol. Oh, Sir, you are too ſure an augurer;
That you did fear, is done.
Cæſ. Braveſt at laſt,
She levell'd at our purpoſe, and being royal
Took her own way. The manner of their deaths?
I do not ſee them bleed.
Dol. Who was laſt with them?
1 *Guard.* A ſimple countryman, that brought her figs:
This was his baſket.
Cæſ. Poiſon'd then!
1 *Guard.* Oh *Cæſar!*
This *Charmian* liv'd but now, ſhe ſtood and ſpake:
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead miſtreſs, tremblingly ſhe ſtood,
And on the ſudden dropt.
Cæſ. Oh noble weakneſs!
If they had ſwallow'd poiſon, 'twould appear
By external ſwelling; but ſhe looks like ſleep;
As ſhe would catch another *Antony*
In her ſtrong toil of grace.
Dol. Here on her breaſt
There is a vent of blood, and ſomething blown:
The like is on her arm.

1 *Guard.*

1 *Guard.* This is an aſpick's trail,
And theſe fig-leaves have ſlime upon them, ſuch
As th' aſpick leaves upon the caves of *Nile.*
Cæſ. Moſt probable
That ſo ſhe died; for her phyſician tells me
She hath purſu'd concluſions infinite
Of eaſie ways to die. Take up her bed,
And bear her women from the monument;
She ſhall be buried by her *Antony.*
No grave upon the earth ſhall clip in it
A pair ſo famous. High events as theſe
Strike thoſe that make them; and their ſtory is
No leſs in pity, than his glory, which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army ſhall,
In ſolemn ſhew, attend this funeral,
And then to *Rome:* come, *Dolabella,* ſee
High order in this great ſolemnity. [*Exeunt omnes.*

The End of the SEVENTH VOLUME.